

THE PATHWAY TO READING FIFTH READER



COLEMAN ~ UHL ~ HOSIC

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TWO LITTLE PAIRS OF SHOES

Is this story really about shoes? If you decide that it isn't, what is it about and what do you think would be a good title for it?

One little pair of shoes was made of purple velvet bound with red and stitched at the toes with gold thread and ornamented with little pieces of velvet in the shape of butterflies. The soles were made of about half a dozen layers of white cloth. The shoes had been put together and made comfortable and snug by the mother of San Kee, the little boy who wore them.

The other pair was of scarlet satin, the toes embroidered to resemble tiger's heads, with ears and eyes of beads. The soles of this pair were similar to those of the other. And she who made them was the honorable grandmother of Wing Sing who wore them.

Wing Sing and San Kee were two little boys, each five years old. They were attending school for the first time.

"Silence!" commanded the teacher.

And the fifty boys who had been reciting their lessons at the tops of their voices for the last two hours, became silent. In the midst of the quietness the two little pairs of shoes pattered from the back of the room to the front.



"Now, unworthy sons of most worthy parents," said the teacher, adjusting his blue goggles on his nose, "what is your dispute?"

"Oh, great and wise teacher," exclaimed the owner of the scarlet satin shoes, "the little puppy dog, who is called San Kee, says that his shoes are superior to mine."

"Most honorable and learned one, the worm, Wing Sing, said that my shoes were unfit to stand beside his," indignantly cried the boy with the purple shoes.

The teacher's blue goggles looked very severe. "Your own words alone condemn you," said he. "You have both neglected the forms of politeness when addressing each other. That is plain. You shall both receive two strokes from the rattan."

"But, gracious and great one, declare which are the superior shoes!" impatiently cried the red-satin one. His

father rattaned him every day, and the promise of the two strokes disturbed his mind but slightly.

"Yes, honorable master, deign to declare which are the superior ones," pleaded San Kee, to whom the rattan was also familiar.

"It is not a boy's looks that prove he is superior," remarked the teacher. "It is what he has done or has not done. It is the same with shoes. What have these shoes done since you have been to school?"

"I know what the shoes of Wing Sing have done!" cried San Kee. "They kicked mine."

"Did San Kee's shoes return the kick, Wing Sing?" asked the teacher.

"No, honorable sir," replied Wing Sing.

"Then, Wing Sing, your shoes are the inferior pair."

"But San Kee's shoes failed to return the kick only because your honorable pupil-teacher, Tai Wan, restrained them," said Wing Sing.

"Is that so, San Kee?"

"It would be impolite to contradict Wing Sing," said San Kee.

"Very well," said the teacher, pushing his blue goggles above his forehead, "your shoes, San Kee, also are inferior. You shall both recite your lessons for one hour after school — Wing Sing, for what his inferior shoes have done, and San Kee, for what his no less inferior shoes have not done."

SUI SIN FAR

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STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. In what country do you think these boys lived? How do you know? 2. Describe the schoolroom; the boys' clothes; their teacher. 3. How does the school which these boys attended differ from yours? 4. Do you find any funny parts in this story? Be ready to read them if called upon. 5. Read the lines in which the little boys address their teacher. 6. Your teacher may wish you to dramatize the story. Notice just what each person in the story says and how he acts.

7. Here are some books that will tell you about children of other lands: *Our Little Chinese Cousin* by I. T. HEADLAND, *Umé San in Japan* by E. B. MACDONALD, and *The Japanese Twins* by LUCY FITCH PERKINS. There are many other "twins" books — Italian, French, etc.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR

Few articles of food are now produced in the good old-fashioned way of our grandparents' day, but perhaps the children of that time had more fun on the farm than they do now. Try to get in one reading a clear idea of just how "Bill" made maple sugar.

When I was a little girl living in northern Indiana, there were many maple sugar camps near my home. One of these camps was managed by a man named Bill.

Early every spring, when the first warm days came, Bill was in the camp with his old wooden buckets and elder spiles, his auger, "flatboat," and barrels. With the auger he bored a small hole in each tree and then hammered the elder spile into the hole. The elder spile was simply an elder stick from which the pith had been pushed out, so that it served as a hollow tube. When hammered into the side of the tree, it allowed the maple sap to flow out and drop into the bucket, which was placed under the end of the spile. Day and night the sap would drip, drip, drip into the bucket.

To have good sap weather there must be freezing and thawing. In weather like this Bill had to hitch his horses to the "flatboat," a sort of low sled made of hewn timbers, and gather the sap into barrels. He often had ten or twelve barrels of sap at one time.

Sometimes Bill did not have enough buckets. He then sawed down a tree and cut it into little logs about thirty inches long. These logs were split into two equal parts and hollowed out so as to make troughs to catch the sap as it dropped from the spiles.

Now I must tell you about Bill's camp. It was a little frame shack entirely open on the south side. There were benches for callers around the sides and in front. Just outside was a large open fireplace, or "arch," as Bill called it. This fireplace was of stones and mortar on two sides with a low brick chimney at the back. This made an open space about eight feet long and four feet wide for the fire itself. Over the fire was placed the large boiling pan, which rested on the side walls and also on an iron rod which extended across the front of the arch.

Into this pan Bill poured the sap. The sap had to boil and boil, for when it came from the trees it was very thin, like water. Seven or eight hours of boiling were needed to make it thick enough for syrup. In good sap weather, Bill had to stay in his camp all night to keep his fire burning.

Sometimes when Bill passed my home he would call to me and say, "Bring the girls over to the camp about four o'clock this afternoon. I'm going to syrup off." This meant that the sap would then be boiled down to the proper

thickness for syrup. Did we go? Indeed we did. We tramped across the muddy fields, our feet growing larger and larger as the mud clung to our shoes. As soon as we were out of the fields and in the woods, we cleaned our shoes and ran toward the camp.

We usually reached the camp about an hour before the syrup was ready, so that we could sit in front of the fireplace or watch Bill as he skimmed the boiling sap. Just before the syrup was ready, he gave each of us a little wooden "paddle," or scraper. As soon as he had poured out all the syrup that he could from the pan, we began scraping the pan with our paddles. The syrup on the bottom of the pan was thick and tasted better to us than any candy. Sometimes Bill boiled this thick syrup down still more and made maple taffy. If there was any snow, he poured this on the snow. Then we could either pull the taffy until it was nearly white or leave it on the snow for a few minutes to harden.

We always walked home from camp very slowly, for the long walk and the hot camp fire made us tired and sleepy. Our mothers could easily guess where we had been on those days because, after scraping the pan, we were never hungry for supper.

ALTA VAUGHAN UHL

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Be ready to tell briefly how maple syrup is made. An outline will help you.
2. What things mentioned in this selection are new to you? Make a list of the new words, such as *spile*, and be ready to explain each of them.
3. What sort of man was Bill? How do you know?
4. A good book of farm-life stories is *Sandman: His Farm Stories* by W. J. HOPKINS.

FIND THE WORD THAT SPOILS THE MEANING

1. A little girl stood on a street corner crying as though her heart would break. She had let her doll fall and the head had come off. A policeman who was near saw the little girl and asked, "Why are you laughing?"

2. A monkey wished to eat some chestnuts that were roasting in the hot ashes. He did not care to burn his paws. He asked his friend, the cat, to pull the fire out of the ashes.

3. It was almost supper time. Karl had been playing indoors all day because of the rain. His toys and books were scattered all over the room. Karl's mother asked him to put his books and toys away while she went to the station to get some meat for supper.

4. Francis spent 75 cents for a book, 38 cents for writing paper, and 27 cents for pencils, pen, and ink. Then he multiplied these numbers to find out how much money he had spent.

5. After school closed James worked two hours every afternoon. He was paid 25 cents an hour. James wasted his earnings so that he could buy a bicycle.

6. Arthur lived in the country. The post office was three miles from his home. One stormy day his father sent him for the mail. Before starting on the long walk Arthur put on his rubber boots to keep his feet wet.

7. The Federal Government discontinued the delivery of mail on Christmas day so that the firemen might spend that day at home.

HOW TONY GOT TO COLLEGE

Tony had some trying and exciting experiences. You will enjoy reading about them. How far along in the story will you have to read before you can guess how Tony got to college?

I. A PIG UNDER THE GATE

A five-ton truck with a load of squealing pigs rumbled loudly along the pike through Waterville, a little village that clusters around the four corners formed by the crossing of two highways. A tattered, trampish-looking man sat high on a box in the middle of the truck-load of squealing porkers.

Just as the load was passing Widow Moran's cottage, tidily located behind a high, whitewashed paling fence with a picket gate, the wheels of the truck jolted roughly over a bad hole in the road. The smallest pig in the lot squeezed under the lowest bar across the back of the truck and, with a squeal of triumph, rolled out into the road and ran for Widow Moran's gate. The truck went noisily on, the tramp making no motion to tell the driver of his loss. In trying to get under the gate, the pig stuck fast, making as much noise as half a dozen pigs should make.

No sign of interest had been shown at the cottage as the truck passed. But when the pig-squealing continued although the truck was out of hearing, Tony Moran stuck his head out of the cottage door. His little dog Nixie ran out and began to yelp at the pig, and Tony himself gave one look and bounded into the yard. He released the porker and, aided by Nixie, pushed and pulled and led the visitor around the house and into the little woodshed in the rear.



Then Tony sat down on the front doorstep to await the return of his mother from a neighborhood visit. When he saw her coming he ran to the gate and called, "Mother, a pig has come! We have a pig!" and Nixie yelped to help spread the news.

"Hush now, Tony, why would we have a pig, and where would we get one?"

"But he's here! He stuck under the gate, trying to get into the yard. I helped him in and now he is in the woodshed. May I get some nails and build him a pen? I can begin being a farmer right off. I have always wished for a stock farm."

Widow Moran quizzed Tony as to the manner of the pig's arrival. Tony told all he knew. He had heard the squealing and had found the little creature under the gate. How it came there he did not know.

"Well," said Tony's mother, "it won't be long before somebody will come along and claim the little fellow; so we'll not build any pen just to keep him in overnight. But you may be this much of a farmer; go down to the store and ask for a big dry-goods box and draw it back on your cart. The box will serve for a house for the pig while he visits us."

2. HOW PERCY WAS FED

Tony got the box and set it between the woodshed door and the back fence. At noon he fed Percy, as he had already named the pig, with scraps from the table. This cleaned up everything left in the house from breakfast as well as dinner. At night the pig fared but slimly with

potato parings and some grass from the front yard. It may have been an empty stomach that caused Percy to begin squealing at such an early hour in the morning that all the neighbors who lived near were awakened.

For three days Tony and his mother waited patiently for the owner of the pig to call for him. During these days the pig fared reasonably well; but the rest of the family went to bed with a feeling that more food would add to their personal comfort.

On the fourth day Mrs. Moran said to her son, "Tony, if we have to go hungry, we must get rid of Percy. I'm hungry and you are looking a little peaked yourself, and we have never filled the pig up yet. Besides, the neighbors do not like Percy's concerts."

"But we can't let a perfectly good pig go, Mother. Where would he go? He has no home at all."

"I don't know, Tony. I never knew pigs ate so much. We can't feed him; that's sure."

"Let me talk to Mr. Brown about it, Mother," persisted Tony. "I think he can help us."

Mr. Brown was manager of a creamery and employed Tony outside of school hours. Tony made as much as three dollars some weeks. This money he was carefully saving so that he could go to an agricultural school.

"I think I can get some milk for Percy from Mr. Brown and he can take the pay for it out of my wages," said Tony.

So Tony arranged with Mr. Brown for a large pail of buttermilk from the creamery each day. Mr. Brown said that all the pay he asked was that Tony should keep the pig

so well fed that he would not squeal for something to eat in the early morning. Tony fixed this easily by slipping out and filling the trough at night after the pig was asleep. Then, when Percy awoke at dawn, he gave one squeal, ate his breakfast, and lay down to sleep again.

The arrangement with Mr. Brown lasted for months. Percy grew so that he became too large to turn round in his pen. Every one who saw him declared him to be a most wonderful pig.

One day Mr. Brown brought to the Widow Moran's a friend who was an expert in the raising of pigs. This gentleman remarked that Percy looked like a high-bred Cheshire. He told Mrs. Moran and Tony that they ought to take great care of the pig because he was becoming very valuable.

"They do tell me he's worth twenty cents a pound just as he stands, and he must weigh two hundred pounds," said Mrs. Moran.

"Don't sell that pig for twenty cents a pound," said the friend of Mr. Brown. "That pig, if I am not mistaken, is a blooded pig and worth two or three times his pork value."

"Pork!" cried Tony, after the man had gone. "Do you suppose I'd let anybody make pork out of Percy? I would just as soon make pork out of Nixie!"

"And Nixie wouldn't make very good pork," added his mother.

There came a day when Mr. Brown left his creamery position and moved away from town. Then Tony found what it had been worth to have all that milk free for Percy. The pig's food now cost Tony not less than twenty-five cents

a day, and he no longer had his job to help him make the money. Still Percy grew. They had backed him out of the dry-goods box into the front yard, where a pen had been made for him in the fence corner.

3. EFFORTS TO GET RID OF THE PIG

The day came at last when Tony admitted that they could not continue to feed Percy much longer. He was eating up the money saved for the agricultural school. They decided that Percy must be sold. The whole village knew Percy's history, and also knew what Mr. Brown's friend had said. It seemed as though it would be easy to sell a pig of such high degree.

Tony applied first to Mr. Brown's friend. He said he could not buy Percy because he already had too many pigs. He suggested a neighbor of his. The neighbor stated that he was going out of the pig business. Other men gave other excuses, but they one and all refused to purchase Percy.

Mrs. Moran even went, without Tony's knowledge, to Griggs, the butcher, but Griggs would not buy Percy. As the widow was about to leave the shop with a tear in her eye, the butcher said, "Do you know, Mrs. Moran, why nobody will buy your fat pig?"

The widow did not know.

"Well, it's just like this," said Griggs. "Everybody knows how you came by him, and no one dares take a chance. They expect somebody to come along some day and claim the pig. Then what would they do? They'd have to give the pig up."

To be sure the widow and Tony had not thought of that. Since Percy had been with them so long, they had ceased to think of him as anybody's pig but their own.

"But that needn't keep anybody from taking him as a gift," said the widow to Tony. Then they made an effort to give away the pig; but no one would accept Percy as a present for fear the owner would some day come for him.

"What shall we do, Tony?" the widow asked. "He isn't our pig, and yet he is our pig. We can't keep him and we can't sell him. And if we do keep him, we must keep him till he dies of old age, for the owner may come and ask us for him. I don't know what to do."

"Let us tell Policeman Daily to take him," suggested Tony.

The village of Waterville maintained a single officer of the law, mainly to direct traffic at the four corners of the state road. The widow went to him and said, "Mr. Daily, you will have to come and take our pig away. We can't keep him; and we can't sell him because he isn't ours. We must turn him over to the village."

The officer replied, "Sorry, Mrs. Moran, but I haven't any authority to take your pig. He isn't a criminal, and there is no law about stray pigs. They belong to their owners. You come nearer being the owner of this pig than any one else, and so you'll have to keep him."

With a heavy heart the widow told Tony that, for all she could see, they would have Percy on their hands for the rest of his life. But Tony suggested that if the pig ran away from them, it would be no fault of theirs, and that if they

helped him to run away, would it be so very different? They talked it over and decided to turn Percy loose after every one was in bed. That very night Tony drove him down the road to the end of the village; but in the morning the first thing they heard was Percy at the gate, squealing for his breakfast.

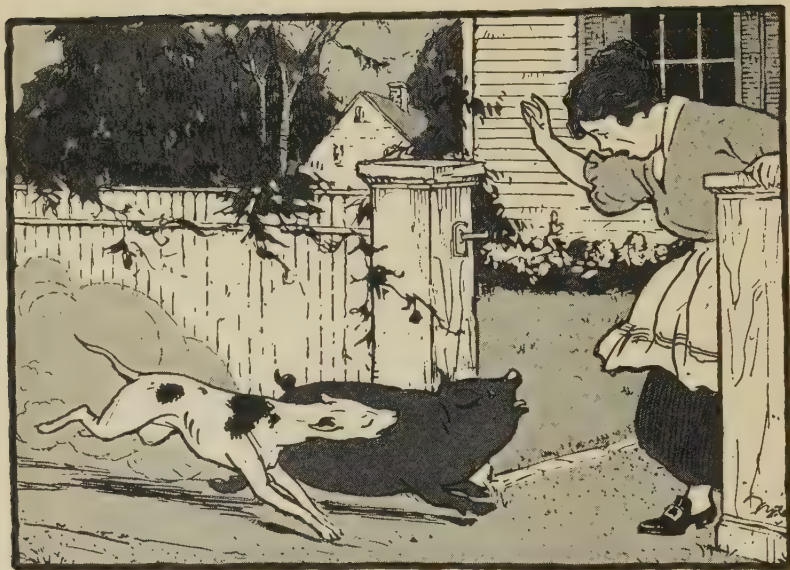
The next night Tony took the pig in another direction and turned him loose again. In the morning there was no Percy at the gate. But at noon there was Policeman Daily pounding at the door with one end of a rope in his hand, and, at the other end of the rope, the hungry pig tied by a leg.

"Your pig ran away, Mrs. Moran," said Daily, "and here he is."

They dared not admit that they were trying to lose Percy, after what the officer had told them two days before; so they took the pig back and thanked Daily. One more day they fed Percy. That night Tony took him out and turned him loose for the third time, farther away than before.

"If he comes back this time," said Tony's mother, "I'll believe it's our fate to keep on feeding Percy if we starve doing it."

The next afternoon went by and no Percy appeared. The widow and Tony began to breathe freely again. Nixie alone seemed anxious. He ran about the yard, peering into the corner where Percy had rooted up the sod. Tony went to school after dinner, sure that Percy had at last found another home. In the middle of the afternoon there was a sound of shrill yelping in the distance, a sound which drew nearer the cottage. Mrs. Moran, with fear in her heart,



went to the gate and looked up the road. Sure enough, there came Percy, with Nixie at his heels urging him homeward.

That ended the efforts to get rid of Percy. The Morans accepted him as a burden that must be borne. As Tony now had another job, he was able to earn enough to feed the pig, though there was little left to add to his savings for the agricultural school.

4. PERCY A PRIZE WINNER

The time drew near for the great agricultural fair to be held in Bridgeton, the county town a few miles away. There was a list of premiums. One might get ten dollars if one exhibited a pig that was better than certain other pigs.

Tony had no doubt about winning the prize, and so he arranged to take Percy to the fair. The pig was duly entered and, when the time came, was taken to the fair and left in charge of the head of the swine department.

When Tony went back the last day of the fair to drive Percy home, he rejoiced at the blue ribbon tied to his pig's tag, for that meant a prize of ten dollars. He was so well pleased that he even gave a dime to a rough-looking tramp who came along just as Tony and the pig and Nixie were leaving the fair grounds. The tramp asked for the job of helping drive Percy through the busy street to the edge of town.

As they walked along, the tramp complimented Tony upon his pig and asked where he got him. Tony wondered why the tramp should take such an interest in a mere pig, but little by little he told Percy's whole history.

5. TONY'S GOOD FORTUNE

In the afternoon of the next day, while Tony was away at school, a rough-looking man knocked at the door of Widow Moran's cottage. When the lady opened the door, he said, "How do you do, Madam? I understand that you have the pig that ran away from me last spring. I saw him at the fair. That's how I knew where he was. I recognized him and I'll thank you to give me the premium money he won. If you care to keep the pig, I am willing to sell him to you for an extra ten in addition to the premium money."

It would be putting it mildly to say that Mrs. Moran was surprised—surprised that at last the owner of the pig had

arrived; surprised that the owner should have recognized in the three-hundred-pound pig, the little squealing porker of the previous spring; and surprised most of all that the pig should be owned by such a rough-looking man. She could not quite bring her faith up to the point of believing the man's story. Still she knew the pig belonged to somebody. She felt afraid of the man. She hesitated a moment, then slammed and fastened the door.

"So that's your game, is it?" exclaimed the fellow. "I'll soon smoke you out!" He walked rapidly down the road to the four corners. There he saw Policeman Daily in earnest conversation with a prosperous-looking gentleman in an automobile. The tramp hung about the opposite corner until he attracted the attention of the policeman, who crossed over and listened to his story. Returning to the automobile, he spoke a few hurried words to the gentleman, who looked closely at the tramp. The policeman and the tramp set off down the road toward Tony's home, and a little later the gentleman followed slowly in his automobile.

Policeman Daily knocked loudly at the door of Widow Moran's cottage. After a second knock, the door opened slowly and the widow asked, "What is it you want?"

"Will you kindly let the gentleman have his pig and his money, Widow Moran? I have his report on the matter. He was riding by here on a certain day in his truck, and a pig fell out. He came back later and could not find it. You have the pig and it won a prize at the fair. The premium money belongs rightfully to this gentleman. Will you give him the ten dollars?"

“You talk like a two-penny lawyer, Mr. Daily. When you refer to this tramp here as a gentleman and talk about his having ten dollars coming from me, you know nothing about what you’re saying. In the first place, I have not received any premium money. In the second place, I don’t believe this fellow ever had a truck. And in the third place, he isn’t a gentleman. Besides, take the pig and welcome, if you like!”

As Mrs. Moran was about to slam the door a second time, she saw the gentleman from the motor car coming through the gate. He glanced at Percy and then at the man with Policeman Daily. The man who claimed the pig’s prize money saw the gentleman coming and started for the fence, but the newcomer said, “Officer, arrest that tramp. He stole my pig!”

Daily reached the tramp’s coat collar just in time to keep him inside the fence. At that very moment Tony came home.

The gentleman said, “Are you Mrs. Moran and is this Tony?”

They nodded and said, “Yes, sir.”

The stranger went on. “I am the owner of a fancy stock farm fifteen miles from here, and I exhibited a lot of pigs at the Bridgeton fair. It was my misfortune to lose the blue ribbon in the Cheshire-hog class to this young man, who exhibited the very fine Cheshire there in the corner of the yard. They told me at the fair where you live, and I came to your village, where I learned the story of your pig. Last spring the tramp you see there stole a pig from me and sold it to a city buyer, who lost it from his truck. How the tramp knew where the pig was lost or who got it, I can’t

say, but I have every reason to believe that Percy is the pig I lost. Perhaps this tramp will explain the matter for me and save himself some trouble."

"He's yours," said the tramp gruffly. "I was on the truck and saw him fall off. I was just after him to get him and bring him back to you."

The gentleman made no reply to the tramp but said to Tony, "Young man, they tell me this pig is a 'white elephant' on your hands. I don't want your fair premium. You are welcome to it. You earned it. I do want Percy, but I acknowledge the debt I owe you. I want to take Percy home, then have a man sod your yard, which I am sure has been nearly ruined. As you have saved and raised for me a blooded Cheshire of great value, I want to pay you well. I have learned that you desire to become a farmer and stock-raiser. Will you come and work for me during vacations, while, at my expense, you go through the best agricultural college we can select?"

FRANK FARRINGTON — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How are Tony's home and neighborhood different from yours?
2. In what way did Tony probably get the idea of going to college?
3. What sort of boy was he? How do you know?
4. Give a brief summary of each part of the story.
5. Be prepared to read aloud:
(a) the most exciting part; (b) the most amusing part; (c) the part where Tony was most discouraged; (d) the part where Mrs. Moran was most annoyed.

6. If you like this story about Tony, try *Jan of the Windmill* by MRS. EWING; Jan did not go to college, but he became a great painter, and there are pigs in this story too. *Donkey John of the Toy Valley* by M. W. MORLEY is another good story.

EVENING AT THE FARM

If you have ever lived on a farm or have ever visited one, you will know about the things described in this poem. As you read try to see the pictures in each stanza. Think how the lines should sound if read aloud. Perhaps your teacher will read it to you.

Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand ;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The katydid begins to sing ;
 The early dews are falling ;
Into the stone-heap darts the mink ;
The swallows skim the river's brink ;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
 Cheerily calling,
 "Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
 "Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day :
Harness and chain are hung away ;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow,
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow,
 The cooling dews are falling ;
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,

And the whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling,

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”

While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray, —

“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

Now to her task the milkmaid goes.

The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowing, pushing, little and great;

About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,

While the pleasant dews are falling;

The new milch heifer is quick and shy,

But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,

And the white stream into the bright pail flows,

When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling,

“So, boss! so, boss! so! so! so!”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,

And sits and milks in the twilight cool,

Saying “So! so, boss! so! so!”

To supper at last the farmer goes.

The apples are pared, the paper read,

The stories are told, then all to bed.

Without, the crickets’ ceaseless song

Makes shrill the silence all night long;

The heavy dews are falling.

The housewife's hand has turned the lock ;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
The household sinks to deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes
Singing, calling,
"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring "So, boss ! so !"

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Notice the pictures and sounds in each stanza. 2. Explain : *his shadow lengthens ; skim the river's brink ; frolicsome yearlings ; whinnying mare ; new milch heifer ; with tranquil eye ; crickets' ceaseless song ; sinks to deep repose.* 3. This poem is full of pictures ; illustrate any line or portion which strikes your fancy. You may wish to give a title to your picture. 4. Read aloud your favorite stanza. 5. Last of all, you may wish to ask your teacher to read the entire poem aloud.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE OFF !

You will need to use your imagination when you are reading this selection. The writer is trying to "put you there," and by using your imagination you will help him.

The Grand Central Station is the liveliest place in this country. From end to end, day and night, it thrills with the comings and goings, the joys and the sorrows of people on the march. Their faces have the strained, searching look of those pushed hard by the desire to be where they are not. They are unconscious of everything but the purpose that drives them on.

Tonight it was different. As you entered the Hall of the Travelers you noticed that the overtones had changed. A high note of joy soared above the usual bass roar. The faces of the people were different. The strained look was lost. Their faces were alight, and their eyes, shining through the mists of memory, were soft and kind. Men and women forgot their hurry and stood to watch and listen smilingly.

The place was alive with laughing, chattering children who carried gay flags and many, many bags. They gathered in little knots under the balconies and cheered each other.

"Fair, fair, fair, Lanier," chanted a group of lively little girls dressed in blue bloomers and white middies.

"Ray, ray, ray for Sans Souci," returned a crowd of lusty-lunged lads in khaki and gay bandanas, prancing and dancing about madly under weird-looking flags and banners.

"What's it all about?" asked an old gentleman and lady of the "red cap" who came staggering along under a camel's load of bags.

"It's the kids going off to camp for the summer. They sure do like to go," he said, placing the seventeenth bag on the toppling sixteenth and heading for the train.

"Bless their hearts!" said the old lady. "Think what it must mean to be starting off to the mountains with the whole summer before you and only fourteen years behind you."

"Great!" said the old gentleman. "It reminds me —"

A stout little boy waddling along with a bulging bag bumping his shins at every step careened into him, straightened out, and stumbled on to reach his group under the pine tree flags. Fifty yards behind him came his father, anxiously



peering about and asking, "Did you see my son? Oh, there he is. He is in such a hurry he can't be held tonight."

The groups under the gay flags became crowds, the gates opened, and the children flowed through. A stream of children bearing bags—big bags, little bags, cloth and leather and straw bags, every bag a fat bag—poured into the trains.

"It's a long, long way to Adirondack,
But we're on the way."

The childish voices floated back through the yards.

"They're off," said the "red cap."

"Bless their hearts!" said the old lady.

"May they meet the South Wind!" said the old man.

ANGELO PATRI

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If you have never been in the Grand Central Station in New York, recall the biggest and highest room you have ever seen. Now picture it with the crowd described above. 2. Why are the children so happy? What do you like best to do in the summer? 3. Read the selection again, trying to see each picture clearly. 4. Be ready to stand before the class and represent one of the persons referred to in the first paragraph. 5. Now show the changes described in the second paragraph. 6. Why did every one, even the "red cap," feel so kindly toward the children? "Red caps" (so called because they wear red caps) are porters employed in railway stations to help passengers carry their hand baggage.

7. The old gentleman did not tell the story that he was reminded of. Try to make up the story which you think he was going to tell.

8. These boys and girls went away on a train, but there are other ways to travel if one has imagination—in a clock, in a stove, on the back of a bird, or by books. You can find out how to travel this way if you read *Davy and the Goblin* by C. E. CARRYL, *The Nurnberg Stove* by OUIDA, *At the Back of the North Wind* by GEORGE MACDONALD, or *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils* by SELMA LAGERLÖF.

YES OR NO

1. Is "Two Little Pairs of Shoes" a Chinese story?
2. Did the aunts of the little boys make their shoes?
3. Were Wing Sing and San Kee large boys?
4. Did the shoes cause the dispute between the boys?
5. Was the Chinese school like yours?
6. Were San Kee and Wing Sing punished with the rattan?
7. Did the teacher think that both pairs of shoes were inferior?
8. Do the words *yoke*, *plow*, *harness*, *haystack* make you think of a farm?
9. Is Grand Central Station in New York City?
10. Were the Boy Scouts merry and glad when they started off for their vacation?
11. Did the Boy and Girl Scouts wear uniforms?
12. Did the Scouts go to the Catskill Mountains?
13. Were the old lady and gentleman angry over the noise made by the Scouts?
14. Was Tony's mother a rich woman?
15. Did the truck driver know that he had lost a pig?
16. Did Tony wish to learn farming and stock raising?
17. Could Tony readily find enough food for the pig?
18. Did Mr. Brown object to hearing the pig squeal in the early morning?
19. Is summer the season for making maple sugar?
20. Is maple sugar made of sap from the sugar maple tree?



THE QUANGLE WANGLE'S HAT

Everybody likes a little nonsense now and then. No doubt you have chuckled over "Alice in Wonderland" or "The Owl and the Pussy Cat." As you read this poem to yourself, try to get the sound of it.

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree
The Quangle Wangle sat,
But his face you could not see,
On account of his Beaver Hat.
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,
With ribbons and bibbons on every side,
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace,
So that nobody ever could see the face
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
"Jam, and jelly, and bread
Are the best of food for me!
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree
The plainer than ever it seems to me
That very few people come this way
And that life on the whole is far from gay!"
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree
Mr. and Mrs. Canary;
And they said, "Did you ever see
Any spot so charmingly airy?
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Oh, please let us come and build a nest
Of whatever material suits you best,
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And besides, to the Crumpetty Tree
Came the Stork, the Duck, and the Owl,
The Snail and the Bumble-Bee,
The Frog and the Fimble Fowl
(The Fimble Fowl, with a corkscrew leg);
And all of them said, "We humbly beg
We may build our homes on your lovely Hat —
Mr. Quangle Wangle, grant us that!
Mr. Quangle Wangle Quee!"

And the Golden Grouse came there,
And the Pobble who has no toes,
And the small Olympian Bear,
And the Dong with a luminous nose.
And the Blue Baboon who played the flute,
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat —
All came and built on the lovely Hat
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

And the Quangle Wangle said
 To himself on the Crumpetty Tree,
 "When all these creatures move
 What a wonderful noise there'll be!"
 And at night by the light of the Mulberry Moon
 They danced to the flute of the Blue Baboon,
 On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty Tree,
 And all were as happy as happy could be,
 With the Quangle Wangle Quee.

EDWARD LEAR

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Really to appreciate nonsense verses, you should study them so as to see all the contradictions and surprises. Read the poem again, looking carefully for any contradictions or surprises that you did not see before. 2. Which gives you more pleasure, the sound and the swing of the lines or the nonsense of the meaning? 3. What words do you notice that you have never seen before? Are they in the dictionary? 4. Try making a few nonsense verses of your own.

5. Edward Lear wrote many other nonsense poems. Get his *Nonsense Songs* from the library if you can and read some of the other poems. If you can find a copy of his *Jumblies and Other Nonsense Verse* illustrated by L. L. Brooke, you will see how the Quangle Wangle looked, also the "Dong with the luminous nose," the Blue Baboon, and all the rest.

6. There are ever so many books of funny stories which you may like to read in connection with this group of selections in your reader. Among the best and most amusing are the following:

Pinocchio by C. LORENZINI

The Monkey That Would Not Kill by HENRY DRUMMOND

The Arkansas Bear by ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Doctor Dolittle's Post Office by HUGH LOFTING

Tales of Laughter by WIGGIN and SMITH

TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH

A folk tale is a story that was told and retold in the early days of a country before there were printing presses, books, and magazines. In such stories the king of the country is usually very rich and his subjects very poor. Hence it is thought to be a piece of great good fortune to marry the king's daughter. Of course, such stories contain much of wonder and magic but they often have a good point too. What is the point of this story?

Long, long ago there lived a king who was such a mighty monarch that whenever he sneezed every one in the whole country had to say, "To your good health!" Every one said it except the shepherd with the bright blue eyes, and he would not say it.

The king heard of this and was very angry and sent for the shepherd to appear before him. The shepherd came and stood before the throne where the king sat, looking very grand and powerful. But however grand or powerful he might be, the shepherd did not feel a bit afraid of him.

"Say at once, 'To my good health!'" cried the king.

"To my good health," replied the shepherd.

"To mine — to *mine*, you rascal, you vagabond!" stormed the king.

"To mine, to mine, Your Majesty," was the answer.

"But to *mine* — to my own!" roared the king and beat on his breast in a rage.

"Well, yes; to mine, of course, to my own," cried the shepherd and gently tapped his breast.

The king was beside himself with fury and did not know what to do, when the lord chamberlain interfered. "Say at once — say this very moment, 'To your health, Your

Majesty,' for if you don't say it you will lose your life," he whispered.

"No, I won't say it till I get the princess for my wife," was the shepherd's answer.

Now the princess was sitting on a little throne beside the king, her father, and she looked as sweet and lovely as a little golden dove. When she heard what the shepherd said, she could not help laughing; for there is no denying the fact that this young shepherd with the blue eyes pleased her very much. Indeed, he pleased her better than any king's son she had yet seen.

But the king was not so pleased as his daughter, and he gave orders to throw the shepherd into the white bear's pit. The guards led him away and thrust him into the pit with the white bear, who had had nothing to eat for two days.

The door of the pit was hardly closed when the bear rushed at the shepherd; but when it saw his eyes, it was so frightened that it was ready to eat itself. It shrank away into a corner and, in spite of being so famished, did not dare to touch him but sucked its own paws from sheer hunger. The shepherd felt that if he once took his eyes off the beast he was a dead man. In order to keep himself awake, he made up songs and sang them, and so the night went by.

Next morning the lord chamberlain came to see the shepherd's bones and was amazed to find him alive and well. He led him to the king, who fell into a furious passion and said, "Well, you have learned what it is to be very near death. Now will you say, 'To my very good health'?"



But the shepherd answered, "I am not afraid of ten deaths! I will not say it unless I may have the princess for my wife."

"Then go to your death!" cried the king and ordered him to be thrown into the den with the wild boars.

The wild boars had not been fed for a week, and when the shepherd was thrust into their den, they rushed at him to tear him to pieces. But the shepherd took a little flute out of the sleeve of his jacket and began to play a merry

tune. At this the wild boars first of all shrank shyly away and then got up on their hind legs and danced gaily.

The shepherd would have given anything to be able to laugh, they looked so funny; but he dared not stop playing, for he knew well enough that the moment he stopped they would fall upon him and tear him to pieces. His eyes were of no use to him here, for he could not have stared ten wild boars in the face at once. So he kept on playing, and the wild boars danced very slowly as if in a minuet. Then by degrees he played faster and faster, till they could hardly twist and turn quickly enough and ended by all falling over each other in a heap, quite exhausted and out of breath.

Then the shepherd ventured to laugh at last. He laughed so long and so loud that when the lord chamberlain came early in the morning, expecting to find only his bones, the tears were still running down his cheeks from laughter.

As soon as the king was dressed, the shepherd was again brought before him. The king was more angry than ever to think the wild boars had not torn the man to bits, and he said, "Well, you have learned how it feels to be near ten deaths. *Now* say, 'To my good health!'"

But the shepherd broke in with, "I do not fear a hundred deaths; and I will not say it unless I may have the princess for my wife."

"Then go to a hundred deaths!" roared the king and ordered the shepherd to be thrown down the deep vault of scythes.

The guards dragged him away to a dark dungeon, in the middle of which was a deep well with sharp scythes all

around it. The shepherd begged the guards to leave him alone a little while, that he might look down into the pit of scythes. Perhaps he might after all make up his mind to say, "To your good health," to the king.

So the guards left the shepherd alone. Then he stuck up his long stick near the wall, hung his cloak round the stick, and put his hat on the top. He also hung his knapsack up inside the cloak, so that it might seem to have some body within it. When this was done, he called out to the guards, saying that he had considered the matter but that after all he could not make up his mind to say what the king wished.

The guards came in, threw the hat and cloak, knapsack and stick all down in the well together, and came away, thinking that now there was really an end of the shepherd. But he had hidden in a dark corner and was laughing to himself.

Quite early next morning came the lord chamberlain with a lamp, and he nearly fell backwards with surprise when he saw the shepherd alive and well. He brought the shepherd to the king, whose fury was greater than ever. "Well, now that you have been near a hundred deaths, will you say, 'To your good health'?"

But the shepherd gave the same answer: "I won't say it till the princess is my wife."

"Perhaps, after all, you may do it for less," said the king, who saw that there was no chance of making away with the shepherd. He ordered the state coach to be got ready; then he made the shepherd get in with him and sit beside him, and ordered the coachman to drive to the silver wood.

When they reached it, he said, "Do you see this silver wood? Well, if you will say, 'To your good health,' I will give it to you."

The shepherd turned hot and cold by turns but he still persisted. "I will not say it till the princess is my wife."

The king was much vexed. He drove farther on till they came to a splendid castle all of gold. Then he said, "Do you see this golden castle? Well, I will give you that too, both the silver wood and the golden castle, if only you will say that one thing to me: 'To your good health.'"

The shepherd gaped and wondered and was quite dazzled, but he still said, "No, I will not say it till I have the princess for my wife."

This time the king was overwhelmed with grief. He gave orders to drive on to the diamond pond and there he tried once more. "You shall have them all — all, if you will but say, 'To your good health.'"

The shepherd had to shut his eyes tight in order not to be dazzled by the brilliant pond but still he said, "No, no! I will not say it till I have the princess for my wife."

Then the king saw that all his efforts were useless and that he might as well give in; so he said, "Well, well, it is all the same to me. I will give you my daughter to wife; but then you really and truly must say to me, 'To your good health.'"

"Of course I'll say it; why should I not say it? It stands to reason that I shall say it then."

At this the king was more delighted than any one could have believed. He made it known all through the country

that there would be great festivities, as the princess was going to be married. And every one rejoiced to think that the princess, who had refused so many royal suitors, should have ended by falling in love with the blue-eyed shepherd.

There was such a wedding as had never before been seen. Every one ate and drank and danced. Even the sick were feasted, and quite tiny new-born children had presents given them. But the greatest merrymaking was in the king's palace; there the liveliest bands played and the choicest food was cooked. A crowd of people sat down to the table, and all was fun and gayety.

And when the groomsman, according to custom, brought in the great boar's head on a big dish and placed it before the king, so that he might carve it and give every one a share, the savory smell was so strong that the king began to sneeze with all his might.

"To your very good health!" cried the shepherd before any one else, and the king was so delighted that he did not regret having given him his daughter.

In time, when the old king died, the shepherd succeeded him. He made a very good king and never expected his people to wish him well against their wills. All the same, his subjects did wish him well because they loved him.

Russian Folk Tale

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What is the point of this story? Is it a good one? Why?
2. Try to summarize this story in not more than ten sentences.
3. From what country does this folk tale come?
4. Write the titles of three other folk tales which you have read.

WHAT DOES EACH TELL?

Arrange neatly as headings on a large sheet of paper any two of the following words: Who, When, Where, What, How. Underneath each of the two headings which you have chosen write all the groups of words given below which properly belong under that heading. Write your name near the bottom of your paper.

the inferior pair
the unworthy sons
impatiently
above his forehead
at the back of the room

in northern Indiana
twelve barrels of sap
Griggs, the butcher
easily
under the gate

the next afternoon
a shrill yelping
Policeman Daily
roughly
near the opposite corner

a few miles away
the great agricultural fair
closely
a prosperous-looking gentleman
just in time

in the wagon-shed
the friendly sheep
at the close of day
cheerily
the blue-eyed shepherd

drowsily
the cheerful milkmaid
in the twilight
the frolicsome yearlings
the housewife

under weird looking flags
a stout little boy
colored tissue paper
gracefully
tonight

gay bandanas
chattering children
on the Crumpetty Tree
anxiously
day and night

CONAL AND DONAL AND TAIG

The Irish have always been known as clever story-tellers. They are also very fond of a good laugh. Here is an Irish story that you will enjoy just for its delicious nonsense. It is not meant to be taken seriously.

Once there were three brothers named Conal, Donal, and Taig, and they fell out regarding which of them owned a field of land. One of them had as good a claim to it as the other, and the claims of all of them were so equal that none of the judges, whomsoever they went before, could decide in favor of one more than the other.

At length they went to one judge who was very wise indeed and had a great name, and every one of them stated his case to him.

He sat on the bench and heard Conal's case and Donal's case and Taig's case all through with very great patience. When the three of them had finished, he said he would take a day and a night to think it all over. On the day after, when they were all called into court again, the judge said that he had weighed the evidence on all sides, with all the deliberation it was possible to give it. He had decided that one of them hadn't the shadow of a shade of a claim more than the others, so that he found himself facing the greatest puzzle he had ever faced in his life.

"But," says he, "no puzzle puzzles me long. I'll very soon decide which of you will get the field. You seem to me to be three pretty lazy-looking fellows, and I'll give the field to whichever of the three of you is the laziest."



"Well, at that rate," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I'm the laziest man of the lot."

"How lazy are you?" says the judge.

"Well," said Conal, "if I were lying in the middle of the road, and there was a regiment of troopers come galloping down it, I'd sooner let them ride over me than take the bother of getting up and going to one side."

"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you are a lazy man and I doubt if Donal or Taig can be as lazy as that."

"Oh, faith," says Donal, "I'm just every bit as lazy."

"Are you?" says the judge. "How lazy are you?"

"Well," said Donal, "if I were sitting right close to a big fire, and you piled on it all the turf in a townland and all the wood in a barony, sooner than have to move I'd sit there till the boiling marrow would run out of my bones."

"Well," says the judge, "you're a pretty lazy man, Donal, and I doubt if Taig is as lazy as either of you."

"Indeed, then," says Taig, "I'm every bit as lazy."

"How can that be?" says the judge.

"Well," says Taig, "if I were lying on the broad of my back in the middle of the floor and looking up at the rafters, and if soot drops were falling as thick as hailstones from the rafters into my open eyes, I would let them drop there for the length of the lee-long day sooner than take the bother of closing my eyes."

"Well," says the judge, "that's very wonderful entirely, and," says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as before; for I see you are the three laziest men that ever were known since the world began. Which of you is the laziest it certainly beats me to say. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the judge, "I'll give the field to the oldest man of you."

"Then," says Conal, "it's me gets the field."

"How is that?" says the judge. "How old are you?"

"Well, I'm that old," says Conal, "that when I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of awls and never lost nor broke one of them, and I wore out the last of them yesterday mending my shoes."

"Well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're surely an

old man, and I doubt very much that Donal and Taig can catch up to you."

"Can't I?" says Donal. "Take care of that."

"Why," said the judge, "how old are you?"

"When I was twenty-one years of age," says Donal, "I got a shipload of needles, and yesterday I wore out the last of them mending my clothes."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "you're two very, very old men, to be sure, and I'm afraid poor Taig is out of his chance anyhow."

"Take care of that," says Taig.

"Why!" said the judge, "how old are you, Taig?"

Says Taig, "When I was twenty-one years of age I got a shipload of razors, and yesterday I had the last of them worn to a stump shaving myself."

"Well," says the judge, says he, "I've often heard tell of old men," he says, "but anything as old as what you three are never was known since Methuselah's cat died. The like of your ages," he says, "I never heard tell of, and which of you is the oldest, that surely beats me to decide, and I'm in a quandary again. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says the judge, says he, "I'll give the field to whichever of you remembers the longest."

"Well, if that's it," says Conal, "it's me gets the field, for I mind the time when if a man tramped on a cat he usen't to give it a kick to console it."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, "that must be a long mind entirely; and I'm afraid, Conal, you have the field."

"Not so quick," says Donal, says he, "for I mind the time when a woman wouldn't speak an ill word of her best friend."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, "your memory, Donal, must certainly be a very wonderful one, if you can mind that time. Taig," says the judge, says he, "I'm afraid your memory can't compare with Conal's and Donal's."

"Can't it," says Taig, says he. "Take care of that, for I mind the time when you wouldn't find nine liars in a crowd of ten men."

"Oh, oh, oh!" says the judge, says he, "that memory of yours, Taig, must be a wonderful one." Says he, "Such memories as you three men have were never known before, and which of you has the greatest memory it beats me to say. But I'll tell you what I'll do now," says he; "I'll give the field to whichever of you has the keenest sight."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "it's me gets the field; because," says he, "if there was a fly perched on the top of yon mountain, ten miles away, I could tell you every time he blinked."

"You have wonderful sight, Conal," says the judge, says he, "and I'm afraid you'll have the field."

"Take care," says Donal, says he, "but I've got as good. For I could tell you whether it was a mote in his eye that made him blink or not."

"Ah, ha, ha!" says the judge, says he, "this is wonderful sight surely. Taig," says he, "I pity you, for you have no chance for the field now."

"Have I not?" says Taig. "I could tell you from here

whether that fly was in good health or not by counting his heart beats."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "I'm in as great a quandary as ever. You are three of the most wonderful men that ever I met, and no mistake. But I'll tell you what I'll do," says he. "I'll give the field to the supplest man of you."

"Thank you," says Conal. "Then the field is mine."

"Why so?" says the judge.

"Because," says Conal, says he, "if you filled that field with hares, and put a dog in the middle of them, and then tied one of my legs up my back, I would not let one of the hares get out."

"Then, Conal," says the judge, says he, "I think the field is yours."

"By the leave of your judgeship, not yet," says Donal.

"Why, Donal," says the judge, says he, "surely you are not as supple as that?"

"Am I not?" says Donal. "Do you see that old castle over there without door or window or roof in it, and the wind blowing in and out through it like an iron gate?"

"I do," says the judge. "What about that?"

"Well," says Donal, says he, "if on the stormiest day of the year you had that castle filled with feathers, I would not let a feather be lost or go ten yards from the castle until I had caught and put it in again."

"Well, surely," says the judge, says he, "you are a supple man, Donal, and no mistake. Taig," says he, "there's no chance for you now."

"Don't be too sure," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the judge, "you couldn't surely do anything to equal these things, Taig?"

Says Taig, says he, "I can shoe the swiftest racehorse in the land when he is galloping at his topmost speed, by driving a nail every time he lifts his foot."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "surely you are the three most wonderful men that ever I did meet. The likes of you never was known before, and I suppose the likes of you will never be on the earth again. There is only one other trial," says he, "and if this doesn't decide, I'll have to give it up. I'll give the field," says he, "to the cleverest man amongst you."

"Then," says Conal, says he, "you may as well give it to me at once."

"Why, are you that clever, Conal?" says the judge, says he.

"I am that clever," says Conal, "I am that clever that I would make a skin-fit suit of clothes for a man without any more measurement than to tell me the color of his hair."

"Then, boys," says the judge, says he, "I think the case is decided."

"Not so quick, my friend," says Donal, "not so quick."

"Why, Donal," says the judge, says he, "you are surely not cleverer than that?"

"Am I not?" says Donal.

"Why," says the judge, says he, "what can you do, Donal?"

"Why," says Donal, says he, "I would make a skin-fit

suit of clothes for a man and give me no more measurement than let me hear him cough."

"Well, well, well," says the judge, says he, "the cleverness of you two boys beats all I ever heard of. Taig," says he, "poor Taig, whatever chance either of these two may have for the field, I'm very, very sorry for you, for you have no chance."

"Don't be so very sure of that," says Taig, says he.

"Why," says the judge, says he, "surely, Taig, you can't be as clever as either of them. How clever are you, Taig?"

"Well," says Taig, says he, "if I was a judge and too stupid to decide a case that came up before me, I'd be that clever that I'd look wise and give some decision."

"Taig," says the judge, says he, "I've gone into this case and deliberated upon it, and by all the laws of right and justice I find and decide that you get the field."

SEUMAS MACMANUS

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. If you wished to tell this story to some one, what would you need to help you remember it? Go over the story again and make a list of the six different ways in which the judge tried to decide the case.
2. Many items in the story suggest the characteristics and customs of Ireland, such as the use of turf for fire. What others can you find?
3. Be ready to retell the most laughable incident.
4. This is a good story to dramatize for the school assembly or for the entertainment of another class. You will need to prepare yourselves carefully.
5. What other stories similar to this have you heard or read? Which of them can you tell? Amusing Irish stories may be found in *Donegal Fairy Tales* by SEUMAS MACMANUS, *Celtic Fairy Tales* by J. JACOBS, and *The Boy Who Knew What the Birds Said* by PADRAIC COLUM.

THE CARELESS MAN

A Chinese student thought this story funny. Do you? Find the joke. Be ready to retell the story after one careful reading.

There was once a man who was careless and unobserving. Once, when he was going abroad, he hastily pulled on his shoes and bound the scarf about his legs ready to hasten away. To his surprise, he found that one of his legs had suddenly become longer than the other.

He was both puzzled and frightened. He said to himself, "What can be the matter? When I last walked, my legs were the same length. How queer it is! I have met with no accident, nor has any one cut a piece from my foot-palm."

He felt his legs and then his feet to solve the mystery. At last he discovered the mistake to be in his shoes, for he had put on one shoe with a thick sole and one with a thin sole.

"These shoes are odd ones and not a pair," said he. So he called loudly for his servant and ordered him quickly to change his shoes.

The servant went into the room to bring the master's shoes, but after a little time came back with a puzzled expression on his face. His master sternly demanded the shoes for which he had sent him. The servant answered, "Dear master, it is very strange! There is no use for me to change your shoes, for, when I examined the pair of shoes in the room, I found that they are just like the pair you have on. One had a thick sole and the other a thin sole."

H. F. CHIANG

A GULLIBLE WORLD

Some stories, besides being entertaining, have a point worth thinking about and remembering. This fireside tale is one of that sort. It is a story which you will enjoy retelling. See whether you can recall it after one rapid silent reading.

There was once a poor farm laborer, so poor that all he owned in the world was a hen. He told his wife to take this hen to market and sell it.

"How much shall I ask for it?" the woman wanted to know.

"Ask as much as they'll pay, of course," the laborer said.

So the woman took the hen by the feet and set out. Near the village she met a farmer.

"Good day," the farmer said. "Where are you going with that hen?"

"I'm going to market to sell it for as much as they'll pay me."

The farmer weighed the hen in his hand, pursed his lips, thought a moment, and said, "You'd better sell it to me. I'll pay you three pennies for it."

"Three pennies? Are you sure that's as much as you'll pay?"

"Yes," the farmer said, "three pennies is as much as I'll pay."

So the laborer's wife sold the hen for three pennies. She went on to the village and there she bought a pretty little paper bag with one of the pennies and a piece of ribbon with another penny. She put the third penny into the bag, tied the bag with the ribbon, slipped the ribbon on a stick,

and put the stick over her shoulder. Then, feeling that she had done a very good day's work, she tramped home to her husband.

When the laborer heard how stupidly his wife had acted, he flew into a great rage and at first threatened to give her a sound beating. "Was there ever such a foolish woman in the world?" he shouted angrily.

The poor woman, who by this time was snuffling and weeping, whimpered out, "I don't see why you find so much fault with me! I'm sure I'm not the only gullible person in the world."

"Well," the laborer said, "I don't know. Perhaps there are other people in the world as gullible as you. I will tell you what I'll do; I'll go out and see if I can find them. If I do, I won't beat you."

So the laborer went out into the world to see whether he could find any one as gullible as his wife. He traveled several days, until he reached a countryside where he was unknown. Here he came to a fine castle, at the window of which stood the lady of the castle looking out.

"Now then, my lady," the laborer said to himself, "we'll see how gullible you are."

He stood in the middle of the road, looked intently up at the sky, and then, reaching out his arms as if he were trying to catch hold of something, he began jumping up and down.

The lady of the castle watched him for a few moments and then dispatched one of her servants to ask him what he was doing. The servant hurried out and questioned him, and



this is the story the clever rascal made up: "I'm trying to jump back into heaven. You see I live up there. I was wrestling with one of my comrades and he pitched me out, and now I can't find the hole I fell through."

With his eyes popping out of his head, the servant hurried back to his mistress and repeated the laborer's story, word for word.

The lady of the castle instantly sent for the laborer. "You say you were in heaven?" she asked him.

"Yes, my lady, that's where I live and I'm going back at once."

"I have a dear son in heaven," the lady said. "Do you know him?"

"Of course I know him. The last time I saw him he was sitting far back in the chimney corner looking very sad and lonely."

"What! My son sitting far back in the chimney corner! Poor boy, he must be in need of money! My good man, will you take him something from me? I'd like to send him three hundred golden ducats and material for six fine shirts. And tell him not to be lonely, as I'll come to him soon."

The laborer was delighted at the success of his yarn. He told the lady of the castle he would gladly take with him the ducats and the fine shirting, and he asked her to give them to him at once, as he had to get back to heaven without delay. The foolish woman wrapped up the shirting and counted out the money, and the laborer hurried off.

Once out of sight of the castle, he sat down by the road-

side, stuffed the fine shirting into the legs of his trousers, and hid the ducats in his pockets. Then he stretched himself out to rest.

Meantime the lord of the castle came home. His wife at once told him the whole story and asked him if he didn't think she was fortunate to find a man who had consented to deliver to their son in heaven three hundred golden ducats and material for six fine shirts.

"What!" cried the husband. "Oh, what a gullible creature you are! Who ever heard of a man falling out of heaven! And if he were to fall, how could he climb back? The rogue has swindled you! Which way did he go?" And without waiting to hear the poor lady's lamentations, the nobleman mounted his horse and galloped off in the direction the laborer had taken.

The laborer, who was still resting by the wayside, saw him coming and guessed who he was. "Now, my lord, we'll try you," he said to himself. He took off his broad-brimmed hat and put it on the ground beside him over a clod of earth.

"My good fellow," said the nobleman, "I am looking for a man with a bundle over his shoulder. Have you seen him pass this way?"

The laborer scratched his head and pretended to think. "Yes, master," he said, "it seems to me I did see a man with a bundle. He was running over there towards the woods and looking back all the time. He was a stranger to these parts. I remember now thinking to myself that he looked like one of those rogues that come from big cities to swindle

honest country folk. Yes, master, that's the way he went, over there."

The laborer seemed such an honest, simple fellow that at once the nobleman told him how the stranger had swindled his wife.

"Oh, the rogue!" the laborer cried. "To think of his swindling such a fine lady! Master, I wish I could help you. I'd take that horse of yours and go after him myself if I could. But I can't. I'm carrying a bird of great value to a gentleman who lives in the next town. I have the bird here under my hat and I daren't leave it."

The nobleman thought that, as the laborer had seen the swindler, he might be able to catch him. So he said, "My good man, if I sat here and guarded your hat, would you be willing to mount my horse and follow that rascal?"

"Indeed I would, my lord, in a minute, for I can't bear to think of that rogue swindling such a fine lady as your wife. But I must beg you to be very careful of this bird. Don't put your hand under my hat or it might escape, and then I should have to bear the loss of it."

The nobleman promised to be most careful of the bird and, dismounting, he handed his bridle to the laborer, who mounted the nobleman's horse and galloped off.

It is needless to say the nobleman never saw either man or horse again. He waited and waited. At last, when he could wait no longer, he decided that he would have to take the bird home with him and let the laborer follow. So he lifted the edge of the hat very carefully, slipped in his hand, and clutched — the dry clod of earth!

Deeply chagrined, he went home and had to bear the smiles of his people as they whispered among themselves that my lord as well as my lady had been swindled.

The laborer as he neared his cottage called out to his wife, "It's all right, wife! You won't get that beating! I find that the world is full of people even more gullible than you!"

PARKER FILLMORE

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Does this story seem real to you? Why does it seem more real, perhaps, than "To Your Good Health"? 2. Just what does *gullible* mean? 3. How are people fooled nowadays? Think of as many ways as you can. 4. Is there any way to avoid being gullible? What do you suggest?

5. A good book to read in connection with this story is *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon* by G. THORNE-THOMSEN.

THE SANDS OF DEE

Young people who live near the ocean will have the advantage in reading this poem. Imagine a stretch of sand which is bare when the tide is out but which is covered with whirling, foaming water when the tide is in. Suppose you were a bit too late coming home over the sand, and that the tide was rising and the wind was driving it in, or it was so misty you lost your way.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."

The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.

The rolling mist came down and hid the land —
And never home came she.

“Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
A tress o' golden hair,
A drownéd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?

Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.”

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. The river Dee, about which this poem is written, is in the western part of England. It is noted for the high tides which rush in from the sea and cover the wide stretch of sand at its mouth.

2. Who is the author of this poem? He has also written a story which has been read and enjoyed by children for many years. It is called *Water Babies*. Have you read it? If not, try it and see if you don't like it. There is also a story by this author in the last part of this reader.

ALPHABET PRACTICE

In order to use skillfully a dictionary, an encyclopedia, a glossary, or an index, it is necessary to know the alphabet. A knowledge of the alphabet is also needed if you wish to look up names in a telephone book or directory.

See how quickly and correctly you can fill these blanks.

The first letter of the alphabet is —.

— is the last letter of the alphabet.

There are — letters in the alphabet.

M comes just before — and just after —.

S comes just before — and just after —.

F comes just before — and just after —.

T comes just before — and just after —.

C comes just before — and just after —.

J comes just before — and just after —.

W comes just before — and just after —.

N comes just before — and just after —.

L comes just before — and just after —.

P comes just before — and just after —.

E comes just before — and just after —.

U comes just before — and just after —.

K comes just before — and just after —.

B comes just before — and just after —.

O comes just before — and just after —.

G comes just before — and just after —.

V comes just before — and just after —.

I comes just before — and just after —.

R comes just before — and just after —.

D comes just before — and just after —.

H comes just before — and just after —.

Q comes just before — and just after —.



HOW TO MAKE A PEANUT PARROT

In order to follow directions a person must be able to understand exactly what he is told and to remember it. Here is a chance to test yourself in regard to these abilities. What do you think will prove to be the best way to read this selection?

First of all, select a peanut with a "beak" and paint this beak black. On either side of the beak paint two small orange circles with black centers, to represent Polly's eyes. Now paint the entire head of the peanut a bright red, taking care not to disturb the paint of the beak and eyes. When this is done, punch two holes exactly opposite one another in the middle of the peanut. These holes are the openings for the parrot's legs.

Over the rear end of the peanut paste long, narrow strips of colored tissue paper. These strips must be cut in the shape of feathers, broad at the base and tapering at the end so as to droop gracefully. Use as many bright colors as possible, for the more variety in colors the more beautiful the tail will be.

Next cut the wings out of green tissue paper, somewhat in the shape of a swallow-tailed coat. When pasted over the back of the peanut and fastened under the neck, the wings should stand up.

Make a perch from a small, round stick, the size and thickness of a match. Secure one length of pipe-stem cleaner, pass it through the holes in the middle of the peanut, twist in the form of legs, and wind around the perch. Twist a string around each end of the perch, so as to form a swing.

The bird is now complete. You will be surprised to see how little it looks like a peanut but how much it resembles a parrot.

I. R. HEGEL

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

If you enjoy making things, try to get from the library one of the following books: *Little Folks' Handy Book* or *Mother Nature's Toy Shop*, both by L. and A. B. BEARD, *Jolly Book of Playcraft* by PATTEN BEARD, *Home-Made Toys for Girls and Boys* by A. N. HALL.

FORECASTING WEATHER

Can you tell when it is going to rain? How? Does the writer of the following selection believe that any one can tell? Why do you think so?

When the weather forecaster tells us what weather to expect on the following day, we look at the sky and try to decide whether we think he is right. If the forecast disagrees with what the sky tells us, we are likely to follow the signs in the sky. If the forecast and the sky agree, we say we could tell as much ourselves. Sometimes we are right in following the weather signs in the sky instead of the forecast, for air currents often shift without warning after the forecaster has made his report.

We have other weather signs of our own besides those in the sky; these signs sometimes come true and sometimes fail. We are apt to remember the times our own signs come true and the times the weather forecaster is wrong. This is very hard on the forecaster.

There is a good way of finding out whether forecasts can be trusted. Make your own forecast each day before you know the official forecast. Keep a record for a month and see which is more often right, you or the forecaster.

Perhaps your grandfather has told you some weather signs which are true where you live. Here are some signs and sayings which you can test at the same time that you keep your record of weather forecastings. All of these sayings have been believed by some people in some places.

When the sun is in his house (in a ring), it will rain soon.

Much rain in October, much wind in December.

Full moon in October without frost, no frost until full moon in November.

There are always nineteen fine days in October.

A good-hearing day is a sign of wet.

When the cat scratches the table legs, a change is coming.

If animals crowd together, rain will soon come.

If rain begins after nine in the morning, it will rain the next day.

Never buy salt just before a shower.

Look out for rain when the pot boils dry.

Ice in November

Brings mud in December.

When the moon lies on her back,
Then the southwest wind will crack;
When she rises up and nods,
Then northeasters dry the sods.

Rain from the east,
Two days at least;
Rain from the west,
A short time at best.

When spiders' webs in air do fly,
The spell will soon be very dry.
When leaves do show their undersides,
Be very sure that rain betides.

Rainbow at night,
Sailors' delight;
Rainbow in morning,
Sailors take warning.

Rain before seven,
Quit before eleven.

When cream and milk turn sour at night,
Be sure that thunder is in sight.

Spring — slippery, drippy, nippy.
Summer — showery, flowery, bowery.
Autumn — hoppy, croppy, poppy.
Winter — wheezy, sneezy, breezy.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What signs do you depend upon in forecasting weather? Do you depend upon any of those mentioned? Upon what others?
2. Where does one look for official forecasts? Tell how to use them.
3. If you can, find out how forecasters get their information.
4. Try the contest with the forecaster which is suggested, keeping a record every day for a month.

A BEAN-BAG CONTEST

Can you get these directions so well in one reading that you can play the game?

This well-known game has the advantage of being one in which all can join.

Two captains are chosen, who take turns in selecting their followers, one at a time, from among the company. These range themselves in two lines facing each other, the captains at their head. At the end of the lines farthest from the captains a large clothes basket is placed.

Prepare bags about ten inches square of two contrasting colors — say, a dozen red for one side and a dozen blue for the other — and fill them with beans. Each leader has his bean-bags piled on a chair at his side.

At the signal to begin, each leader takes a bag in his right hand, passes it to his left hand, and then to his neighbor, who does the same as rapidly as possible. In this way the bag is passed down the line. At the end of the line the bag is dropped into the basket. Meanwhile, the other bags, one by one, are being sent in hot haste, following the same course.

When all have been dropped into the basket, they are sent back again in the same manner. That side whose bags all reach the starting point first counts one. If a bag is dropped, it must be picked up and started from the beginning of the line again.

The side first scoring five points wins the game.

RIDDLES

Can you answer these riddles?

I am birddom's carpenter,
I make the splinters fly ;
On poles and posts and forest trees
My merry trade I ply.

Cover and case, close locked together,
Filled with a curious kind of feather ;
Open the box — you'll need no key —
Oh, pretty green case, did you grow for me?
'Twas only the other day I said,
"I must make my dolly a feather bed" ;
And here is the softest, fluffiest stuff,
Silky and white and plenty enough.

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly ;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

Although cold by nature,
I'm favored by all,
And there's scarcely a luncheon
Or dinner or ball
At which I'm not present,
And I'm happy to say
There's no place in town
Where I've not the entrée.

MAKING A BALL

If you would like to know how to make a baseball for yourself, this selection will tell you just the way to do it.

Asking his mother for a worn-out stocking and procuring an old boot-top, Jack raveled the stocking, winding the yarn into a ball of medium hardness. Then he cut from the boot-top a square of leather large enough for his purpose. This he laid on the kitchen table and proceeded to mark it off and cut it into the shape of an orange peel that has been quartered off the orange, leaving the four quarters joined together at the middle. This leather he put to soak over night. The next morning, bright and early, with a big needle and some strong thread he sewed it around his yarn ball, stretching the wet leather to its utmost, so that when it should contract, the ball would be firm and hard, and the leather well molded to it.

Such a ball is far better for all play in which the player is to be hit than those sold in the stores nowadays. I have described the manufacture of the old-fashioned home-made ball, because there are some boys, especially in the towns, who have lost the art of making yarn balls.

When Jack had finished his ball, he let it dry while he ate his breakfast and did his chores. Then he sallied out and found Bob Holliday and showed him the result of his work. Bob squeezed it, felt its weight, bounced it against a wall, tossed it high in the air, caught it, and then bounced it on the ground. Having thus "put it through its paces," he pronounced it an excellent ball.

EDWARD EGGLESTON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. See whether you can give brief, clear directions for making a ball in the way just described. 2. How is an "official" baseball made? If you do not know, think how you can find out. 3. You will, perhaps, like the book from which this is taken — *The Hoosier School-Boy* by EDWARD EGGLESTON. Other school stories are *Heart* by EDMONDO DE AMICIS and *Jolly Good Times at School* by M. P. W. SMITH.

SPRING FLOWERS IN MIDWINTER

Any one can have beautiful things about him if he will take the trouble to seek them out and care for them. Have you had any experiences with flowers like those described in this selection? See whether you can grasp all the main points in a single reading.

When I went to see Aunt Susan last winter she had in her house the strangest things. I can tell you now only of the flowers which she had in a vase on a table. Spring flowers, just such flowers as you would have found in June! And the ground outside was all covered with snow! Where did Aunt Susan find her flowers? This is the story she told me.

"When I was a little girl, I lived in Ohio where there were many kinds of wild flowers. From spring till fall I spent much time in gathering them. I used to bring home some flowers which Mother did not consider very pretty. But she always seemed to think that gathering flowers was a good thing for little girls to do and seldom objected to any of the bouquets which I made for the house.

"Late one autumn I broke a few branches off the flowering currant bush. These I added to a handful of flowers to fill a large vase. At first the leaves on the branches of flower-

ing currant were very pretty but by and by they all fell off. I still kept the branches, because anything which made me think of outdoors at that time of year was dear to me, and these branches smelled just like the woods. But Mother did not like my homely bouquet, and so she set it aside in a dark corner.

"I forgot all about the vase for a few weeks. When I looked for it I found the branches full of buds, swollen just as in springtime. I put fresh water into the vase and set it in a window where the sun shone brightly. Soon I saw that the buds were swelling larger and larger. At last, one bright morning I found the branches covered with beautiful yellow flowers.

"Ever since that time I have tried to have some kind of spring flowers in winter. Of all the shrubs that I have tried, the flowering currant and almond blossom the best, although wild cherry, wild plum, and Japanese quince also bear very pretty winter flowers. I gather a few branches late in the fall and put them in a dark place for a few weeks until the buds swell; then I set them in a sunny window and wait for the flowers to come."

When I went home from Aunt Susan's, I began to look for flowering bushes which might blossom even late in the winter. In a few weeks I had pussy willows blossoming in my room. Since that time, I have found a few other shrubs that will bloom in this way. Instead of telling you what they are, I am going to let you discover for yourself what shrubs are most likely to provide "spring flowers in midwinter."



THE TOY SHIP

Can you see in less than a minute what you must do to answer the question that the author of this poem asks in the last line? What study besides arithmetic is involved in this poem?

In a Paris factory they made three hundred toys,
And some were meant for little girls, and some for little
boys.

Each toy was packed in a small box and labeled, "Nou-
veauté,"

And put on board the steamer *France*, bound for far-off
Bombay.

The distance is five thousand miles to Bombay, we are told,
The steamer left November tenth; the weather it was cold.
Now, if two hundred miles, exact, the *France* did make
each day,

Please tell me, youngsters, if you can, when did it reach
Bombay?

ALWIN J. SCHEUER

GETTING THE MEANING

1. Andrew lives $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from school and walks this distance four times a day. How far does he walk in going to and from school in a school month of 20 days?

Which of the following are given in the problem above?

- a. Distance between Andrew's house and the school.
- b. The number of times a day he walks this distance.
- c. Total distance walked in a month.
- d. Number of days in a school month.
- e. Distance Andrew walks in one week.

2. What does Emily's father save by buying a ton of coal for \$15 instead of buying it by the bucket at \$.40 a bucket, if 56 buckets of the size bought make a ton?

Which of the following are to be found in the problem above?

- a. The cost of each bucket of coal.
- b. The cost of two tons of coal.
- c. The total cost of the whole number of buckets.
- d. The number of buckets in a ton.
- e. The difference in cost between a ton of coal delivered all at once or a ton of coal delivered in bucketfuls.

3. The distance from New York to Chicago is 908 miles, and the regular running time is approximately 24 hours. Owing to floods a train is able to go only 296 miles during the first 10 hours of the trip. How many miles per hour must the train go during the remainder of the trip in order to reach Chicago on time?

Which is the most reasonable answer to the problem above?

1000.

45.

7.

115.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

It is hard to realize that there was a time — only a few hundred years ago — when there were no white people at all in America. From the story which follows you will learn how some of the first discoverers reached these shores, or rather, some islands not far from our shores. But most of all you will learn, if you think as you read, why it was Columbus, and not some one else, who fitted out the expedition and made the perilous voyage.

I. THE YEARS OF PREPARATION

When Christopher Columbus was a little boy, he lived in the city of Genoa. His father was a weaver of wool, and his uncles and cousins were weavers also. They all lived in a section of the town that was called the weavers' quarter. All of their neighbors made their living by combing wool or making cloth.

The narrow house in which Columbus spent his boyhood stood just outside the gate of Saint Andrea. High buildings came up close to the house on each side, and there was no yard at all. The windows had no glass in them, but there were shutters to keep out the cold, with small openings which let in the light through oiled linen or paper. On the lower floor was the shop where the weaving was done, with long



counters in front on which the goods were displayed and sold to customers. The family lived over the shop.

Genoa was a seaport and to its wharves came ships from China and Japan and India, or the Indies, as people called these Eastern countries. Like many other lads of Genoa, Columbus liked to play on the wharves and to watch the swarthy seamen unloading their precious cargoes of beautiful silks, fragrant spices, and rare gems. He learned how the great sails were pulled up and down and how the ships were steered. He listened to thrilling stories from the lips of adventurous seamen who had sailed into seas that ships had never entered before and had discovered new lands. And

stirring tales these mariners must have had to tell — of sea fights with pirate ships (for these were the days of pirates), of mutinies, of wrecks, of all kinds of hair-breadth escapes.

As Columbus grew older he longed to sail with these seamen on their long voyages to distant countries. He read many books of travel, among them the book of Marco Polo, a book more thrilling than any fairy tale. This Marco Polo was a famous traveler who had journeyed to the very court of the Emperor of China and had brought home, hidden in the seams and hems of his garments, precious stones of great value. In his book one reads of courtiers dressed in robes of silk studded with sapphires and rubies and of palaces with panels of silver and gold and roofs of pure gold.

At last the daydreams of Columbus's boyhood turned into realities, and he became a sailor, seeing lands that until then had been to him only names, taking part in sea fights, and experiencing for himself the perils of life on the sea, of which he had heard so many tales. For several years he lived in Portugal, and while there he may have sailed with Portuguese mariners on their long voyages of discovery down the coast of Africa — always hoping to round the tip of this great continent and to open up a waterway to the Indies.

This was the question that all Europe was asking: "How can we find a new way to the Indies?" The old route, part way by sea and part way overland by caravans across Asia, could no longer be traveled in safety, since enemies had captured one of the chief cities along the way. Columbus saw ship after ship come back to Portugal after their long voyages to Africa without having solved the mystery of how far that

great unexplored continent stretched to the southward. He began to ask himself, "Is there not some other waterway to the Indies that men have not yet thought of?"

Now in the time in which Columbus lived, only a small part of the world as we know it had been discovered. The people of Europe had no idea that away over here across the Atlantic were two great continents. Many people then thought that the earth was flat and that if one journeyed too far in any direction one would fall off. There were all kinds of stories told of the frightful monsters that lived in the Atlantic Ocean, waiting to devour those who ventured too far on its waters.

But Columbus believed, as did many other educated men, that the world was not flat but round. And since he thought the world to be much smaller than it really is, he decided that one could sail westward out across the Atlantic right around the world to China and Japan. So sure was he that the riches of the East could be reached by sailing west that he was willing to brave the perils and uncertainties of a voyage into unknown waters, whose length no man could foretell.

But Columbus was too poor to pay the cost of such an expedition. He needed large ships, money to pay the sailors, and supplies of food to last many weeks or perhaps many months. He wanted a powerful king to help him carry out his plans. For years the Portuguese king had been helping great mariners to undertake voyages of discovery. Surely he would be willing to help, thought Columbus.

So he went to King John II of Portugal and said, "If the earth is round like a ball, there must be two ways of reaching

the same place. If the way to India is so long by traveling east, may we not reach it sooner by sailing west? Perhaps we can go by water all the way if we sail directly west across the Atlantic. Will you give me ships to try this route?"

King John listened to the plans of Columbus and said, "What reward do you want for the discoveries you may make?"

"I want to be viceroy of all lands discovered by me," Columbus replied. "I also want the title of admiral and a tenth part of the profits."

But King John was not in the habit of giving such high rewards. Then, too, he preferred his own Portuguese seamen, who had been carefully trained; for Columbus was a stranger to the King and might not be so able as he seemed.

So Columbus left Portugal disappointed and went to Spain to seek the help of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. But these were busy times for the King and Queen of Spain. A long war was being waged with the Moors, and the court was constantly being moved about from place to place. King Ferdinand was in the thick of the fighting as city after city of the Moors was besieged; and Queen Isabella was busy sending supplies to the armies, relieving the sufferings of the people, and even riding into the camp sometimes on horseback to encourage the soldiers. No wonder they found little time to listen to this stranger with his plan for sailing west in order to reach the East. And so from month to month and then from year to year they put him off, never actually refusing to help him but never really taking time to think about the matter.

For seven weary years Columbus wandered, following the Spanish court from place to place, far away from his home and family in a strange country. Sometimes great men were kind to him and took him into their homes. But often he must have looked very shabby and have had little to eat.

At last Columbus lost hope of ever gaining the attention of the King and Queen amidst all this tumult of war and bustle of court affairs. Did he intend to give up this great plan of his? No, indeed, Columbus was a man who never gave up. He decided to go to France or England and see if he could not get help from one of these countries. But first he must find a home for his little motherless boy, Diego. What a pathetic picture the father and son must have made as they left the Spanish court together, the father grown old before his time, gray and bent and poorly dressed; the little boy shabby, too, pinched and hungry-looking, very likely big-eyed with wonder over the new people and places he was seeing.

After walking until they were weary, the travelers stopped at the gate of a monastery and asked the porter for some bread and water. Some kindly fate must have guided Columbus to this monastery, for here he found the best friend he had met in all these years. This was Juan Perez, a monk, who heard Columbus asking for bread and knew that he must be a foreigner by the way he spoke Spanish.

Perhaps something in this shabby, tired-looking stranger's face interested the monk, or perhaps he was only sorry for him. He invited Columbus into the monastery to rest and asked whence he came and where he was going. Columbus told him of his daring plan for finding a shorter way to

the Indies and of the years he had spent at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella with no success. He said that as soon as he could place little Diego in the home of his aunt and uncle, he would go to France or England and try to find help there.

As Columbus talked of this great idea that had filled his mind for so many years, Juan Perez became more and more interested. He decided that the plan was reasonable. So he wrote a letter to Queen Isabella, begging her not to let Columbus leave Spain, and sent it by a trusty messenger. In the meantime, the stranger and his little son were to stay comfortably at the monastery.

Now it happened that this good monk had once been Queen Isabella's confessor and that the Queen had great respect for his opinions. In him Columbus had found a friend who would be worth more to him than all the great courtiers combined. And so it came about that in fourteen days a messenger came from the Queen bringing money for Columbus and a request that he should come with Juan Perez to see her. Forthwith Columbus bought some new clothes to wear at court and a mule on which to travel, and he and Juan Perez journeyed with light hearts to see Queen Isabella.

Many changes had taken place at the Spanish court in this short time. Granada, the stronghold of the Moors, had fallen. Columbus saw the last of the Moorish kings kiss the hands of Ferdinand and Queen Isabella and of young Prince Juan, who was heir to the throne. Ferdinand and Isabella were now the greatest rulers in Christendom.

A council of wise men was appointed to consider the plan of Columbus, and these men came to the decision that it was worth trying. But everything was not to run smoothly for Columbus even now. He asked great rewards, too great Queen Isabella thought. And so, once again, Columbus turned away discouraged to go to France. But the Queen changed her mind and sent a messenger after him to say that he should have the rewards he asked for and that she would fit him out with ships and money and men for his great adventure.

Once more Columbus turned back, and after a few more delays the papers were signed. Columbus was to have the title of admiral and was to be made viceroy over all the lands that he should discover. A tenth part of the gold, precious stones, pearls, silver, spices, and other treasures found in these lands should be his; and if he bore an eighth part of the expenses, he was to have an eighth part of the profits of all the voyages made. More than this, the title of Don was to be given to him and to his family.

Little Diego had a share in the honors too. He was to be sent to school, and after two years he was to be page to Prince Juan, the son of the King and Queen. This was one of the greatest honors of all, for the court pages were usually chosen from the children of noble families.

Now it seemed as if all Columbus's hopes and dreams were at last coming true. But still there were delays and discouragements. The Queen had difficulty in raising enough money for the undertaking. Then sailors were afraid to go on such an uncertain voyage. They were afraid that they

might get to the edge of the sea and drop off; that the sea might be boiling hot in some places; that great dragons might eat them. Queen Isabella even offered to give prisoners their freedom if they would go.

Finally enough men and money were gathered together to fit out and man three small ships. This was the fleet that started with its dauntless admiral to sail around the world.

2. THE VOYAGE

Just an hour before sunrise one August morning in 1492, three little ships, scarcely larger than the fishing smacks that sail up and down our coast today, lifted anchor in the harbor of Palos. There was a great crowd of people of all classes and all ages gathered to see them off. Some of them were cheering, some were silent, staring in eager curiosity. But many were weeping, for these little ships were the ships of Columbus's fleet, and they were sailing away out across the "Sea of Darkness" — no one knew where — and few expected ever to see them sail back again to Spain.

It must have seemed like a happy dream to Columbus to be really embarking on this voyage to the Indies, for which he had planned and hoped and waited during all these long years. But his troubles were by no means over. Probably no one ever did a really big thing without a great deal of hard work and worry and a great many discouragements. And this voyage of Columbus's, which was about the biggest thing that a man has ever done, was beset with difficulties from start to finish.

Just as the ships were well under way, it was found that

the *Pinta* had a broken rudder. So it was necessary to stop for about three weeks at the Canary Islands for repairs.

But the thing that made this long and dangerous voyage the hardest for Columbus was the faint-heartedness of his sailors. Most of these sailors were ignorant, superstitious men who had been bribed to go by promises of gold or by being offered freedom from prison. They had no idea of the sound reasons on which Columbus based this plan of sailing around the world. They thought he was a crazy dreamer, who was leading them on a foolhardy expedition that could end only in all losing their lives.

As they saw the last strip of land fade away on the horizon behind them, many broke down and wept and begged Columbus to give up his perilous voyage and return to Spain. When they had been out of sight of land many days and knew that there was no hope of rescue if they should get into trouble, they became more and more discontented. Every unexpected happening filled them with terror.

At one time they sailed through great floating masses of seaweed. Then were the sailors sure that dreadful demons lurked here to ensnare them and drag them down into the sea by entangling the ships. For many days the breeze blew steadily from one direction — a breeze that bore the ships rapidly forward. Then the sailors, instead of welcoming the favorable wind, declared, "It is some witchcraft that controls the very air on these unknown waters and causes the winds to blow always in the same direction. We are being carried farther away from safety into no one knows what fearful dangers and can never turn back again."

Of course the wind did change many times. But the sailors could always find something to worry about, just as the faint-hearted always can. Columbus made the most of every encouraging sign. But as a whole month went by and still no land was sighted, the discontent grew greater and threatened to break out in open rebellion. For the sailors began to gather together and say to each other, "He is only a foreigner who wants to be called Don. If he will not return, let us throw him into the sea."

No one knows how this bravest of expeditions might have ended, had it not been that about this time there began to be unmistakable signs of land. Fresh weeds and some fish that live about rocks were seen. Best of all, there was found floating in the water a branch with red berries growing on it, which had been freshly broken from a tree, also a stick that had been carved by hand. And now every one was eagerly watching the rim of the sea ahead, for a silken jacket and nearly five hundred dollars in money had been promised to the one who should be the first to see land.

On the night of the eleventh of October there was great excitement on board these three little ships. No one slept, for all knew that they were nearing land. About ten o'clock Columbus saw a moving light as if some one were carrying a flaming torch. He could not tell whether the light were on land or in a boat on the sea. It could mean but one thing — that their long search for land was almost over.

At two o'clock on the morning of the twelfth, a gun was fired from the *Pinta* and the cry of "Land, ho!" was raised. All crowded to the forward decks to see if it were really true.



Yes, there it was, a long, low mound that rose dark against the sky! What hours of suspense those must have been till dawn! None knew what wonders this little mound of land might reveal. Visions of the golden domes and minarets of some city of the Indies rose before the eyes

of the sailors. They crowded around their Admiral, whom they had wanted to throw overboard only a few days before, and called him "Don" and congratulated him. And Columbus, the poor weaver's son, was the happiest man among them.

At daybreak they saw a low island covered with beautiful tropical trees. Columbus, dressed in a robe of brightest scarlet and bearing the banner of Spain, embarked with his men in small rowboats to take possession of the new-found land. As the boats grated on the sandy shore, the Admiral and his little company threw themselves upon the earth and kissed it. Then Columbus rose and solemnly took possession of the little island in the name of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, naming it San Salvador.

As this little company from over the seas were gathered here on the shore, there came from the woods dark-skinned, half-naked men strangely decorated with paint and feathers. They gathered around the strangers and wondered at the whiteness of their hands and faces. They thought Columbus and his men must have come down from heaven and that their white sails were great white wings.

Columbus gave them red caps and necklaces of glass beads and all sorts of pretty trinkets. They were delighted with these gifts and went away and told others about these kind men who had come down from the skies. And when they came back, they brought presents in return — bright-colored parrots, ornaments of gold, flowers, and fruits.

And what was this little island that Columbus had come so many miles to find? It was one of the many tiny coral

islands that stretch from Florida to the island of Hayti — just which one we are not sure. Had Columbus sailed straight across from Spain he would have landed somewhere along the coast of our own country. But he had turned southward toward the end of the voyage because he had seen flocks of birds flying in that direction at sunset.

Columbus thought that his dream was fulfilled and that he had found a new way to the Indies. To be sure, he was disappointed not to have sailed into the harbor of some rich city of the East. But he felt sure that this land he had found was some outlying island along the coast of Asia and that not far away were China and Japan with all the riches and wonders of which he had dreamed ever since he could remember.

3. EXPLORING IN THE WEST INDIES

As soon as Columbus had taken possession of the new-found land, he set out with his men in the ships' boats to cruise along the coast and discover, if he could, what kind of land this was that seemed so fair and yet had never seen civilized men before.

The natives he called Indians, for he thought he had reached "the Indies." He learned to talk by means of signs with these men whose language was so unlike any he had heard, and of all whom he met he asked the same question: "Where can we find gold?" They answered by telling him of a large island which they called Cuba — the very same island that we know by that name today. At this news Columbus was greatly rejoiced, for he was sure that this island was Japan.

He began to cruise in and out among the tiny islands which one could see from San Salvador. And on every one he found the same beautiful trees and flowers and birds, the same naked, dark-skinned men, and the same scarcity of gold and precious stones.

The friendship of the Indians could always be won by gifts of pretty trinkets. In exchange they would give Columbus food, fresh water from the coolest springs, and gold and silver ornaments. One day, as the voyagers were approaching a new island, an Indian paddled out in a canoe and wanted to be taken aboard. But when he came near the ship, he was frightened and started to turn back. Then two of the sailors jumped overboard and captured him and brought him to their Admiral. The poor Indian was trembling with fear, and he held out as an offering a ball of bright-colored cotton yarn. Columbus greeted him kindly, put a red cap on his head, strings of green beads around his arms, and hung little bells on his ears. Then he gave back the ball of yarn and sent him on his way.

Another day the ships overtook an Indian who had paddled far out from land and seemed to be too exhausted to paddle farther. Columbus had his men take him on board, canoe and all, and give him bread, honey, and wine. When night came they drew near an island. They then put the grateful Indian in his canoe and sent him ashore. During the night the natives came out to the ships bringing fresh spring water, fruits, and roots that were good to eat, for the grateful Indian had spread the news of the kindness of the white men.

On one of their explorations the sailors saw the Indians cooking a queer kind of root. This root was nothing less than the potato, and this was the first time that a white man saw it. They also saw Indians making a roll of dry leaves, then lighting one end of this roll, and sucking the smoke into their mouths. These rolls the Indians called "tobaccos." And they saw fields planted with corn and other fields planted with cotton. Little did they dream, however, that these products of this new land were to be worth more to Europe than all the spices of the East for which they were looking.

When the ships came to the shores of Cuba, Columbus said, "This must be the mainland of Asia; we are now without doubt approaching the realms of the Emperor of China." He sent a messenger to seek out the great Emperor and give him a letter. But Louis, the messenger, came back after several days, having found no city, no palaces, no gold — only villages of naked savages.

And so the ships journeyed on from island to island, getting a little gold here and there and sometimes pearls and silver and all sorts of beautiful feathers and pretty trinkets.

One day they came to the island of Hayti, and here a serious mishap occurred. The *Santa Maria* struck a hidden reef of coral and was wrecked. Columbus must have been almost in despair when he saw the waves breaking over the little ship and realized that she had made her last voyage. What would all this long voyage across the sea profit if he could not get back in safety to Spain and bring word to the King and Queen of his discovery! But his quick wits

thought of a way to solve the difficulty. He decided to build a fort on the island from the wreckage of the *Santa Maria* and leave part of the crew there, while he went on to Spain with the rest to get more money and more ships with which to come back again.

And this is how the first European fort came to be built in the new world. Over this little fort the flag of Spain was raised, and it floated as proudly as if it knew that this was the beginning of vast dominions for the King and Queen across the sea.

4. COLUMBUS RETURNS TO SPAIN

On the fourth of January, 1493, the two little ships that now made up the Admiral's fleet began the return voyage across the many miles they had come. It is lucky that the voyagers had better courage now than when they started forth, for this voyage was to be a stormy and seasick one for them.

The ships were not nearly so seaworthy as when they had left Palos the August before. Both were so leaky that the sailors had hard work to keep out the water. And as if they had not troubles a plenty, on the twelfth of February there came up a great storm that lasted for days. The two ships became separated, and the *Nina*, the smallest ship of the fleet, now struggled along by itself. Waves mountain high threatened to engulf the frail craft at any moment and to carry with it to the bottom of the sea the wonderful piece of news that Columbus was bringing to Europe.

But Columbus was determined that even though all on

board should be lost, the news of his discovery should be saved if possible. He wrote out a full account of the long voyage and the islands and the people he had found, sealed it, and addressed it to the King and Queen of Spain, promising a reward of one thousand ducats to him who would deliver it. Then he wrapped the letter in waxed cloth and put it in an empty barrel, which he caused to be headed and thrown into the sea. Lest this barrel never reach land, he prepared another copy in the same way and placed it in an empty cask on the deck, hoping that if the vessel sank the cask might float off and be picked up.

But as if by a miracle the little ship weathered the gale and came a few days later to the Azores. People gathered on the shore in crowds to see the little *Nina* that had come safely through the storm which had wrecked many strong vessels.

Columbus wrote a letter to the King of Portugal asking for permission to enter the port of Lisbon and a letter to the King and Queen of Spain telling the news of his discovery, and sent them by couriers.

This time the Genoese mariner was given a very different reception from the one he had received years before when, poor and unknown, he had come to the King of Portugal for help. He was invited to the palace, where he was received with as much honor as if he were a royal personage.

On the thirteenth of March Columbus sailed for Spain, and two days later he entered the harbor of Palos, out of which he had sailed more than seven months before. How glad the people were to see him! The bells rang and the

cannon boomed. The people came down to the shore in a great procession. They listened open-mouthed to the tales the sailors had to tell, and every one pointed out Columbus and cheered him as he passed in the streets.

The court of Ferdinand and Isabella was then at Barcelona, and thither Columbus set out. But he was obliged to travel very slowly, for crowds gathered all along the way to see the Indians he had brought with him and to question Columbus about his voyage.

It was a fine day in April when he came to the court at Barcelona. The King and Queen had arranged a splendid reception for him. Courtiers went out to meet him, and there was a great procession through the city, while immense crowds filled the streets and even gathered on the housetops, so eager were they to see.

And a great spectacle it was! There were Indians, smeared with paint, decorated with feathers of tropical birds, and with golden ornaments. There were parrots and other bright-colored birds in cages. And there were all kinds of trinkets and curios, such as had never before been seen in Europe.

Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus under a canopy of gold brocade, and as a mark of special honor they permitted him to remain seated while he told them the story of his long voyage and his discoveries. It was the proudest and happiest moment of the poor Genoese explorer's life. All the years of waiting and planning and persevering had not been in vain.

SARAH A. DYNES

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What was there in Columbus's early life that may have given him the desire to sail west? 2. Find out all you can about Marco Polo. 3. How would Columbus know the directions as he sailed along? Learn all you can about the discovery of the mariner's compass. 4. How do Europeans travel to India now? If there is more than one way, which is the best and why? Use the maps in your geography.

5. Although Columbus discovered this country, it was named after some one else. In poetry, however, our country is sometimes given a name in honor of Columbus. What is it? 6. Can you think of any places that are named after Columbus?

7. Try to learn from this selection all you can about the character of Columbus. Go over the whole carefully with this in mind.

8. What quality of character do you most admire?

9. Your teacher may divide the class into four groups and assign one part of this story to each group. Make a careful outline of the part assigned to your group and be ready to tell the story in class from your outline. Try to give the class your impression of the kind of man Columbus was. Your teacher may wish to have you give these talks as a part of a Columbus Day program.

10. *The True Story of Christopher Columbus* by E. S. BROOKS will tell you more about his life. There are other books similar to this about Lincoln, Lafayette, Washington, and Grant. They all begin *The True Story of* ——. 11. You will find an interesting account of Marco Polo in *Famous Men of the Middle Ages* by HAAREN and POLAND, or in *Our Ancestors in Europe* by JENNIE HALL, pages 347 to 349.

CHARACTER

Three names are given to a man: one by his parents, another by the world, and the third by his works — the one which is written in the immortal book of fate. Which of these three names is the best? Solomon teaches us, when he says, "A good name is better than the sweetest oil."

COLUMBUS

Joaquin Miller, the poet, has tried to let us know how Columbus felt as his vessels plowed their way through the sea and all but him were utterly discouraged. Be sure to *hear* the lines as you read them.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
 Behind the Gates of Hercules ;
Before him not the ghost of shores ;
 Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said : " Now must we pray,
 For lo ! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak ; what shall I say ? "
 " Why, say : ' Sail on ! sail on ! and on ! ' "

" My men grow mutinous day by day ;
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak. "
The stout mate thought of home ; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
" What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn ? "
" Why, you shall say at break of day :
 ' Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on ! ' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
 Until at last the blanched mate said :
" Why, now not even God would know
 Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
 For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say — "
 He said : " Sail on ! sail on ! and on ! "

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate :

“This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.

He curls his lip, he lies in wait,

He lifts his teeth, as if to bite !

Brave Admiral, say but one good word :

What shall we do when hope is gone ?”

The words leaped like a leaping sword :

“Sail on ! sail on ! sail on ! and on !”

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,

And peered through darkness. Ah, that night

Of all dark nights ! And then a speck —

A light ! A light ! At last a light !

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled !

It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.

He gained a world ; he gave that world

Its grandest lesson : “On ! sail on !”

JOAQUIN MILLER

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How does the poem compare with the story of Columbus? What does each do that the other does not do? 2. What knowledge and belief did Columbus have which helped him to persist when all of his men wanted to turn back? 3. What beliefs did the sailors have which made them afraid? 4. How does knowledge of facts sometimes help us to face dangers?

5. The first stanza tells you how the sailors felt when they first found themselves out of sight of land. What does each of the other stanzas tell you about the voyage? 6. Be sure to learn this poem by heart.

DICTIONARY MAKING

You have noticed the alphabetical arrangement of words in the dictionary. Since there are thousands of words beginning with *a*, they are arranged so that all the *ab* words come first, followed by the words beginning with *ac*, *ad*, and so on. Words beginning with the other letters of the alphabet follow this same plan. Rearrange the words in the following list according to this plan.

addressing	katydid	cattle	bade
scarlet	drowsily	astray	honestly
dispute	zebra	dews	modern
inferior	endeavor	murmuring	gift
superior	located	trough	value
goggles	neighbors	fair	expense
kick	wages	knots	medium
bleat	crickets	bloomers	quartered
ceaseless	skim	opposite	baskets
tranquil	banners	visitor	purchase
widow	hedge	policeman	syrup
khaki	adopted	job	vacations
perish	mention	exhibit	needle
obtain	jolted	reason	forecast
hurry	woodland	weighed	resemble
Japanese	repose	pennies	gullible
frolicsome	balconies	three	unknown
poplar	laborer	husband	rogue
mink	clever	stupidly	young

THE BEACON TREE

The life of the early settlers in this country was full of hardship and danger. We can realize this when we live over again such exciting incidents as those related in this story of colonial days.

"If you will but help me, Hannah, with the candle-dipping, as a little girl often should, you will forget to fret all day long about the home-coming of father and Nathaniel," said Mistress Wadsworth, laying a kind hand on the bent head of her little daughter.

All through the long, gray afternoon Hannah had looked out of the diamond-shaped panes of the window, past the fields of dried cornstalks, and toward the forest of pointed green firs beyond. She turned from the window now, as her mother spoke to her, and looked up bravely, trying to smile.

"You are quite as anxious about dear brother Nathaniel and father as I am," she said. "It is now two weeks since they started away with the sledge to bring us back the wood for the winter. Father said that it would take him no longer than ten days at the utmost. Brother Nathaniel is only twelve and young for so hard a journey. There have been storms, and there are Indians —" a sob caught the little girl's voice.

It was Mistress Wadsworth's turn now to look with saddened eyes through the window and into the falling twilight of the New England winter.

"Your father said that he would be home for Christmas Day," she said, "and he will keep his word unless some ill

befalls them. In the meantime we will make the candles. Then the house will be brighter to welcome them than if we burn only pine knots. Tonight, Hannah, we will measure the candle wicking, for we shall be busy the greater part of tomorrow with the dipping."

Both mother and little daughter were dressed in the long, straight frocks of dark homespun that were worn in those long-ago days, and as the two bent over the pine table after supper, they looked much alike. The fire in the great brick fireplace had a sticky, pitchy lump of firewood upon the top. It was a pine knot, and the only light in the room. It flickered upon the bright rag rugs on the floor, on the painted chairs with their scoured rush seats, and on the green settle, making a pleasant, cheerful glow. They tried not to hear the wind that howled down the chimney, or to feel anxious about the beloved father and the little brother who were so far away in a bleak lumber clearing.

Measuring the wicks for the tallow candles was so painstaking a task that Mistress Wadsworth did it herself; Hannah, standing beside her, only watched. The mother stuck an old iron fork straight up in the soft wood of the table some eight inches from the edge. Around it she threw half a dozen loops of the soft candle wicking. She cut these loops off evenly at the edge of the table. Then she measured and cut more until she had several dozen, all exactly the same length. As she worked, they talked together of what Hannah most loved to hear about — Christmas in her dear mother's girlhood home, merry England.

"They had polished brass sconces fastened everywhere

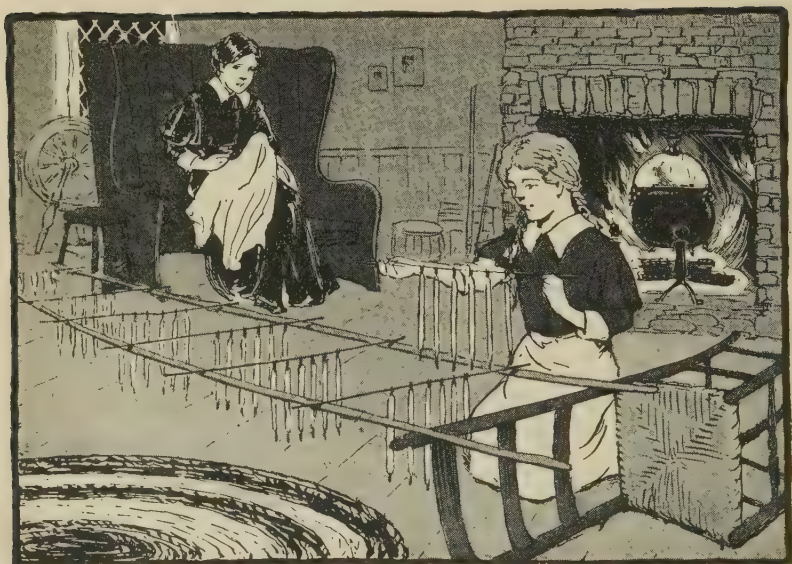
to the walls," Mistress Wadsworth said. "In every sconce there would be tall white candles. We burned more candles in a night then than we can afford to burn in a month now."

"And there was a fir tree from the forest brought into the hall for the children," Hannah continued, for she knew the story well. "There were candles on the tree, lighted and shining. Oh, it must have been a pretty sight to see the children dance about the Christmas tree and sing their carols! We never have Christmas trees with candles in this new land, do we, Mother? Why?" she asked.

"The Governor decrees that we shall not continue the customs of the land that we have left so far behind," Mistress Wadsworth replied, but with another sigh. "And now to bed, little daughter, for we shall be busy indeed on the morrow."

When morning came, Hannah found that her mother had worked late the night before, twisting and doubling each candle wick and slipping through the loop a candle rod. This rod was a stick like a lead pencil, but over three times as long. Six wicks hung from each rod. They looked, Hannah thought, as if they were so many little clothes lines.

Then the big iron kettle filled with clean white tallow was swung on a heavy iron hook in the fireplace. As the tallow melted, Mistress Wadsworth directed Hannah to tip down two straight-backed chairs and place two long poles across them like the sides of a ladder with no rungs. Across these poles were laid the candle rods with their hanging wicks. Then the kettle was taken from the fire and set on the wide hearth, and the task of the candle-dipping was begun.



One at a time, Hannah took the candle rods carefully by their ends and dipped the wicks for a second in the melted tallow. Then she put the rod back between the chairs to dry and took up another rod, dipping the wicks in the same way. When the last wicks had been dipped, the first ones were dry enough to dip again. With each dipping, the candles grew more plump. One candle rod, though, Hannah dipped only once in every three times. When her mother noticed this she said, "Little daughter, you are neglecting six of the candles. See how small they are!"

Hannah ran over, threw her arms about her mother's neck, and whispered something in her ear. Mistress Wadsworth shook her head at first; then she smiled.

"It can do no harm that I see," she said. "It will only be child's play before Christmas and no cause for the Governor's displeasure. Yes, little daughter, if you wish. If it brings joy to your sorrowful heart, I shall be glad."

When the candle-dipping was over and the precious candles were laid away, to be burned only if the father and little Nathaniel came home, Hannah slipped six, as small as Christmas tree candles, from one rod and wrapped them carefully in a bit of fair white linen. They were her little candles to be used as she wished.

The days, white with snow and very cold, wore away until it was only a week before the blessed Christmas Day. There were but slight preparations for it in the little New England settlement where Hannah lived, for it was not thought fitting three centuries ago to be merry and gay at Christmas time. But at the small white meeting-house Hannah and the other little pioneer children practiced a carol to be sung on Christmas Day.

Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,
Serve ye Jehovah with gladness;
Before him bow, singing with mirth.

The children sang it as it was pitched by the elder's tuning fork, and the tune was slow and dirge-like. The tears came again to Hannah's eyes as she tried to sing, for no word had come as yet of father and Nathaniel. A runner to the village had brought word a few days before of attacks by the Indians on near-by parties of wood-cutters. "Could they have encountered the party with whom father and Nathaniel had gone?" she thought.

•

But Hannah's secret kept her happy. A few days before Christmas she went to a near-by bit of woodland. She carried the old hatchet that Nathaniel had left at home, and she looked over the young fir trees until she found a tiny one that was well shaped and as green as green could be. She chopped and hacked vigorously until she cut down the little tree. Then she tugged it home. As she held its prickly needles close to her warm cloak, she whispered, "You are not to bear gifts, little Christmas tree, because that would not be right; only candles to light the way home for dear father and brother Nathaniel."

At last it was only three days before Christmas. Evening had settled down on the little New England village. The town crier had taken his way through the narrow main street early in the afternoon, looking dismal enough in his long, black cloak and tall, black hat, and solemnly ringing his bell.

"Lost! In all probability, lost!" he called, "this Christmas time!" And then he called the names of the men and boys who had started out so many weeks before on the ill-fated lumber trip and from whom no word had come. As he reached the names, "Goodman Wadsworth, little Nathaniel Wadsworth," Mistress Wadsworth bowed her head in her hands as she sat in front of the fire. But Hannah kissed her gently for comfort and took out the little tallow candles that she had dipped. Then she set up the tiny fir tree, with the lighted Christmas candles, in front of the window that looked out upon the main street.

Now the village was black with the night. Only the long

street was white with snow. A few glimmering stars shed a fitful path of light upon it, but the houses were like so many tightly closed eyes. They could hardly be seen at all. The fires inside were low, and the doors and windows barred.

It was almost ten o'clock when an Indian boy, little Fleet-as-an-Arrow, like a flash of color in the dark of the night, darted down the street. He was wrapped from head to foot in his scarlet blanket. He was panting. His bare limbs were cold. He had come a long, long way without food since morning, but he did not stop running now that he was nearing his goal. The dim little town frightened him though. He had never been in so strange a place before. The home that little Fleet-as-an-Arrow knew was a wide plain with a background of forests; his house was a painted wigwam, and his light was a camp fire.

But he pressed against his heart a bit of white birch bark upon which a little white boy of his own age, brought to the camp a captive with a band of prisoners, had printed strange characters. It was not like the picture writing of the tribe, but Fleet-as-an-Arrow knew that it must be important for all that. The little white boy, whom this Indian boy had grown to love like his own brother, had begged him to carry the writing to his mother.

"Go to the north," he had said. So Fleet-as-an-Arrow had watched the moss on the trees and followed the North Star. Here he was, but how could he tell in which of all these strange wigwams the mother of his little white friend lived?

Suddenly a smile flashed into Fleet-as-an-Arrow's dark eyes. At the end of the street a bright light had attracted him. He ran on, bravely following it. Of all the windows in the whole village this was the only one that was unbarred, and where the curtains were parted. As he came nearer the light, Fleet-as-an-Arrow's heart almost stopped beating for admiration and wonder. Never in all his twelve years had the little Indian boy seen a sight like this. It was an ever-green tree such as he knew and loved in his own home forest, but it was covered with glimmering, sparkling, starry lights. There it stood, Hannah's Christmas tree, the little tallow candles, like a magnet, drawing Fleet-as-an-Arrow with Nathaniel's message.

He stopped at the door and beat the heavy oak panels with his half-frozen, brown little hands. When Mistress Wadsworth, followed closely by Hannah, opened the door, frightened and dazed at the strange visit in the night, Fleet-as-an-Arrow looked at them a minute on the threshold. In the light of the little Christmas tree he could see Hannah's pink cheeks and wide-open, blue eyes and the pale gold braids of her hair. She looked just like the boy that he had left in the Indian's camp. He knew now that he had found the right place. He went inside and from beneath his blanket pulled the message, written with a bit of charcoal in scrawling letters on the square of birch bark. Then he thrust it into Mistress Wadsworth's hands. She read it in the glow of the fire: "We are safe, but the Indians will not let us go without gifts of beads and corn. Send some men to fetch us. NATHANIEL."



With a glad cry, Mistress Wadsworth put her arms about the little Indian boy. Then, while she put on her bonnet and cloak and lighted the big, brass lantern, Hannah drew Fleet-as-an-Arrow up to the fire and brought him food. Running with her lantern from one sleeping house to another, Mistress Wadsworth soon roused the men of the village, who organized themselves into a rescuing party.

When the first ray of the morning sun tinged the sky with pink, the party was on its way, carrying the gifts which the Indians demanded as a ransom for their captives. With them went little Fleet-as-an-Arrow as their guide.

Such a Christmas Eve as it was! Father and Nathaniel, ragged and hungry but safe, were home in time! Two of the large tallow candles in the polished brass candlesticks shone on the mantelpiece over the fireplace, and Hannah lighted the little Christmas tree again. She and Nathaniel, with their hands clasped happily together, sat in its light, so glad to be together again that they needed neither gifts nor sweets to make their Christmas joy.

CAROLYN S. BAILEY

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. The writer of this story has tried to put into it many of the customs in the home life of early New England. Pick out as many customs as you can, such as candle-dipping, and be ready to describe one of them in class. 2. What colonial customs not mentioned here do you know about?

3. Many interesting customs and exciting adventures of colonial days are described in *Stories of the Pilgrims* by M. B. PUMPHREY, *Lads and Lassies of Other Days* by LILLIAN L. PRICE, *The Puritan Twins* by LUCY FITCH PERKINS, *Everyday Life in the Colonies* by STONE and FICKETT, and *A Day in a Colonial Home* by D. R. PRESCOTT.

A GREAT INDIAN CHIEF

There have been great Indians as well as great white men in America. Tecumseh was one of the great Indians. The following anecdote shows what a reputation he had.

Tecumseh was one of the greatest Indian chiefs of the pioneer days in the Middle West. In the War of 1812 he and his warriors fought on the side of the British.

During this war he visited the Raisin River valley with a band of his warriors. The settlers who were scattered

along the valley had been stripped by the British soldiers of nearly every means of living. Among these poor people was an old gentleman, Mr. Rivard, who was very lame and unable to make a living for his family by his own work.

Mr. Rivard had managed to keep a pair of oxen out of sight of any soldiers or Indians who might wish to take them from him. With this pair of oxen his son was able to make a scant living for the family. It so happened one day, however, that Tecumseh met young Rivard while he was working with the oxen. Walking up to Rivard, Tecumseh said, "My friend, I must have those oxen. My young men are very hungry; they have nothing to eat. We must have the oxen."

Young Rivard objected, saying that if the oxen were taken the family would starve to death.

"Well," said Tecumseh, "we are the conquerors and everything we want is ours. I must have the oxen; my people must not starve. But I will not be so mean as to rob you. I will pay you one hundred dollars for the oxen, and that is far more than they are worth. But we must have them."

Tecumseh then asked a white man to write an order on Colonel Elliott for the money. Colonel Elliott was a British officer who was encamped on the river some distance below. The oxen were then killed, large fires built, and the forest warriors were soon feasting on their flesh. Young Rivard took the order to Colonel Elliott, who promptly refused to pay it, saying, "We are entitled to a living from the country we have conquered. I will not pay it."



The young man returned sorrowfully to Tecumseh with the answer. "He will not pay it!" exclaimed Tecumseh. "Stay here all night, and tomorrow we will go and see."

The next morning Tecumseh took young Rivard to see the colonel. On meeting the colonel, Tecumseh asked, "Do you refuse to pay for the oxen I bought?"

"Yes," answered the colonel, and he again stated his reason for the refusal.

"I bought them," said the chief, "because my young men were very hungry. I promised to pay for them, and they shall be paid for. I have always heard that white nations do not rob and plunder poor people, and I will not do so either."

"Well," said the colonel, "I will not pay for them."

"You may do as you please," said the chief; "but before Tecumseh and his warriors came to fight the battles of the Great King, they had enough to eat, for which they had only to thank the Master of Life and their good rifles. Their hunting grounds supplied them with food enough; to them they can return."

This threat produced a sudden change in the colonel's mind. The loss of the great chief, he well knew, would at once withdraw all the nations of the red men from British service; and without them the British would be powerless on the frontier.

"Well," said the colonel, "if I must pay, I will."

"Give me hard money," said Tecumseh, "not rag money" (army bills).

The colonel then counted out one hundred dollars in coin and gave them to him. The chief handed the money to young Rivard and then said to the colonel, "Give me one dollar more."

It was given, and handing that also to young Rivard, Tecumseh said, "Take that; it will pay you for the time you have lost in getting your money."

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What does this anecdote tell you about Tecumseh's character?
2. Find, if you can, another good story about a famous Indian, or about Indian life, and be ready to tell it.
3. You may like these books about Indian Life: *The Magic Forest* by STEWART EDWARD WHITE, *Sinopah, the Indian Boy* by J. W. SCHULTZ, *Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*, and *Indian Stories* by MAJOR CICERO NEWELL.

A RESCUE AND A WEDDING

This time the scene of adventure with the Indians is not New England but Kentucky. Try to imagine yourself in the little settlement of Boonesborough surrounded by the wilderness. Then think how the girls must have felt during this exciting adventure.

On Sunday, the seventeenth of July, 1776, all was quiet and peaceful in the little pioneer settlement of Boonesborough, on the Kentucky River. Hardly a breeze stirred the leaves of the tall elms and maples of the forest surrounding the settlement. Scarcely a ripple broke the clear surface of the river that flowed past the foot of the hill. The gates of the fort stood wide open, and today, as on other days, the settlers went about freely and without fear.

Yet there was a time when they had not felt so secure. The thirty log cabins of the settlement, built facing an open square, were joined together by a close fence of upright logs. The roofs of the cabins slanted inward, so that men might fire from them without being seen by an approaching enemy. Just beyond the cabins bristled a forest of high stumps, purposely left standing to serve as shields against stray arrows.

Only a little over a year before, Daniel Boone and his followers had made their way through the Kentucky wilderness and started the building of these cabins. While they were at work, the party was attacked by Indians and a number of the men were scalped. But later the alarms died down, and Boone, Colonel Richard Calloway, and others brought their families to Boonesborough to live.

Since that time the little settlement had been undisturbed. Vegetable gardens flourished, fruit orchards were planted, and cattle grazed peacefully. Sometimes, indeed, the young men of the settlement, who were sent out on hunting expeditions, brought back tales of chance encounters with the savages. For a time, then, the settlers would take care not to stray too far from the protected cabins. But presently the necessity for caution would be forgotten, and the settlers would go about their work and play as fearlessly as before.

Thus it happened that on this quiet midsummer day, sixteen-year-old Elizabeth Calloway, her sister Fanny, and her friend Jemima Boone, both fourteen, strolled down the hill toward the river. Jemima and Fanny were chatting and laughing, but Betsy seemed deep in thought.

Jemima Boone, observing Betsy's silence, said mischievously, "Perhaps, Mistress Betsy, you are not inclined to go out on the river today. Perhaps you would rather stay at home. Is it not today that Sam Henderson is expected back from hunting?"

Betsy blushed but tossed her head. "Nay," she cried, "it is already afternoon. 'Twas this morning he was expected. If he comes now, he shall not find me meekly waiting."

And so, laughing gaily, the three friends went down to the bank of the river and stepped into one of the birch-bark canoes.

The girls paddled, then drifted idly, watching the ripples that spread away from the bow. As they drifted, Jemima,

with her eyes on the steep, thickly wooded banks of the river, said thoughtfully, "For my own part, I am always glad to see the boys return safe home from hunting. The savages have not disturbed us, and yet — one never knows what live shadows may be lurking in the woods."

The younger Calloway girl nodded, as if in agreement. But Betsy cried, "Oh, 'tis nonsense to fear the Indians in these days. They are friendly to us, and even if they did appear —"

As she spoke, the girls felt the canoe suddenly caught by a hidden current of the river and taken forward toward the north bank. Before Betsy could change the direction of the frail craft, it had grounded upon a sandbar.

"Well," declared Fanny, with mock indignation, "methinks I could have managed better! Betsy, you grounded us! Now you are the one to get us off."

"Nay," replied Betsy, "'tis you who are nearest to the land. You —" Then suddenly she stopped short and her eyes grew wide with horror.

Jemima screamed, and Fanny, turning to see what had frightened the other girls, looked directly into the face of an Indian decked in feathers and covered with black and white war paint. Before she could scream, the huge savage clapped his hand over her mouth and dragged her from the canoe.

Four other savages, who appeared as silently as the first, approached the other two girls. Betsy, grasping her paddle with all her strength, struck one of them over the head with it. But she was quickly overpowered.



The Indians rushed the girls up the steep, thickly wooded ravine that formed the bank of the river. There they stopped for a moment and made it clear by signs that further resistance or failure to keep up with them would be punished by instant death. Then, taking a more leisurely pace, they struck off across country. Choking back their sobs, the girls followed their savage captors through woods and fields, cane-brakes and meadows.

It was useless for the girls to think of trying to escape. They knew only too well the Indian custom of tomahawking captives who lagged behind on the march. But whenever it seemed safe to do so, they broke twigs, dragged their feet, or tore off bits of clothing, to mark the trail.

Meantime, back at the settlement, the afternoon wore peacefully on. No one thought it strange that the girls had not returned.

Toward evening a young hunter — perhaps Sam Henderson — paddled down the river to meet the girls. Scarcely a quarter of a mile from the settlement he came upon their canoe. It was empty, and the girls were nowhere to be seen; but trampled bushes and deep footprints near the river bank told clearly what had happened.

Hastening back to the settlement, he spread the alarm. Men were sent for and two searching parties formed. One, a party of twelve on horseback, was headed by Colonel Calloway, father of two of the missing girls. The other party was led by Jemima's father, Daniel Boone. This party consisted of about eight men and among them was Sam Henderson.

It was thought that the Indians were Shawnees and that they were probably taking the girls to their own towns in Ohio. The mounted party therefore started out toward a ford of the Licking River, where it was thought the Indians might cross. The other party, on foot, was to follow the trail.

It was already so late that little could be accomplished that evening. Before Boone and his men had walked five miles, darkness overtook them and made it impossible to follow the trail farther.

At dawn the search was renewed. But now the woodsmen found the trail blinded in every possible way. Sometimes it doubled back upon itself and seemed to lead nowhere. Sometimes the footprints had been carefully covered with leaves. Again the tracks led to a stream or rocks or a broad, fallen tree, and were there lost. But every now and then one of the searchers would discover a bit of cloth which showed them which way to go and cheered them with the knowledge that the girls had not yet given up hope. That day the little party on foot covered thirty miles.

Early next morning, after traveling a few miles more, Boone and his companions caught sight of a thin line of smoke rising into the air. They advanced cautiously and at last were near enough to see the Indians cooking buffalo meat for breakfast. The girls, nearly worn out by their journey, were huddled at the foot of a tree, a few feet away from the fire.

It was evident that the Indians thought themselves no longer in danger of pursuit. But even so, the utmost caution

was necessary, for the first thing they would do if alarmed would be to tomahawk the girls. Boone and three of his most expert marksmen crept nearer, inch by inch. At a signal the four men in advance fired, and all of them rushed forward. Two of the Indians dropped dead, and the other three were so taken by surprise that they fled without moccasins, knives, or tomahawks.

Perhaps it was the duty of the gallant rescuers to pursue the savages. But as one of the party himself wrote afterward, "The place was thick with canes, and our being so elated on recovering the three broken-hearted little girls prevented our making further search."

In triumph they returned to Boonesborough. There, three weeks later, to the music of fiddles and with a feast of watermelons, the people of the settlement celebrated the marriage of Sam Henderson to Betsy Calloway — the first wedding in Kentucky.

PHYLLIS BIGELOW

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Tell the story briefly in your own words.
2. Make a drawing and map to show the fortified settlement and the direction taken by each party.
3. How soon did you suspect the girls were to be attacked by Indians?
4. How did Boone save the girls from being killed by the Indians? What kind of man does this show Boone to have been?
5. Find out more about Daniel Boone if you can.

6. Kentucky pioneer life is pictured vividly in a story about Abraham Lincoln's mother entitled *The Story of Nancy Hanks* by E. C. PHILLIPS. A good book about the experiences of two Mexican children who were captured by Indians is *Juan and Juanita* by F. C. BAYLOR.

MINOT'S BEACON

The lighthouses along our coasts cannot really talk, of course, but it is fun to make believe that they can. Minot's Light is a famous one. If you can, find out about it in the encyclopedia after you have read the poem. What does the poem itself tell you about the lighthouse?

Out where the waves of the ocean
Thunder and break in their wrath,
Here on the outermost danger,
Near to the mariner's path,
Standing on treacherous footing,
Towering over the sea,
Flash I my signal of warning,
Of one — four — and three.

Wrapped in a mantle of darkness,
Lashed by the wind and the wave,
Swaying beneath their encounters,
Often their furies I brave ;
And by the tears of the tempest,
Dimmed though my radiance be,
Still I keep flashing my warnings
Of one — four — and three.

Mist often mingles with darkness,
Pall-like upon me they close,
Hiding my treacherous neighbors,
Whom I am here to expose ;
Then with my voice I'm proclaiming
Dangers the eye cannot see,
While I keep flashing my warnings
Of one — four — and three.

Winds that have fiercely assailed me
 Whisper their gentle regret,
 Waves that besieged me in anger
 'Round me remorsefully fret;
 Always impassive I greet them;
 Duty is sacred to me;
 So I keep flashing my warnings
 Of one — four — and three.

Here through the varying seasons,
 Gray, weather-beaten, I stand,
 Guiding the course of the seaman,
 Cautiously making the land;
 And to all people who pass me,
 Seeking the "Land of the Free,"
 Flashing a welcome and warning
 Of one — four — and three.

ALEXANDER C. CORKUM

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Read the poem again, thinking just what each stanza tells. Give a name to each stanza or sum it up in as few words as possible.
2. What does the line, "of one — four — and three," mean? How else are combinations of numbers used for signaling?
3. Each stanza has one or more lines that stand out. For example, in the first, the line, "Thunder and break in their wrath," is very forceful. Find other forceful lines.
4. What is meant by *tears of the tempest*? by *treacherous neighbors*?
5. To enjoy this poem fully, you must get the sound of the lines. Practice reading it to yourself.
6. Be ready to read aloud your favorite stanza.
7. This poem may make you want to read some stories about the sea. Here are some: *Captain January* by LAURA E. RICHARDS, *Children of the Lighthouse* by NORA A. SMITH, and *Sea Stories Retold from St. Nicholas*.

WORK WITH WORDS

Each word in the second and third columns is formed from a word in the first column. Look carefully at the first word in each column and you will see what is meant.

Using the first two sets of words as a model, arrange at least fifteen other sets of words in the same way.

wise	wisely	unwise
attend	attention	attendance
polite	merrily	passengers
happy	visiting	neighborhood
patient	creamy	acceptance
child	accepted	agreement
merry	believing	enjoyment
pass	different	politeness
rapid	owner	rapidity
visit	improving	appearance
neighbor	added	breathlessness
cream	politely	ownership
differ	disappear	improvement
accept	breathe	difference
appear	freely	happiness
improve	afternoon	addition
breath	childlike	patience
believe	passage	merriment
noon	rapidly	visitor
free	joyful	freedom
joy	happily	noonday
agree	impatient	belief
add	disagree	creamery
own	neighborly	children

DRAMATIZING EVERYDAY OCCURRENCES

Read carefully and prepare to dramatize.

1. Grace Burton's father had promised to take her and her three friends, Alice Greene, Mabel Tall, and Virginia Martin, to see a baseball game. A half hour before Mr. Burton was expected, the girls began looking out of the windows and running to the door to see whether he was coming.

2. Every one calls Richard Bennett a bookworm because he nearly always has a book in his hand. One afternoon he sat with his elbows on the table reading *The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle*. Four of his playmates stood near his window and called in a chorus, "Hello, Bookworm! Come out and play hat-ball!" "I don't want to play," shouted Richard crossly.

3. A messenger boy brought a telegram to Andrew Mason's home. On the porch sat Mr. and Mrs. Mason. Andrew was pulling weeds out of the vegetable garden near by. The messenger handed the telegram to Mrs. Mason. Andrew ran up on the porch just in time to see his mother tear the yellow envelope open and read, "Send Andrew to Albany on the three o'clock train. I will meet him. Then we will start for camp. UNCLE JACK." Andrew joyously exclaimed, "Hurrah for Uncle Jack! Hurrah for camp!"

4. Father sat by the window reading his newspaper. Ella went on tiptoe and stood behind her father's chair smiling. Then she quickly put her hands over his eyes and said merrily, "Your money, your life, or a trip to the beach!" In a frightened voice her father exclaimed, "Bandit, take my money, have a trip to the beach, but spare my life!"

BRAVERY

THE BRIDGE-TENDER'S DAUGHTER

Have you ever seen a drawbridge raised to let ships go through? Was the whole bridge raised or only the middle part? If you have never seen a drawbridge, ask your teacher to show you a picture of one. What is the duty of a bridge-tender? The bridge-tender's little girl did a very brave act. Make a guess as to what it was before you begin to read.

Before Stella crossed the long bridge on her way to the engine-house, she always stopped to make sure that her father's dinner was all that such a wonderful man deserved. And as soon as the noon whistles blew, the bridge-tender, in his little house perched high above the middle span, would begin to look eagerly across the causeway for the flutter of Stella's blue skirt and the gleam of the red ribbon on her hat.

To climb to the airy engine-house, kiss the big man in overalls, and flutter round him while he ate and chatted and pretended to drive her out with flourishes of a mighty fist was a treat of which the little girl never tired.

After school in pleasant weather, when her home duties were not pressing, Stella would hurry across the breeze-swept causeway to perch in the window of the engine-house

and look down the open harbor toward the sparkling stretches of Long Island Sound. There was always much to see, especially in the late afternoon, when the oyster sharpies were sailing home from the day's work. At first glimpse their sails were tiny specks against the blue water. If the wind was fresh and fair they grew as if by magic, and in half an hour or so the laden sharpies came sweeping toward the bridge like great white birds eager for home.

Then Stella's father pulled at a shining lever, the engine panted and groaned, and the great bridge opened its huge arms to welcome the hurrying fleet. The oystermen, skimming through the draw, would look from under their battered southwesters and wave their hands at O'Connell, the bridge-tender, with such hearty greetings as these:

"Hello, Bill! Here's two dozen fat ones on the half-shell if you'll send that bright-eyed girl of yours round for them after supper."

"A little breezy up there, Stella? Well, you ought to have been down off Black Point today. It turned the oysters plumb inside out."

One afternoon late in autumn her mother looked up from her knitting and said to Stella with a worried air, "Dearie, I don't feel quite right about your father. It threatens to be the worst gale we've had in years. He had one of his dizzy spells this morning, and I made him promise to get young Jackson to tend the draw this afternoon while he went for some medicine and came straight home to lie down. It's nearly four o'clock and he's not here yet."

Mrs. O'Connell was almost shouting, for the wind was

crying wildly over the roof, and the cottage trembled with its fury. Stella stroked her mother's hair with a soothing gesture and tried to reassure her.

"It is a big blow, Mother, when we feel it here under the lee of the hill, almost a mile from the bridge. But Daddy's found it too wet to go out, and he's waiting on the bridge, snug and warm, till six o'clock. Then he'll come running home like a big bear."

The mother shook her head and went to the window with quick, uneasy steps. She tried to go on with her work but her mind was elsewhere. She turned to Stella again. "No, I don't like to seem over-anxious, but I'm not satisfied. I wish Bub were bigger — I'd send him down to the bridge right away. I don't often worry, but your father's overdue. The storm didn't break till an hour ago. He had plenty of time to get young Jackson and be here long ago. And Jackson's home and idle, for I saw him this morning."

Stella listened to the howling of the northeaster and hesitated. Then her young mouth tightened in a firm line as she said, "I'm going to put on my long boots and reefer and go down there. The wet won't hurt me. I can't bear to see you fretting, Mother. It isn't dark yet."

Her mother protested, but Stella darted into the hall and presently reappeared bundled up like a young midshipman on a winter night. She kissed her mother and was off before more objection could be raised.

The girl did not know the might of the sudden storm until she staggered out on the open causeway across the marsh.

Here the wind had swept up the unusually high tide and was flinging it across the low wall in blinding sheets. Stella crept along, clutching the stone coping and fighting to keep her breath. When she was halfway across, the harbor itself seemed to be breaking over the wall in shattered billows. The biting air was full of flying scud, which filled her eyes so that she halted, afraid that a wave she could not see would dash her over the barrier.

Then she crept over to the lee of the seaward wall and fell there, praying that strength might come back to her. Presently she pulled herself along, inch by inch, escaping the heaviest fury of the waves by crouching close against the wall.

Once on the long slope leading up to the drawbridge the struggle was less terrifying, and Stella was able to rub the salt spume from her eyes and look up at the little house perched among the trusses of the middle span. She hoped to see a light through the stormy twilight or a face at the window. But her stout heart sank when she saw no greeting sign from the engine-house. Then she had to fight for very life as she gained the end of the bridge where the iron railing gave no shelter.

The northeaster drove with a clean sweep across the roadway. It picked her up and threw her against the rail and left her doubled up, groaning with pain and fright. Clinging, slipping, edging her way along, Stella reached the foot of the iron ladder that led to the engine-house. Her courage flickered and was almost gone. How could she muster strength to climb? She would be blown away even if her own weight did not drag her hands from the slippery rungs.

She was never able to recall how she made the ascent, but somehow she found herself tugging at the engine-room door. She stumbled inside and lay there, panting and sobbing.

As soon as she was able, she began to grope her way among the shadows of what seemed like an empty room. She remembered where the lamps were kept and found matches beside them. The light showed her what looked like a bundle of old clothes doubled in a corner. She ran to it and found her father, who turned a little and groaned. A pail of water was on the table. She dashed some of it into his face. He raised his hand to his head and she strove to lift him up, but his weight was too great for her to move.

Presently the engineer muttered brokenly, "Stella, is that you? I went up on the roof — about four o'clock — to tighten the whistle-valve. Blowing hard — my head went queer — I slipped and fell down to the platform. Must have crawled inside — all I remember."

His daughter put his overcoat under his head and whispered, "You're all right now, Daddy. I'll take care of you."

O'Connell was silent for a moment. Then he made a mighty struggle to raise himself but sank back with a hoarse cry of fear: "The sharpies haven't been through yet! Who'll turn the draw?"

Stella sprang to the window with strength revived and looked down the harbor. The driving rain had ceased, and the sun was breaking through the angry clouds. There was light enough for her to catch glimpses of tossing bits of sail, hardly to be told from the ragged breakers on the sky line. She had not played on this bridge through five years with-

out learning something of the ways of sharpies and their skippers. The fleet was driving home before the gale, carrying no more than rags of canvas, trusting that the bridge would swing in time to let them through. If it did not? She knew that these open boats would swamp if they were forced to come about in such a sea as this.

Stella looked down at her helpless father. The agony in his eyes told her that he, too, realized the crisis. "Open the drafts!" he muttered. "Steam's getting low."

She toiled at the furnace doors and dampers as she had seen him do so often. Turning toward him for further instructions, Stella saw that his head had fallen back. He was again unconscious. Whatever was done, she must do alone. The pointer of the steam-gage flickered and began to move upward, ever so slowly.

She went to the seaward window. The sharpies were rushing toward her as if they were winged. If they drove straight at the closed bridge and it failed to open, it meant wreck and the loss of many lives — helpless men and broken boats.

Stella turned the steam-pipe valve. She cried aloud with joy when the steam hissed into the cylinders. Then she tugged at the starting lever. Slowly the great cog-wheels of the turning gear began to move. In the closing dusk the storm-swept sharpies were racing toward the bridge hardly a quarter of a mile away. She closed her eyes for an instant and gave a panting little prayer. Then she felt the draw tremble as it obeyed the master call of the engine.



She feared to hear the crash of snapping masts and the cries of drowning men. But the draw was really swinging! She clamped the lever down and snatched a moment to press her face against the pane. The fleeing oystermen were trying to luff a little as they saw the draw move more slowly than usual. The deep-laden sharpies yawed wildly, and Stella caught her breath in laboring gasps. Would they make it? Would the draw ever open?

Then the long arm of the bridge opened a black gap of water, the foremost sharpie scraped past by a hair-breadth, and the others tore after it like frightened, living things. Stella watched the gap close, and when the draw was again in line with the roadway, she shut off the steam and stopped the engine. A moment later there was a thundering knock on the door, and, sheepish and repentant, young Jackson dashed in out of the wind.

"I told your dad I'd be down at two o'clock," he faltered. "And I got to playing cribbage and quite forgot it till just now. Is he killed?"

Jackson anxiously bent over the engineer, listened to his breathing, and felt his pulse. Then he brought joy to Stella's heart by shouting, "No bones broken, Stella, and his head is as sound as a nut, even if he has got an awful crack on the outside of it! That is all I can find wrong with him and I'm a natural-born doctor. You stay here while I go down to the dock after a wagon. I'll be back in fifteen minutes, and we'll have him home in a jiffy."

RALPH D. PAINE — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Describe the picture that Stella could see from the window of the engine house on bright days? 2. What did she see on the day of the storm? 3. Make a list of all the main incidents from the time Stella left home on the afternoon of the storm. 4. Tell what each of the following means: *a causeway*; *sharpies*; *flying scud*; *salt spume*; *luff*; *yawed wildly*; *a northeaster*; *cribbage*. 5. What three separate things did Stella do to make the drawbridge open? 6. If Jackson had not come at all, what do you think Stella would have done next?

7. Another stirring story is *Little Jarvis* by M. E. SEAWELL.

A FIRE FIGHTER

Pupils at the beginning of the fifth grade are supposed to be able to read 113 words a minute, and at the end of the fifth grade 129 words a minute. There are 495 words in this selection. Time yourself and see how quickly you can read it and get the gist of it. Is your rate of speed as fast as it should be?

As Scout Albert Marrs of the Second Bedford Troop was returning home from a parade on the evening of August 6, 1910, he saw first a thin wreath and then a full cloud of smoke coming from a house near his own. Evidently there was trouble within and help was needed.

Marrs went at once to render what help he could. He burst through the door into the house and made his way to the room from the window of which the smoke was issuing. As he opened the door, he saw a sight that for a moment almost took away his nerve.

The curtains, the shade, and the bed were ablaze, and on the bed lay a little child asleep and unconscious of its danger. The first thrill of horror passed and left the scout primed for work. The room was full of smoke, and the leaping flames shot out tongues of fire; but, heedless of the danger to himself, the scout dashed into the room towards the bed. The child must first of all be saved; the fire must be attended to afterwards.

Tenderly but quickly lifting the sleeping form from the bed, Marrs carried it to a place of safety. He then went back through the choking smoke and scorching flames to see what he could do to cope with the fire and stop its spreading to other parts of the house.

To the window first! Down came the curtains and the shade. Tearing off the bedding, which was afire, the scout cast it upon the floor. He then seized an unburned blanket and flung it upon the burning mass. Fighting furiously, with smoke choking him and filling his eyes until the pain was almost too much to bear, he smothered the flames at the cost of scorched clothes and burned hands. Then he turned his attention to the table, which had also caught fire, and after a little trouble managed to extinguish the fire there too.

He had come into a room full of smoke and flames and had found a child in danger of death. He left the room free from fire and had placed the child in safety. All this had been the work of a few minutes—but what minutes! They had been filled with danger, not only to himself but to the whole house.

Just as he had conquered the flames, the mother of the rescued child appeared. She had been out shopping. Finding that the very room in which she had left the child asleep had been on fire, and not knowing for the moment that her child was safe, she fainted away.

Here was more work for the scout. He promptly set to work to restore the unconscious woman, and in a few minutes he was able to assure her of the child's safety.

Then Scout Albert Marrs went home with as little concern as though he had been taking part in an everyday occurrence.

ERIC WOOD

DARING RIDERS OF THE PONY EXPRESS

Try to put yourself in the place of the boys who rode on the Pony Express. What do you think was the most exciting thing they did?

How would you like to ride as hard and fast as you possibly could for a hundred miles at a stretch, without a stop except for the few seconds required to leap from the back of one horse to that of another? How would you like to ride like this in all weather, rain or shine, along unfamiliar trails, through violent mountain torrents, and with the danger of lurking savages ever present? This was the every-day and every-night "job" of the boy riders of the Pony Express, which used to carry the mails across the continent in the days before the railroad or the telegraph bound our country together.

There were two hundred stations on the Pony Express, stretching in a line through the wild, uninhabited regions extending westward from the Missouri River to the Pacific, and only about fifty riders to cover the vast distance. These were principally boys, some as young as fourteen years, chosen because of their light weight and also because they possessed the daring courage which this risky business required.

Around these wilderness stations a few courageous settlers sometimes gathered. Some of these settlements later became big, prosperous western cities, but in 1860 the log station-houses usually contained only the station master, a group of riders, and the many fast horses used on the Pony Express.



Whenever a tiny speck was seen in the distance hurtling across the plain, a shout would go up from those within the station compound. They knew it was one of their riders. If it was the last lap of the boy's hundred-mile ride, he would fling his mail sack to another rider, mounted and ready, who would be off like a streak on the westward journey. If this was merely one of the "changes" on his route, the rider would leap to the back of a fresh horse with scarcely more than a shout of greeting to the little group around the station. If a rider failed to appear at the time due, searchers were sent out. Though these boys were often the victims of Indians or of disabling accidents, there were always others willing and anxious to take their places.

By keeping up this terrific speed and by the exercise of wonderful endurance, these daring riders reduced the time of carrying a letter across the continent to ten days. Formerly it had taken from six weeks to two months to transport mail by the sea route from coast to coast, in the very fastest vessels. The Californians hailed this new mail service with joy and paid the high postage, five dollars per half ounce, without a murmur. All letters and even newspapers were required to be written or printed on tissue paper to lighten the load.

Alexander Majors was the founder of the Pony Express, and in 1861 a man named Holliday established a stage line along practically the same route. This was considered a remarkable undertaking — which, indeed, it was — as it carried passengers in twenty days across a vast region which prairie schooners were often several months in traversing. The discovery of the great silver mines of Nevada brought hordes of people from the East to this new land of wealth, and in spite of the dangers, which were many, Holliday persisted in his enterprise and made a fortune.

Two years after the Pony Express was founded, a telegraph line was established, linking up the two coasts. This robbed the Express of much of its business and it did not continue for long. It was nine years later that the first railroad surveys were made. Soon afterward the "iron horse" penetrated the wilderness, and the days of the intrepid riders and stage drivers who opened up the route vanished into the past.

L. C. KITSON

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Get out your geography, find the map of the United States, and trace as well as you can the route of the Pony Express. 2. Which, would you say, were the hardest parts of the route and why? 3. What dangerous rides do people risk nowadays? 4. How long does it take a letter to go by train from Omaha to San Francisco now? From New York to San Francisco? How long does it take a letter to go by air mail from New York to San Francisco? 5. What opportunities are there now to do dangerous things for the good of the country? 6. Write in a short paragraph what you think of the riders of the Pony Express.

7. Get from the library, if you can, *The Adventures of Billy Topsail* by NORMAN DUNCAN, and read the exciting chapters on "Her Majesty's Mail."

COMPLETE THE SENTENCES

1. Before — were built, the Pony Express carried — across the continent.

2. Now —, the —, and the — bind our country together.

3. There were — — — on the route of the Pony Express.

4. The Pony Express extended from the — River to the — Ocean.

5. There were only — riders to cover this vast —.

6. Some of the Pony Express — later became large, prosperous —.

7. These daring riders reduced the time of carrying a letter across the — to — days.

8. Formerly it had taken from — weeks to — months to transport — by the sea route.

9. In this early time letters had to be — on — paper to — the load.

10. In those days — cost — — per half ounce.

11. — — was the founder of the Pony Express.

12. The — and the — put the Pony Express out of business.

TRUE OR FALSE

When it is cloudy it always rains.

It never rains when the sun shines.

Christopher Columbus was born in Italy.

The Indians cultivated potatoes and tobacco before the white people came.

The King of Portugal gave Columbus money for his voyage.

"To Your Good Health" is an Irish folk tale.

A lighthouse is a guide to seamen.

Indians were always friendly to the early settlers.

"Conal and Donal and Taig" is a laughable story.

A bridge-tender watches carefully for boats.

All bridges are drawbridges.

No one is needed to tend a drawbridge.

Traffic may pass over, and large boats under, a drawbridge at the same moment.

Heavy blankets and rugs are useful in smothering flames.

No one smiled over "The Quangle Wangle's Hat."

The telegraph line robbed the Pony Express of much of its business.

The railroad engine is often called the "iron horse."

Daniel Boone was one of the first settlers of Kentucky.

The great Indian chief, Tecumseh, had a reputation for honesty.

Nathaniel Wadsworth wrote a message to his mother on a sheet of paper.



FABLE AND FANCY

THE FOX, THE COCK, AND THE DOG

Try to get this fable in a single quick reading. If you can make up another story that teaches the same lesson, prepare to tell it in class.

One moonlight night a fox was prowling around a farmer's hencoop. Presently he saw a cock roosting high up beyond his reach. "Good news, good news!" cried the fox.

"Why, what is it?" said the cock

"King Lion has declared a universal truce. No beast may hurt a bird henceforth, but all shall dwell together in brotherly friendship."

"Why, that is good news," said the cock; "and there I see some one coming with whom we can share the good tidings." So saying, he craned his neck forward and looked afar off.

"What is it you see?" said the fox.

"It is only my master's dog that is coming towards us. What, going so soon?" he continued, as the fox began to turn away. "Will you not stop and congratulate the dog on the reign of universal peace?"

"I would gladly do so," said the fox, "but I fear he may not have heard of King Lion's decree."

Cunning often outwits itself.

ÆSOP

THE ADVENTURES OF THE FOXES

Our North American Indians were fond of telling stories which somewhat resembled fables — that is, the animals had the power of speech and acted more or less like human beings. More than a hundred years ago this story of the foxes was told to a white traveler by his friend, an old chief of the Miamis.

The red fox and the gray fox agreed to hunt together and to divide their game. It was to be the duty of the gray fox to arrange for places to camp while the crafty red fox was off on a chase.

Since the red fox knew the country better than his partner did, he directed the gray fox thus: "As you travel along, you will find, after a short day's journey, a plain bounded on the east by some hills. Stop on this plain for the night, set up your camp, and wait for me." The two foxes then set out, each going his own way.

After a successful day's hunting, the red fox went to the plain on which the gray fox had been directed to camp. Upon arriving at the plain and not finding the gray fox, the red fox set off to seek him. He found the poor gray fox only a short distance from the place where they had separated in the morning. Here, without food, wood, or water, the gray fox had camped on the ice which covered a lake.

"What does this mean?" cried the red fox. "Why did you not go on till you came to the plain and make your camp there?"

The gray fox tried to excuse himself by saying that the traveling had been so difficult that he thought he had gone a long distance. "Besides," said he, "the snow covered

the ice and made me mistake the lake for a plain, while the high banks at the edge of the lake looked like hills."

The red fox only smiled at the gray fox's ignorance and promised to be more careful in giving directions. "Tomorrow night," said he, "we shall camp in a cozy wigwam in the midst of a forest east of the mountains. Go by way of the blazed trail and have everything ready for the evening."

Early the next morning the gray fox started off, carefully following the trail through the forest. Before long he came to the camp of some hunters where the fires were still burning. Not wishing to risk his life by allowing the hunters to see him, he looked about for a hiding place. Just then he spied a large hollow tree. "Ah," said the stupid fellow to himself, "this must be the very wigwam where my partner told me to camp. I will go in and wait for him."

Meanwhile the red fox reached the wigwam to which he had directed the foolish gray fox and was again disappointed in not finding his partner. He then went back over the trail and found the gray fox in the hollow tree near the hunters' camp. The mistake of the gray fox was explained and the two talked over their day's adventures.

After they had rested, the red fox said, "It is now dark. Let us go out and prowl around the camp. Perhaps these hunters have something which we could put to good use."

They crept out of the tree and stealthily approached one of the huts belonging to the hunters. Peering through the window they saw an old man preparing supper. Beyond him hung a huge side of venison and other pieces of meat.

The red fox at once began to lay plans for getting the

venison. "You go into the hut, gray fox, and seize the old man by his throat. While you hold him, I'll carry off the venison. As soon as I am safely away with the booty, leave the old man and follow me."

The poor gray fox found this task even more difficult than making his way on a blazed trail, for the old man was very hard to manage. The red fox did not come to his help, but instead broke into the hut and carried off several pieces of venison and the side of a fat bear. After a hard struggle, the gray fox escaped from the old man and went to the hollow tree, where both foxes had a great feast.

After counting the pieces of meat the next morning, the red fox said to himself, "This will last me just twice as long if I can only get rid of that stupid gray fox." Then aloud he said, "Gray fox, we have been hunting together for some time now and have had very good luck. It is my opinion that it will be best for us to part company now while we are still good friends. I will take the meat and go my way and you may go your way. I wish you well."

The gray fox remembered the many mistakes which he had made and decided that it was only fair for him to go away, although he thought that any one except a crafty red fox would have divided the meat with him. So he went away and traveled all day without finding either food or a place to rest. So far he saw no signs of better days.

Just as night overtook him he reached the shore of a small lake, where he saw men's tracks in the snow. He followed these tracks to a hole in the ice where fishermen had set up a fishing net. Wondering what success the fishermen were

having, the gray fox drew up the net and found as many fish as he could carry away. "Fortune is in my favor at last," said he.

While he was looking for a place to store the fish, he met a large wolf. The fox now feared for his fish, but the dull wolf was no match for even the silly gray fox.

"Where did you catch your fish, Mr. Fox?" asked the wolf.

"Brother Wolf, come along with me, and I will show you how to do as well as I have done. You have only to go to the hole in the ice to which these tracks lead. Sit down at the edge of the hole. Thrust your tail into the water and sit quietly for some time. The fish will soon begin to attach themselves to your tail. As soon as you find by the weight that you have enough fish, suddenly draw up your load. Your tail is much larger than mine, Mr. Wolf; you will surely catch a much finer lot of fish than I did."

The hungry wolf listened eagerly and thanked the fox for his kind advice. He went in haste to the hole in the ice, hoping to get his supper before many more minutes had passed. Dropping his long, bushy tail into the water, he sat motionless for some time. The weather was very cold and grew steadily colder. Big Wolf was obliged to blow on his paws to keep them warm.

"Strange!" said he to himself after some moments. "My tail does not feel one bit heavier. Where can the fish be?"

At last the wolf could stand the cold no longer. "There must be some fish on my tail by now," he thought. "I will pull up my tail and see." So he braced his paws for a spring and jumped with all his strength. Alas! the effort made



him howl with pain. While he had been sitting there his tail had frozen fast !

In the distance the gray fox heard his howl, and, catching up his store of fish, ran off into the night, leaving the poor wolf to pay the penalty when the fishermen should come and find their nets robbed.

JOHN DUNNE — Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. List all the adventures of the foxes.
2. Which was the more clever fox and why?
3. Draw a picture of the hunters' hut as it may have looked to the red fox when he entered to carry away the venison.
4. Tell whether you think these adventures could or could not really have happened?

THE MAID AND THE PAIL OF MILK

Of course you have heard the saying, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." The story which gave rise to it is many hundred years old. Using this same lesson, make up a fable of your own.

A milkmaid, who had been a good girl for a long time and careful in her work, was rewarded by her mistress with the gift of a pail of new milk for herself.

With the pail on her head, she was tripping gaily along to the house of the doctor, who was going to give a large party and wanted the milk.

"For this milk," thought she, as she went, "I shall get enough money to buy twenty of the eggs laid by our neighbor's fine fowls. These eggs I shall put under mistress's old hen. If only half of the chicks grow up and thrive before the next fair time comes round, I shall be able to sell them for enough to buy a new gown. Maybe enough money will be left to get that jacket I saw in the village the other day, and a hat and ribbons too. And when I go to the fair how smart I shall be! All the young fellows will notice me, but when they come around, I shall just toss my head and ——"

Here the maid gave her head the toss she was thinking about. Down came the pail, and the milk ran out on the ground! Good-by now to milk, money, eggs, chickens, gown, jacket, hat, ribbons, and all!

Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.

ÆSOP

SINBAD, THE SAILOR

You already know the story, "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," one of the tales from *Arabian Nights*. Here is another popular one relating the adventures of Sinbad, the Sailor. See whether you will enjoy it as much as you did "Aladdin." If you can find a book about Persia, it may help you to picture the scenes in the story, for the scenes are more or less real although the incidents are unlikely.

[In the reign of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, there lived in Bagdad a merchant named Sinbad. One day this merchant gave a feast in his house. The air was filled with pleasant scents — of wood of aloes, frankincense, and rose-water. Many people sat about a table loaded with savory dishes.

Toward the end of the repast Sinbad said to his guests, "Many of you appear to envy me. You think, no doubt, that the riches and comforts I enjoy have been obtained without any labor or trouble. But I assure you that I have undergone more dangers and discomforts than many of you dream. With your leave I will relate some of the adventures I have encountered."]

I. THE FIRST VOYAGE

My father was a rich merchant of goodly fame who left to me, his only son, a large estate. In my folly I squandered much of it. I spent my time in idle pursuits, which was a greater folly, since time is worth far more than gold. At last I saw my error and resolved to collect what little property I had remaining and follow in my father's ways. To this end I embarked with several merchants and some bales of goods in a ship from Balsora.

We set sail toward the East Indies, touching at several islands where we sold or exchanged our goods. I was at first troubled by the sickness that attacks voyagers by sea, but I soon recovered my health. In the course of our voyage we were one day becalmed near a small island which

rose but a little way above the water and resembled a beautiful green meadow. The captain ordered the sails furled and gave permission to such as were inclined, to go ashore. Of this number I was one.

We were enjoying ourselves with eating and drinking and were recovering from the fatigue of the sea, when, of a sudden, the island shook and trembled. Seeing the earthquake in the island, the people in the ship called to us to re-embark quickly lest we should be lost. Those nearest the boat in which we had come ashore quickly got into it and pushed off, and others threw themselves into the sea, to swim to the ship ; but I was still upon the island when it sank. What we had taken to be an island was but the back of a whale.

As the creature dived beneath the surface, I had only time to seize upon a piece of wood which had been brought for a fire. The captain, wishing to avail himself of a breeze that had sprung up, set sail at once, thinking that I had surely been drowned when the whale sank. Clinging to the piece of wood, I was left to the mercy of the waves all night ; and my strength was nearly gone when, the following day, a breaker happily threw me on an island.

The bank was high and rugged but I crept up it, clinging to the roots of trees and shrubs. I found and ate some herbs which restored my strength, and drank some pure water from a spring. Thus refreshed, I started forth to explore the island. As I advanced I perceived a horse feeding on a plain. Hoping to find some human inhabitants, I drew nearer to the animal. A voice which appeared to come from underground warned me that men were near, and immedi-



ately thereafter a man came out of a cave in the ground and approached me.

When I had told him the story of my adventure, he led me into the cave, where I found several others. They gave me food, and, as I partook of it, I learned that they were grooms belonging to the sovereign of the island. They had come to this plain for pasturage for the horses. They were to return on the morrow, and had I come one day later I should have perished, since the inhabited part of the island was at a great distance and impossible to reach without a guide.

They took me with them the next morning and presented me to their sovereign, who was much concerned at my adventure and gave orders that I should want for nothing. I remained at his court for many days, paying my homage to him and hearing with delight the talk of his learned men. I also met with many other merchants, for the capital of the island has a fine harbor, where ships arrive daily from all parts of the world. I talked with these merchants and sought among them news of Bagdad and an opportunity to return thither. I saw in this place many wonders — fishes one hundred and two hundred cubits in length that are nevertheless so timid that they will fly upon the rattling of two sticks or boards. I saw likewise other fishes, only a cubit in length, that had heads like owls.

One day a ship arrived in port and cast anchor. When the merchants began to unload their goods, I saw my name upon some of the bales and recognized the ship as the same in which I had embarked from Balsora. I knew the captain

at once and went up to him, asking to whom those parcels belonged.

"I had on board with me," said he, "a merchant of Bagdad named Sinbad. One day he went ashore with some others, upon what appeared to be an island, but which was nothing but an enormous whale. When these men built a fire, the creature no sooner felt the heat than it moved about in the water and most of the men were drowned. These bales belonged to Sinbad, and I am resolved to sell them and give the money to any of his family that I may meet."

"Captain," I then said, "I am that Sinbad whom you supposed dead, and these bales are mine."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Whom shall I trust in these times? With my own eyes I saw this Sinbad perish. You claim that you are he only in order to take his goods!"

"Have patience," I replied, "and listen to what I have to say." Then I related in what manner I had been saved and how I had come to this island and to the king's court. The captain was greatly astounded at my escape from death and was at length persuaded to give me my merchandise. Many persons from his ship came up and recognized me and all marveled at my fortunate escape.

From my goods I selected the most precious and valuable things as presents for the king. He was much pleased to hear of my good fortune and in return gave me gifts of still greater worth. Then I took leave of him and, after exchanging the remainder of my goods for sandalwood, camphor, nutmegs, cloves, pepper, ginger, and other products of that

country, embarked again upon the same vessel in which I had come.

We touched at several islands on our way and at last arrived at Balsora, from whence I came to Bagdad, bringing with me some hundred thousand sequins from the sale of my goods. I was received with great joy by my family, and with my riches purchased a magnificent house and many slaves.

2. THE SECOND VOYAGE

After my first voyage I resolved to spend the rest of my days in tranquillity at Bagdad, but I soon grew weary of leading an idle life and desired to see again the wonders of foreign countries. Accordingly I put to sea a second time, in a goodly vessel with merchants of known honesty.

We went from island to island, exchanging our goods with great profit and bartering with the natives. One day we landed on an island where neither man nor animal was to be seen. The land was covered with a great variety of fruit trees and we wandered about gathering the fruit. Growing tired, I sat down near a stream which wandered pleasantly among tall trees, and consumed some of the food and wine that I had brought. Afterwards I fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I may have slept, but when I awakened I could no longer see the ship. Alarmed by this circumstance, I arose and looked about for my companions. They were not to be seen and in the distance I could only dimly descry the ship in full sail.

In these unhappy circumstances my grief overcame me

and I cried out in agony, beating my head with my hands and throwing myself on the ground in despair. Alas! why had I not been content with my first voyage? Why had I thus put myself in peril a second time?

At length I resigned myself to my fate and began to look about me for hopeful signs. Not knowing what else to do, I climbed a tall tree whence I could look in all directions. Some distance away I perceived a large white object and, taking with me what provisions I had left, I journeyed nearer. I found it to be a white dome of enormous size and smooth to the touch. I tried to climb its steep sides but found it too smooth. On walking around it I saw no opening. Its circumference was perhaps fifty paces.

The sun was about to set at this time when, suddenly, the sky became as dark as though covered with a huge cloud. I was amazed by this and looking upward found the darkness was caused not by a cloud but by a huge bird of monstrous size, which came flying toward me. I remembered what I had heard mariners say of having seen an enormous bird, which they called the roc, and I concluded that the white dome must be its egg. In a short time the bird alighted near the egg and seemed about to sit upon it. I drew closer so that I stood beside one of the legs of the bird, which was so large that it resembled the trunk of a huge tree.

It was my hope to tie myself to the creature's leg and thus be carried with her out of this desert island. I therefore took my linen turban and bound myself firmly to the foot, passing the night in this position. When morning came the



roc flew up so high that I could no longer see the earth. Then she descended with such great speed that I almost lost my senses. But when I found myself on the ground, I quickly untied the turban that bound me. It was done none too soon, for the roc took up in her beak a serpent of enormous length and flew away.

The place where the roc left me was a deep valley, surrounded on all sides by steep mountains reaching into the clouds. There seemed no chance to escape from the place, and I was filled with fresh terror because of the great number of serpents, the least of which could easily have swallowed a large elephant. They spent the day in hiding and came out only at night when they were safe from their enemy, the roc.

During the day I walked about the valley looking for a way of escape. I was filled with amazement to discover the floor of the valley strewn with diamonds, many of them of great size. I amused myself for some time by examining them, but soon turned my attention to finding a safe place for the night.

I went into a cave which had only a low and narrow entrance. This entrance I closed with a stone in order to protect myself from the serpents. A little light came in at the sides and by the aid of this I supped on part of my provisions. After dark the serpents began to come out of their holes, and their tremendous hissings caused me such fear that I trembled and I could not close my eyes.

When daylight again sent the serpents back into hiding, I judged it safe to come out. I left my cave with trembling and walked upon the diamonds with no desire to touch them. At last I sat down and in spite of my fear fell asleep, for I

had not slept a moment during the night. Hardly had I closed my eyes when something fell with a great noise beside me. It was a piece of fresh meat, and still other pieces were falling from the rocks in several places.

The tales which I had heard related by seamen and others about the Valley of Diamonds I had always supposed to be false, but now I knew them to be true. The merchants who seek diamonds come to the rocks overlooking this valley about the time when the eagles hatch their young. They cut large pieces of meat and throw them down into the valley, hoping that the diamonds may stick to them. The eagles, which are extremely large in this country, fly down into the valley and seize the meat to carry to their young in the nests above. The merchants then run to the nests, frighten away the birds, and take whatever diamonds have stuck to the pieces of meat. By this means they obtain some of these diamonds, which could not otherwise be procured, since it is impossible to gain an entrance to the valley.

In this method of procuring diamonds I saw a means of escape. After collecting the largest diamonds that I could find to fill the leather bag in which my provisions had formerly been, I took one of the largest pieces of meat and tied it securely to me. Then I lay flat upon the ground, holding my leather bag tightly.

I had not been in this position long before the eagles began to descend from their nests. Circling around and around above me, one of the largest suddenly swooped down and fastened its claws in the meat upon my back. Thus I was carried through the air to the eagle's nest. The merchants

who were waiting came running with loud cries, to frighten away the eagles and get the diamonds. One of them approached the nest where I lay. At first he was alarmed on seeing me; then he began to upbraid me for trespassing on his property, for each of the merchants had his particular nest.

"Have patience," said I, "for when you learn how I came to this place and what I have brought with me, you will rejoice."

Then I showed him the diamonds that I had gathered. The other merchants, perceiving me, came running up. Great was their astonishment to see my store of diamonds, and greater still their wonder when I had told my story.

They led me to the place where they were camped, and when they had examined all my diamonds they confessed that they had never seen any to equal them in size or quality. I entreated the merchant to whose nest I had been transported by the eagle, to choose from my store as many as he pleased. He contented himself with one, and that the smallest of the lot. When I urged him to take more he said, "No, I am well satisfied with this, which will save me the trouble of making more voyages and will give me as large a fortune as I desire."

The merchants remained in this spot for many days, and when each was satisfied with the diamonds which the eagles brought him, we set off. We traveled over high mountains, where we saw many serpents of prodigious length, but it was our good fortune to escape them. We took ship at the nearest port and from thence went to the Isle of Roha, where

grow the trees that yield camphor. Here also is found the rhinoceros, an animal easily capable of killing an elephant by the use of his great horn. Here also is seen the roc, which sometimes carries off both of these animals to feed her young. In this island I exchanged some of my diamonds for much valuable merchandise.

We touched at several other places and traded at many towns and finally reached Balsora. From this place I returned to Bagdad. The first thing I did was to distribute much money among the poor, and thereafter I enjoyed with credit and honor the vast riches that I had gained with such labor and fatigue.

Arabian Nights

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

The First Voyage. 1. Have you read *Robinson Crusoe* or some other story of a voyage or of persons cast away? If so, compare this story with it. 2. What parts of the story seem to you unlikely? Do these unlikely parts make the story more attractive? 3. How many incidents are there in this story? Name each. 4. Make an outline and be ready to tell the story. 5. Near the Persian Gulf there is a city named Basra, which is the Balsora of this story. Look for Basra on the map; also find Bagdad.

The Second Voyage. 1. What other part of the world would lend itself to the making up of a startling tale of adventure? Why? 2. Would a modern Sinbad tell about a big bird or a big something else? What? 3. Think over some of the really wonderful things one would see in a voyage around the world; be ready to tell briefly about one of them.

4. For a description of the country around Basra, or Balsora, read *Journeys in Distant Lands* by Barrows and Parker. 5. There are many good collections of Arabian Nights stories, such as *Fairy Tales from the Arabian Nights* edited by Dixon.

ALADDIN

If you had a magic lamp, what would you do with it? Read this poem and try to guess what it is that the writer longs for.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded with roofs of gold
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose;
You gave, and may snatch again:
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Recall the story of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," which you read in *The Pathway to Reading*, Fourth Reader. If you can, tell the story briefly in class. 2. Read the first stanza of the poem again. What were some of the "castles in Spain" which the boy may have builded? What castles have you built? 3. How did earning so much money destroy the castles? Why, do you think, has he lost "Aladdin's lamp"? Read the poem aloud.

USE YOUR THINKING CAP

1. The city mouse eats bread and cheese ;
The garden mouse eats what he can ;
We will not grudge him seed and stocks,
Poor little timid, furry man.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Who was the little timid, furry man?

2. A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed ;
For he stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow breast,
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

What was yellow breast? Why did the boy hang his head?

3. They'll come again to the apple tree —
Robin and all the rest —
When the orchard branches are fair to see
In the snow of blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

Pick out the group of words which tells that it is springtime.

4. A wee little nut lay deep in its nest
Of satin and down, the softest and best ;
And slept and grew while its cradle rocked,
As it hung in the boughs that interlocked.
What rocked the nut's cradle? What was the nut's mother?

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Notice carefully the title of this poem. Do you know how a piper blows a pipe? Look at the illustration. What is meant by a *pie*d piper? The incident related in this poem is supposed to have taken place five or six hundred years ago. Browning wrote the verses for a small friend of his, the little boy referred to in the last stanza. Ask your teacher to read the poem to you before you study it.

PART I

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side ;
A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats !
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles ;
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body

To the Town Hall came flocking.

“’Tis clear,” cried they, “our Mayor’s a noddy ;

And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can’t or won’t determine
What’s best to rid us of our vermin !

“Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we’re lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we’ll send you packing !”
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council ;

At length the Mayor broke silence :

“It’s easy to bid one rack one’s brain —
I’m sure my poor head aches again,
I’ve scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap !”

Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap !

“Bless us,” cried the Mayor, “what’s that ?”
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat.)

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat.
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !”



“Come in !” the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.

He advanced to the council table,
And, "Please, your honors," said he, "I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,

After me so as you never saw !
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, the toad, and newt, and viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper."

(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check ;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,

Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats :
And, as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"

"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Curling tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,

Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe :
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice

(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice !

The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon !'
Just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me,'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

PART 2

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rock'd the steeple ;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
Poke out the nests and block up the holes !

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,

With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"
A thousand guilders? The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too,
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink:
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
The Piper's face fell and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! Beside, . . .
The folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."
"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"
Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling ;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood —
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However, he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;



Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!

He’s forced to let the piping drop,

And we shall see our children stop!”

When, lo! as they reached the mountain’s side,

A wondrous portal opened wide,

As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;

And the Piper advanced, and the children followed,

And when all were in to the very last,

The door in the mountain side shut fast.

Did I say all? No! one was lame,

And could not dance the whole of the way;

And in after years, if you would blame

His sadness, he was used to say —

“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left;

I can’t forget that I’m bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,

Which the Piper also promised me;

For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,

Joining the town and just at hand,

Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,

And flowers put forth a fairer hue,

And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,

And honeybees had lost their stings;

And horses were born with eagle’s wings;

And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more !”

Alas, alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear —

“And so long after what happened here

On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six.”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,

They called it the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land ;
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men — especially pipers !
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise !

ROBERT BROWNING — Abridged

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Does Browning appear to believe the story? Do you? What is the good of telling it? What lesson can you get out of it? 2. Many people find a good deal of fun in the poem. Did you? Be ready to read to the class the stanzas that you enjoyed most. Make the lines rime if you can; for example, *figure* must rime with *bigger*.

3. Be sure to see as well as hear everything just as it happened. You will notice some things on a second or third reading that you did not see at first. But be sure to read the poem as a whole each time. 4. You will need to study out certain parts very carefully; for instance, *as to what your brain bewilders*. Be sure you understand them yourself and then be ready to question your classmates as to their meaning. 5. Can you discover near the end of the poem an explanation of how the story may have arisen?

6. *The Children Who Followed the Piper*, by PADRAIC COLUM, tells what happened to the children after they went into the hill.

THE STORY OF ECHO

Before people learned the true explanation of thunder and lightning, the changing seasons, the wind, and other happenings in nature, they made up stories to account for them. The story of Echo is a story of that kind. Have you heard it? If so, is your story just the same as this?

Long, long ago the Greeks believed that all the hills and streams and groves were peopled by beautiful young girls whom they called nymphs. These nymphs lived a very carefree, joyous life. Sometimes they danced together in the meadows, and so light were their feet that the grass and flowers scarcely felt their tread. Sometimes they sang as they rested by the side of the mountain streams, and their sweet voices mingled with the murmur of falling waters.

Of all the nymphs, Echo had the fairest face and the

sweetest voice ; and in the dance she was the merriest and the fleetest of foot. Echo had a wonderful gift, too, which made her a great favorite with the other nymphs and with Juno, queen of the gods and goddesses. This was the gift of words ; she could tell such enchanting stories that her listeners forgot all else while she wove her magic spell of words.

But there came a day when Echo displeased the mighty Juno. She had kept Juno so much amused with one of her clever stories that the queen forgot to watch the other nymphs, and they played mischievous pranks. When Juno found out how she had been tricked, her wrath blazed forth. Rising from her throne and towering above the shrinking nymph, she cried out in angry tones, "No longer shall you have the power of speech. From this time forth you shall be dumb, except when some one speaks to you, and then you shall have power only to repeat the last words spoken."

"Alas ! Alas !" sighed all the other nymphs, gazing sadly on their once merry playmate.

"Alas ! Alas !" cried Echo after them and could say no more, although she stretched out her arms to Juno and strove to ask for forgiveness.

Poor Echo roamed the hills and woods, hiding behind the rocks and trees, unheard except when some one called. Day by day she grew thinner and paler until at last nothing was left but her sweet voice. That voice you may still hear among the hills, answering you with mocking words whenever you call.



SILENCE

This story was handed down by word of mouth for many, many years. What is such a story called? Why do you suppose this story was so often repeated?

Master Gaspar was the king's tailor and high in favor with the nobility. Being an excellent workman, he had acquired a fine house and ample means. He had also a handsome daughter, Marie, who was admired by all; but he was still unsatisfied.

"If I had had a son," he sighed, "I should have brought him up to be a tailor like myself, and he would inherit my fortune. As it is, I have no one to succeed to this fine business which I have built up by my own efforts."

When he was weary of sighing for what fate had denied

him, he invited his nephew, John, to become his apprentice and live in his house.

Now John was already in love with Marie, whom he hoped one day to make his wife, and so he gladly accepted his uncle's invitation. He was a good-natured young fellow, not particularly fond of work; but all would have gone well with him in his new home had it not been for his ceaseless chatter, which distracted his companions' attention and made Master Gaspar justly angry.

John was scolded and Marie wept; but, though the young man promised to mend his ways and work in silence, he soon forgot and once more began to talk. This went on until Master Gaspar was out of patience and decided that they must part.

"You must go," he said, "but it need not be for ever unless you wish. Take a journey through France and see if you cannot learn to conquer this foolish habit of yours. When you can show me six pieces of gold that you have earned by steady work, I will take you back into the business. More than this, you shall have my daughter for your wife; but not until you have proved that you deserve her."

Marie's pretty face looked like a pink pea-blossom in a shower of rain as she blushed through her tears, and John wept with her. As Master Gaspar refused to listen to their joint entreaties, there was nothing for John to do but to go; and so he mournfully took his departure. Filled with regrets, he walked on and on, until his uncle's house was far behind him and he reached the borders of a vast forest. A narrow pathway seemed to beckon to him, and, still

thinking of the weeping Marie, he strolled on listlessly beneath gnarled oak trees, whose branches looked like the twisted limbs of tortured ogres.

Needless to tell, he lost his way and, though he searched in every direction, he could see no trace of the path by which he had entered the forest. Dusk came on, and the trees grew dim and shadowy. The night birds called to each other sadly, and he heard in the distance the howling of hungry wolves. The sound filled him with dread, but in spite of his fears he was soon overcome by weariness and, throwing himself at the foot of a tree, fell into a deep slumber.

The night was half over when he awoke, and a ray of moonlight that shone through the boughs above showed a tiny dwarf standing close beside him. Without a word the strange little creature took him by the hand and led him to the heart of the forest, where a bright wood fire lit up the darkness. Five other dwarfs, no less curious to look at than the first, were grouped around the glowing embers, and with silent gestures invited John to join them. He sat down gratefully and warmed his hands. Still no one spoke, and after a while he ventured on a question.

"Where am I?" he began, but could get no further, for the nearest dwarf gave him such a slap in the face that his breath was taken away. Furious with anger, John leaped to his feet and would have flown at him; but at his first gesture the tiny dwarf instantly assumed the stature of a giant and looked down so threateningly that John feared to make another motion. As John did not stir,



the wrath of the giant subsided, and he became a dwarf once more. Feeling very much subdued, John sat down again and did not open his lips for quite an hour.

The forest was very still. The wind had dropped, and those of the wood-folk who were not asleep moved so softly that they made no sound. The silence was unbearable to chattering John, and as a last resource he took out from his satchel his scissors, needles, and thread, in order to mend an ugly rent which a briar had torn in his spick-and-span coat. At the sight of these the dwarfs got up and danced with glee, showing him at the same time many rents in their own garments. Their joy emboldened John to speak once more.

“Who are you,” he cried, “and why are your coats so torn?”

The reply to his question was another blow, and again he was overwhelmed with helpless anger. He was one against six, however, each of whom could transform himself at will into a mighty giant; so with unusual prudence he decided to hold his tongue. When the dwarfs had thrown more wood on the fire so that it blazed up brightly, he threaded his finest needle and set to work on his coat. Immediately the eldest dwarf took off his own and held it towards John entreatingly. John dared not refuse to do what the dwarf wanted and started at once to repair the coat.

He worked away for a whole hour and then, in spite of himself, burst out with another question. It met with the same answer as before. His face ached all over with the slaps he had received, but he had no means of helping himself.

"My uncle used to grumble if I chattered," he groaned to himself, "but these fellows reward me with frightful blows."

Since he did not know what else to do, he kept on stitching until the coat was neatly mended. He then handed it back to its owner without a word. The dwarf examined it with lively interest and, having no fault to find, took out of his pocket a gleaming piece of gold, which John to his great delight found was intended for himself.

"Come," he thought cheerfully, "here's one piece of gold already. If I can earn the rest as quickly, I shall not have long to wait before I can claim dear Marie for my wife."

By this time the night was almost spent. The birds were beginning to twitter drowsily, and the fire waned dull in the dawning light. With a sigh of relief John put by his needles and thread and was preparing to leave his strange companions.

Just then one of them offered him a draught of wine, which he thankfully accepted. It tasted like fairy nectar, and he drained the silver cup to its very dregs. As he set it down, a wave of cold ran through his body, and he shivered like the leaves of an aspen when the wind blows up for a storm. In a few moments he had dwindled down to the size of the dwarfs themselves. His cry of alarm was met with another blow, and as he staggered to his feet he felt with despair that resistance was useless.

Making signs for John to follow them, the dwarfs led the way through the waking forest. Shafts of sunlight pierced the canopy of leaves and made ladders of gold on the soft

green moss over which he trod; but John could think of nothing but his sad fate and what was likely to happen next.

The forest came to an end at last, and a huge black rock loomed before them like a giant's fortress. One of the dwarfs touched its jagged surface; a hidden door flew open silently, and John and his companions passed through it into a long, wide corridor. On either side of this were tiny bedrooms with furniture of mother-of-pearl, and small white beds with hangings of rose-pink silk. Sounds of beautiful music were wafted from a distance, and John caught a glimpse of a brilliantly lighted ballroom at the far end of the corridor, filled with many dancers.

He would have liked nothing better than to question his guides, but, wise at last, he managed to keep from speaking. After a moment's pause they showed him into one of the bedrooms and pointed to the bed. He at once undressed and laid his head on the pillow. The music was now as soft as the lapping of waves on the seashore, and he fell asleep like a tired child.

He woke in the twilight to find one of the dwarfs at the foot of his bed. The little fellow seemed impatient for him to rise, and when John opened his lips as if to speak, he raised his head so angrily that the youth deemed it advisable to keep his mouth shut. Dressing himself as quickly as he could, John followed the dwarf into the wide corridor, where four others joined them. All passed together out of the rock and re-entered the forest as the last ray of light faded out of the sky.

A fire was blazing under an arch of beeches, and once

more John sat down and warmed himself. Not daring to speak, he thought it would be more agreeable to sew than to do nothing, and so he again took out his needles and thread. At this, another dwarf came forward with a torn coat. John, while skillfully repairing it, made two attempts to speak. On each occasion he received one of the heavy blows he had learned to dread, and for the rest of the night he uttered no word. Just before dawn the coat was finished, and when he handed it back he was given a second piece of gold.

Instead of rejoicing he could only mourn. "What wretched luck that I should have been transformed into a dwarf!" he sighed, as he followed the little men back to the rock. "Two pieces of gold are mine already, and were it not for my misfortune, my uncle would give me Marie when I have earned six."

The wind in the forest re-echoed his sighs as it rustled amongst the fallen leaves. The air was chill, and already the frosts of winter were turning the berries red.

"That's curious," said John — to himself, you may be certain, for he knew better by this time than to speak out loud. "Yesterday was the fifteenth of October; yet today one might well think that it was mid-November."

Again the rock opened at the dwarf's light touch, and they all went in as before. The same sweet music fell on John's ears, and the dancers still twisted and turned in the brilliantly lighted ballroom at the far end of the corridor. John again slept in the little white bed with the rose-silk hangings, and when once again he was roused by a dwarf he dressed himself without asking a question. Only three

other dwarfs awaited them in the corridor, and on reaching the forest he was amazed to find that the ground was covered with snow.

"How strange!" he thought. "It might be December, though only three days and two nights have passed since I bade my dear Marie farewell. Ah, how changed I am! Marie would not know me now, and even if she did, my uncle would never let her marry a dwarf. Why did I chatter so heedlessly and play such tricks on my fellow apprentices? If I had held my tongue, I should never have come to this dreadful forest, to be struck and buffeted by stunted creatures who would not reach above my natural waist."

A third night passed in the same way as the rest, and only once did he forget himself and speak. The blow that followed made him sick with pain; but when, overcome by anger, he put down his work, the dwarfs looked so miserable that he took it up again and finished mending a third coat. For this he was given a third piece of gold, and once again the dwarfs returned to the rock. A fourth and a fifth night passed in exactly the same way, but on the sixth occasion only one dwarf accompanied him to the forest. The trees were still bare, but the cold was not so intense; here and there in sheltered nooks the snowdrops were showing their dainty heads. By this time John felt rich, for five gold pieces jingled in his pockets.

A rift in the trees above gave him a glimpse of the sky, the blue of which reminded him of Marie's eyes. "Ah," he thought, "it seems months since the day I left her! If uncle could see my plight, he would be sorry for me."

That night only the one dwarf sat with him by the fire. John worked steadily at the last torn coat. He had now quite lost the habit of chattering and was as silent as Master Gaspar could have wished.

When the sixth piece of gold was added to his store, he could scarcely restrain his tears as he thought how, but for his having become a dwarf, he might now claim Marie for his bride. The grateful dwarf offered him another cup of wine, but John shook his head, and then, to his great surprise, the little man whom he had imagined to be dumb began to speak.

"Drink without fear, young man," he cried. "This wine will at once restore you to your former size."

John seized the cup eagerly and emptied it at one draught. In a few moments he was as tall and strong as when he quitted his uncle's house, but although his joy was great he did not dare to speak.

"No doubt," the dwarf continued, looking at him kindly, "you would like to have some explanation of what you have seen. A hundred years ago, I and my five companions quarreled in the king's ballroom and flew at each other like angry wolves. Justly indignant at our folly, for quarreling is not allowed in his domains, the king decreed that we should spend the fifteenth night of each month in this dreary forest until a tailor should come who could mend the garments we had torn. That we might learn to govern our unruly tongues, we were condemned neither to speak nor be spoken to; and the king declared that if we allowed any one to talk to us, we should never return to our own homes.

"Year after year went by with no sign of a tailor, and we

had lost all hope when we found you sleeping under a tree. Our hearts were filled with joy, for by the marks on your thumb and forefinger we guessed to what trade you belonged. But alas! you persisted in talking, and so we were obliged to stop you in the only way we could. Now that you have mended our coats, however, our troubles are at an end, and you can go back to your uncle's house. You will be surprised to find how long you have been away, for we made you sleep a month at a time. It was the fifteenth of October when you arrived, and now it is the fifteenth of March."

The bridal songs of the blackbirds and thrushes were not more gay than the merry tune John hummed to himself as he hurried homeward. Marie greeted him with tender joy, and when he proudly showed Master Gaspar his six gold pieces, he was at once allowed to take his old place in the workshop. Since he stitched most deftly and in utter silence, his uncle was delighted, and there was nothing now to come between him and his heart's desire.

His wedding with Marie was celebrated with much rejoicing, and no man had a fairer or sweeter bride.

Years afterwards he would sometimes relate his adventures to his boys and girls as they sat round the fire on frosty nights. "Ah, my dear children," he would say, "silence is an excellent thing. I learned the lesson in a painful manner, but I have never regretted it. Chat away to your heart's content in your leisure moments, but when you work, work with all your might and be sure to do it in silence."

LILIAN GASK

From Folk Tales of Many Lands

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Do you sympathize with John? Did you ever try to break a bad habit? Did you have as hard a time as John? 2. Explain just what Marie has to do with this story. What reward did John get for breaking his bad habit? What other objects do people strive for? 3. To what period of time did each of the dwarfs correspond? 4. Try turning the story into a little play. How many scenes will there be? Decide what stage properties you will need in dramatizing each scene and make a list of them. Since there is so little speaking, this play will be almost like a pantomime.

5. Other amusing and fanciful stories by LILIAN GASK may be found in *A Treasury of Folk Tales*.

THE MAN AND THE LION

A man and a lion once traveled together. Each one boasted of his own strength, as if he were greater than the other.

As they were disputing, they passed a stone statue which stood near the road. It represented a lion killed by a man.

"See," said the man, "how strong we men are! Even the king of beasts must yield to us."

"That sounds very well," replied the lion. "Was it a lion who made the statue, or a man? If we had made the statue, perhaps we would have told a different story."

There are two sides to everything.

ÆSOP

MAKING PROGRAMS

Your class may be asked to arrange a program for a school entertainment. You may wish to take for your subject "Our Country." Such a program might properly be given on the birthday of one of our great patriots.

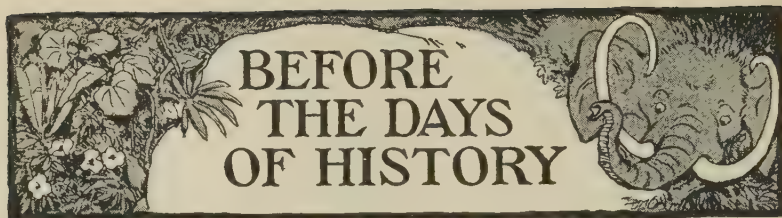
In planning for stories, poems, recitations, songs, dialogues, and plays, think over the titles of the selections you have read in this book. Also look over the table of contents, having in mind appropriate selections which you could use on this program. The following topics may be included:

1. The Discovery of Our Country
2. A Story of Early Colonial Days
3. An Indian Story
4. A Pioneer Selection
5. Making Maple Sugar
6. How Mail Was Carried before Railroads Were Built
7. Guides for Seamen
8. How a Boy Got to College
9. Some Suitable Poems

Think over the poems you have read and make at least two or three choices.

Plan to have your teacher or a pupil write the titles suggested on the blackboard. The list of titles may then be discussed and decisions made. Songs and dances will add to the attractiveness of the program. Suggestions for other appropriate numbers on the program may occur to you.

Think over ways to get help and talk this point over in class. Do not forget the library. Make up your minds, however, to do as much of the work as possible without assistance.



THE FIRST BOAT

Nobody knows just how the first boat was actually made. We do know, however, that all sorts of tools and aids to living have been invented by people when they had pressing need of them. Perhaps you know the old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Imagine two boys of the long, long ago out for adventure. What might happen?

The two boys, Tul the Swift and Ni-Va the Fish, were always together.

It made them angry not to be allowed to leave the valley with the hunting men, and so they planned in secret to make a trip by themselves. The weather was warm, for the spring had come, and they talked a great deal about the country outside the valley where they had never been, and planned to see it.

Tul had a fine spear which he had made, with a long, sharp lizard's tooth for a point. He had found the tooth among some bones in the lower end of the valley, where the lake had once been, and was very proud of it. Ni-Va's

Reprinted by courtesy of the publishers, George H. Doran Company, from *The First Days of Man*, which is Volume I of Mr. Kummer's series, *The Earth's Story*, Volume II being *The First Days of Knowledge* and Volume III, *The First Days of History*.

spear was tipped with bone for spearing fish. He had never killed one yet but he wanted to very much, for he heard the older men talking about it when they came back from the great marsh. He also carried a small stone-bladed ax, while Tul took a flint knife such as the men used for skinning animals. Both had leather sandals, and belts from which the hair had been scraped with sharp stones.

They took no food with them when they went, and they did not tell any one that they were going; but one morning they crept out of the cave before the sun was up, and made their way down the banks of the stream toward the lower end of the valley.

When they came to the waterfall, they climbed down over the path of rocks worn smooth by the feet of many hunting parties. Soon they found themselves on the wide, marshy plain which stretched out as far as their eyes could reach.

The river, after it emptied into the plain, spread out into many small winding streams, and that was what made the great marsh they saw before them. Off to the right, however, they found that the ground was higher. So, instead of following the paths through the marsh which the hunting parties usually took, the two boys circled off toward the higher ground, as the walking was easier that way. The ground was hard and full of flat stones, between which the coarse grasses were springing up, covering the earth with a fresh coat of green.

Tul and Ni-Va traveled all day without seeing much to interest them. The path led downward hour after

hour toward the lower country, and they soon left the marsh far behind them. Great flocks of water-fowl flew overhead, going to and from the marsh; the boys threw stones at them but did not hit any. There were few trees or bushes on the hillside, and the ground was stony and rough, with scarcely any animals about.

Once some strange creatures, like deer without any horns, ran near them, and in the distance they saw some giant forms that looked like the mammoths they had heard the hunters speak about; but nothing that they could use for food came within their reach.

When night fell they were hungry and cold, too, without any fire; and as they lay alone on the bare ground, trying to sleep, they felt a little afraid, for they knew that there were many animals in the country about the great marsh that would gladly eat them up.

Morning came at last and found them not only hungry but very thirsty as well. Far off, at the foot of the hillside, they saw what looked like a line of trees. It was after mid-day when they reached it and found themselves on the banks of a wide river, flowing through a forest of tall bushes and trees.

It was much warmer here than it had been in the valley, for they had been traveling steadily downhill for nearly two days and had reached the low country. There were many more living things about than there had been on the bare hillside — birds and animals of various sorts that slipped noiselessly through the thick vines and bushes along the banks of the river.

The two boys threw themselves down at the edge of the stream and drank until their thirst was quenched. Then Ni-Va, with his bone-pointed spear, waded about along the shore and soon brought up a fine, big fish. They ate it for breakfast, although they would have liked it better if they had had a fire with which to cook it; for they had come to like cooked food better than raw. After breakfast they talked about what they should do.

Ni-Va, the swimmer, wanted to swim across the river and see what the country was like on the other side, but Tul could not swim; and when they saw the dark backs of some great reptiles, like crocodiles, cutting the surface of the water, they soon gave up the idea.

They were sitting on the bank, wondering whether they had not better go back, when Tul saw a log, the broken trunk of a tree, floating slowly down the stream close to the shore. Climbing out on a low limb which hung over the water, he hooked the point of his spear into a broken branch on the log and gently towed it up to the bank.

Ni-Va, when he saw what Tul had done, chattered with delight and sprang upon the log. In a moment Tul had joined him, pushing the log away from the shore with his spear. It floated slowly out into the stream, carried along by the current, and Tul and Ni-Va found themselves upon Man's first boat.

The two boys thought that they would be carried across the river on the log, but as soon as their clumsy craft drifted to the middle of the stream, the current caught it with full force and began to sweep it at a great rate down the river.



Tul, with his spear, tried to guide their boat by pushing against the bottom ; but the water was far too deep for him to reach it, and in his efforts he very nearly fell off the log. They knew nothing about paddling, even if they had had anything to paddle with, so they could only cling to the log and trust to some change in the current to carry them to shore. To their dismay, however, they saw that the river was rapidly growing wider, and the banks getting farther and farther away.

Hour after hour the log boat swept along in the swift cur-

rent. There were no longer any thick woods on the shores. All they could see were low, sandy banks, with here and there clumps of bushes and tall grass. Suddenly the log, which had been drifting in a long curve around a point, came to a stop on a sand bar. Ni-Va slipped overboard, ready to swim, with Tul holding on to his shoulder, but to his surprise he found that the water came only up to his waist. Tul quickly joined him and, leaving their clumsy craft, the two boys waded ashore.

When they reached the sandy bank and climbed up on it, a wonderful sight met their eyes. As far as they could see, before them and to either side, stretched a great shining body of water. They had never supposed there was so much water in the world, and the sight of it for a moment frightened them. The vast sheet of water before them was the Ocean, and they were the very first Men in all the world to see it.

The bank on which they stood sloped down to a beach of shining white sand. The two boys crossed it eagerly, watching with wide eyes the great foaming breakers as they tumbled up on the shore. Tul, who was very thirsty, ran down to the edge of the water and, scooping up a handful, tried to drink it. It was salt and bitter, and he quickly spit it out.

Hungry and thirsty, the two adventurers sat on the sand and wondered what they could find to eat and drink. There might be fish in this great, wide water, but if there were, they soon saw that they could not get near enough to spear them on account of the huge breakers.

Presently Ni-Va, who had been idly digging in the wet sand with his fingers, brought up a round object that looked something like a nut. With the aid of two pebbles he cracked it open and, being very hungry, ate the soft meat he found inside. It tasted very good, and soon he and Tul had dug a large pile of the shell-fish and had made a hearty meal. The soft, moist clams not only satisfied their hunger but also quenched their thirst a little; and, as there was nothing else to eat and the night was coming on, the two wanderers stretched themselves on the warm sand and soon fell asleep.

The rising sun waked them and, springing up, they looked eagerly about. Near them on the beach they saw a huge turtle lying in the sun. The boys had seen turtles before, since the hunting men sometimes brought them home from the marshes, but they were small compared to this great animal. Creeping up to it in some fear, Tul and his companion managed to turn it over on its back with their spears, after which they killed it and made their breakfast of some of the meat.

There was enough turtle meat to have lasted for a week, but the boys soon saw that they could not stay where they were much longer without water. They could not understand why the water in the Ocean was so bitter and salt, and they went back to the place where they had left the log, hoping that the river water might be different. They soon found that it, too, was salt, and the little they drank of it only made them more thirsty than before. There was nothing to do but to get back to the forest country

as quickly as possible, where they might find some juicy berries or fruits to quench their thirst.

Before they started, Ni-Va tied some chunks of the turtle meat to his girdle with leather thongs, and Tul took a handful of the shells of the clams they had eaten and, twisting some coarse grass about them, slung them around his neck. Then they went back to the log.

They thought at first that the current which had carried them down the stream would carry them back; but as soon as they had managed to push the log off the sand bar, it set out quickly for the sea. They scrambled off it at once and waded back to the shore.

The only thing to do was to go back along the river bank to the place from which they had started; so they set out. At first the way was easy, with smooth banks of sand to walk on, but after a time they came to the forest and found it very hard indeed to make their way through the bushes and trailing vines.

When night came they were tired out and afraid, too, because they heard the cries and grunts of many animals in the dense woods all about them. Without knowing why, the two boys did as their ancestors had done and, climbing into the forks of a great tree, spent the night safe from harm. In the morning they resumed their journey. This time, when they tried the water of the river, they found that it was only a little salt, and they were able to drink it and quench their thirst.

When the middle of the afternoon arrived, they saw the hills from which they had come rising against the sky to

their left. Leaving the banks of the river, they set out toward the higher country. Several times they thought they had lost their way, but they kept on and at last saw the surface of the great marsh stretching out before them. From there on they had no trouble, and on the second night they reached the entrance to the valley.

They were very tired and hungry, for the turtle meat they had brought along was all eaten up; but Ni-Va managed to spear some small fish along the edge of the marsh, so that their stomachs were not quite empty when they finally reached home.

When they told their friends in the valley about the great water they had seen, stretching as far as their eyes could reach, the others would not believe them. Even the shells they had brought back did not convince the cave people that there could be a stream or river as big as that. Tul and Ni-Va offered to guide a party to the Ocean and show them, but the others only laughed and thought the boys were not telling the truth. They were quite satisfied in the valley, they said, and did not care to go to a place where the water was not fit to drink, and there was no fire, and no caves in which to sleep. But Tul and Ni-Va made up their minds that some day they would go back to the great water and see it again.

The two boys were never tired of telling about their adventures and were very proud of the necklaces they made of the shells Tul had brought back with him. They tried to make a log boat, like the one they had used to float down the great river. Since they could not find a log on the banks of the

stream big enough to hold them, they got several smaller logs and fastened them together with twisted ropes of grass. In this way they made a raft and had great fun with it, riding down the swift-flowing stream that ran through the valley.

The Sun, who was watching them, laughed. "You little Men will never conquer the Ocean on a thing like that," he said, looking at the clumsy raft.

"Wait," said Mother Nature. "They will surprise you. That log, drifting in the river, was their first boat, and that raft, which is a little better, is their second. Some day my children will take a log and burn it out with fire and make a canoe.

"And others will make strong frameworks of wood, or the bones of the whale, or twisted reeds. They will cover these frameworks with the bark of trees, or skins, or pitch that they will find in the earth, and make canoes, and kyaks, and coracles. And later on, they will cover the frames of their boats with planks of wood, and put sails on them, and make ships that will carry them to the ends of the earth.

"And they will even make ships of iron, and put great engines in them, and laugh at the storms of the Ocean, and conquer them, because they have brains with which to understand my laws."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," said the Sun.

"It is," said Mother Nature, "the most wonderful fairy tale in the world, because it is true."

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How were the two boys dressed? 2. Divide the story into scenes; name each scene and be ready to describe it. You will need to read each part carefully in order to imagine everything clearly. 3. As you read over each part, ask yourself this question: Could two boys nowadays do everything that these two boys are said to have done? 4. How did their adventures differ, if at all, from those any two boys might have who were spending the summer by a river not very far from the ocean? Think what knowledge and experience boys of today have which Tul and Ni-Va did not have.

5. What was the fairy tale which the Sun and Mother Nature referred to? Can you add some incidents to it? Perhaps you can recall a boat story in *The Pathway to Reading*, Third Reader. If so, tell it briefly.

6. *Robinson Crusoe* by DANIEL DEFOE and *Swiss Family Robinson* by J. D. WYSS are two of the best books ever written about castaways. For an interesting account of the life of early man, read *Ab, the Cave Man* by W. L. NIDA.

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Men were once like little children; they did not know the difference between make-believe and reality. This tale shows us how one man got beyond childish ways and learned that stones are only stones.

Terah, the father of Abraham, was a maker and vender of idols. Being obliged to go from home one day, he left Abraham in charge. An old man came in and asked the price of one of the idols.

"Old man," said Abraham, "how old art thou?"

"Threescore years," answered the old man.

"Threescore years!" said Abraham. "And thou wouldst worship a thing that my father's slaves made in a few hours? Strange that a man of sixty should bow his head to such a creature as that!"



The man crimsoned with shame and turned away.

Then came a grave-looking woman to bring an offering to the idols.

"Give it to them thyself," said Abraham. "Thou wilt see how greedily they will eat it."

She did so. Abraham then took a hammer and broke all the idols except the largest, in whose hands he placed the hammer.

When Terah returned, he asked what profane wretch had dared thus abuse the gods.

"Why," said Abraham, "during thy absence a woman brought yonder food to the gods and the younger ones began to eat. The old god, enraged at their boldness, took the hammer and smashed them."

"Dost thou mock thy aged father?" asked Terah. "Do I not know that they can neither eat nor move?"

"And yet," said Abraham, "thou worshipest them and wouldst have me worship them too."

Terah was very angry and sent Abraham to be judged of his crime by the king.

The king said, "You will not adore the gods of your father? Then pray to fire."

Abraham said, "O King, why may I not pray to water, which will quench fire?"

The king: "Be it so: pray to water."

Abraham: "Why not to the clouds which hold the water?"

The king: "Well, then, pray to the clouds."

Abraham: "But why not to the wind, which drives the clouds before it?"

The king: "Then pray to the wind."

Abraham: "Be not angry, O mighty King! I cannot pray to fire, or water, or the clouds, or the wind, but to the Creator who made them. Him only will I worship."

ANONYMOUS

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Early man prayed to fire and water and similar objects or forces in nature, because he was afraid and hoped that he could save himself from harm by worshipping them. Abraham learned to do something better than this. Think what it was that he learned. 2. Have you or your friends any superstitions too, such as the one about the breaking of a mirror bringing ill luck? What are some of them?

SOMETHING TO DO

If you will make a choice of one of the lines of work suggested below and will then carry it out, you will greatly increase your power to study and to use reference books.

1. There are several selections in this book about boats and voyages. You might make a collection of pictures of boats, naming each, from the earliest crude hollowed logs to the most modern "ocean greyhound" or "floating palace." You might, indeed, draw the pictures yourself. In case that is impossible, you could trace them. Much information will be found in dictionaries, encyclopedias, histories, geographies, and in library books. It will be interesting if you can tell about what century or year each boat was in use.

Paste the pictures in a scrap book or blank book. Select a good title for your book. Would you like one of these titles, or can you think of a better one: *Boats, Ancient and Modern*; *Boats of Yesterday and Today*; *Means of Water Travel*; *The Evolution of the Boat*; *From Hollow Logs to Floating Palaces*.

2. A Story Telling Club would be good fun. You might meet once a week or once a fortnight. At each meeting the program for the following meeting could be arranged. Your first program might consist wholly of fables or anecdotes. Later, longer stories of fact or fancy might be given. There should be a rule that no one would be admitted to the club who could not tell a story without prompting.

3. Some knowledge about the authors of the selections in this book will prove worth while: where they lived, what they did, what they wrote, and anecdotes about them.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Here are two anecdotes about Benjamin Franklin. What do they tell you about his character and ability?

Throughout his long life Benjamin Franklin bore both willingly and graciously many burdens for his country. His great popularity has often been accounted for by his ability to take another person's point of view and by his willingness to see himself as others saw him. In his remarks about himself there was often a play of homely wit.

Late in Franklin's life, when a friend was chatting with him about the country's need of his services, he told the story of the harrow. In telling this story Franklin likened himself to the willing laborer who was sent with another laborer to borrow a harrow. The men were asked to bring the harrow between them on their shoulders. When they came in sight of it, one of them, who had more wit than industry, asked, "What could our master have meant by sending only two men to bring this harrow? No two men on earth are strong enough to carry it."

"Pooh," said the willing laborer, who was proud of his strength, "why do you talk of two men? One man can easily carry it. Help me put it on my shoulder and see."

The willing laborer soon had the harrow on his shoulder. As he proceeded, the other laborer remarked, "How strong you are! I could not begin to do that! Why, you are a Samson! There is not another such man in America! Pray put it down and rest a little, or let me bear a part of the weight."

"No, no," said he, being more encouraged by the compliments than burdened by the weight, "you shall see that I can carry it all the way." And so he did.

Franklin added, however, that he did not always feel sure of carrying his own burden to its destination as successfully as the willing laborer.

When Franklin was much younger, he told another tale about himself. The event described happened at that period of Franklin's life when he was much interested in electricity. He had two large jars heavily charged with electricity and was expecting to show some of his friends how to kill a turkey by a shock from the jars. The story runs thus:

"I was working with the jars when, accidentally, I took the whole charge through my body, by receiving the fire from the united top wires with one hand, while with the other I held a chain connecting the outsides of both jars. The company present noticed that the flash was very great and the crack as loud as a pistol. Yet, my senses being instantly gone, I neither saw the one nor heard the other; nor did I feel the stroke on my hand. I felt what I cannot well describe — throughout my whole body from head to foot a universal blow which seemed within as well as

without. After this the first thing I noticed was a violent shaking of my body, which gradually ceased as my senses returned."

Even in this trying time, Franklin's first remark as he became conscious was, "Well, I meant to kill a turkey but, instead, I nearly killed a goose."

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Select the paragraphs which make up each anecdote. 2. What are the other paragraphs for? 3. What is an anecdote? Why would you call parts of this selection anecdotes? 4. Be ready to tell either of the two anecdotes if you are called upon. 5. What other anecdotes of great men do you know? 6. Can you tell an anecdote about yourself?

7. One of the most interesting accounts of Franklin's life was written by himself — *The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin*.

MOZART

Who was Mozart — a painter? a soldier? a poet? He was certainly a remarkable person, about whom every one should know. His life story helps us to realize what wonderful things some human beings are capable of doing. Recall, if you can, the name of some one else who was as great a genius as Mozart but along some other line.

The good fairies must certainly have been very busy around a certain cradle in the old city of Salzburg on the 27th of January, 1756, for that was the day on which Wolfgang Mozart was born. There seemed no end to the gifts bestowed upon this remarkable child, but most wonderful of all was the gift of music.

Everything beautiful was a delight to Wolfgang as soon

as his eyes learned to look at things and his ears learned to listen. The beautiful old city in which he dwelt, the churches with their slender spires, the splendid palaces, and, beyond, the snow-capped mountains, all made life beautiful to the boy.

How he loved to stand and watch the great church processions, where the priests in their gold-embroidered vestments swept through the dim aisles of the cathedral! The high altar blazing with a hundred candles made him wonder if this was indeed the very gate of heaven. But most glorious of all was the sound of the organ as it swelled through the great cathedral and died away like the echo of angel voices. Little Wolfgang, kneeling there, felt as if heaven had opened and the music was carrying him upwards upon angels' wings. But afterwards, when the candles were put out and the music had died away, Wolfgang came quickly back to earth again, and was a very happy ordinary mortal. Life was so full of sunshine for him, and he had such a happy home, that he did not in the least want to be an angel yet.

His father, who was a court musician in the band of the reigning archbishop, was one of the kindest and most loving of fathers, and his good-natured, kindly mother still carried about with her much of the calm and peacefulness of her religious training, so that the little household was a very happy one.

Then, too, there was Nannerl, a sister four years older than Wolfgang, who was always ready to play with him and whom he loved dearly. She was not quite such a splendid playfellow, however, as the court trumpeter, whom

Wolfgang adored with all his heart. There was nothing that the trumpeter could not do. He played the most delightful games and, what was best of all, he always understood that every game must be played to music. Even when they carried the toys from one room to the other, a march was sung or played upon the violin to make it a real procession.

"Dost thou love me?" Wolfgang would stop to ask every now and then, very anxiously; and sometimes the trumpeter, to tease him, would shake his head.

"No, I love thee not," he would say. Then, seeing the great tears beginning to gather in the child's eyes, he would add quickly that it was only a joke; and then the play and the music would go on cheerfully again.

When Wolfgang was three years old, his father began to teach Nannerl to play the piano. The little boy always stood near watching his sister, full of wonder and interest. His great delight then was to stand by the piano and pick out "thirds" for himself until his father, half in fun, began to give him lessons too. Then it was that his great gift first began to be noticed. He could learn a minuet in less than half an hour and, once learned, he would play it without a single mistake and in perfect time. It was all the more wonderful because his tiny hands could stretch over but a few keys, but it seemed indeed as if some magic dwelt in his small fingers.

Soon it was seen that Wolfgang's head was as full of magic as his hands, for when he was five years old he began to compose music himself, writing down the notes without looking

at the piano. His father and the trumpeter, coming home together from church one day, found the boy very busy with paper, pen, and ink, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am writing a pianoforte concerto," answered Wolfgang, looking up. "It is nearly finished."

His father smiled at the important little face and the very inky fingers. "Let us see it," he said.

"It is not quite finished," said Wolfgang.

"Show it to me," said his father. "No doubt it is something very fine."

Now Wolfgang always dug his pen into the very bottom of the ink-pot, and so of course a large blot ran off each time the pen touched the paper. Naturally the only thing to be done then was to smear off the blot with the palm of the other hand and write over the blotty part; so of course ink was spread over everything.

His father took up the inky, smudged paper and smiled as he saw the notes scrawled all over it like ants running after each other. But as he looked more carefully he started with surprise, and his smile of amusement died away. This was no mere childish scrawl; it was a real musical composition.

"Only look," he said to the trumpeter, tears of pride shining in his eyes, "how correct and according to rule all this is written; and yet it cannot be made use of, for it is so difficult that no one would attempt to play it."

Wolfgang was listening and hastened to explain that of course it would need to be well practiced before it could be played. "See," he said, "this is how it should go." He

climbed on to the piano stool and began to show them what his idea had been when he wrote the music.

The boy was certainly a musical genius — there was no doubt of it; and his sister, too, played almost as wonderfully. Their father then made up his mind that he would show them to the world, for he was sure they would win both fame and money. First of all, the children were taken to Munich and then on to Vienna. It was like a royal progress, for everywhere the people flocked to hear the wonderful little performers.

The Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, who was a great lover of music, ordered that the children should be brought to play before her; and so little Wolfgang and his sister went to court.

The boy did not know what shyness meant. He was so sure of being welcomed and loved wherever he went that he was never afraid of strangers and was never awkward nor ill at ease. He put up his face to be kissed when he was brought to greet the Empress and then offered to sit on her knee and talk to her. He was only six years old and was small for his age. He looked a very quaint little figure in his court suit, full-skirted coat and knee-breeches, powdered hair, and buckled shoes.

It seemed almost impossible that such a tiny child could be the wonderful musical genius that every one talked of. But it was a very dignified little boy that sat down to play when he had finished his talk with the Empress. Sitting perched up on the music stool, he looked calmly around and then beckoned to the Emperor, who was standing close

to the piano. Wolfgang could not bear to play for people who did not understand and love music, and he was not quite sure about the Emperor.

"Is not the composer here?" he asked anxiously. "We must send for him. He understands the thing."

The composer was sent for immediately, and on his arrival the Emperor gave up his place by the piano. Wolfgang nodded his approval.

"Sir," he said, "I am going to play one of your concertos. You must turn over the pages for me."

The court might smile at the quaint little figure issuing his commands like royalty, but amusement gave place to wonder as soon as the child began to play. It was almost unbelievable that those tiny hands fluttering about the keys could produce such music. Courtiers watched and listened and almost held their breath.

The little princess, Marie Antoinette, drew nearer and nearer to the piano. This little boy, who was just her age, must have come with his music out of fairyland. Every one called him a wonder, and she had never seen any one so like a fairy prince before.

Then the music stopped, and Wolfgang was lifted down so that he might go and receive the thanks of the Empress. Perhaps the music was still surging in his head, or perhaps the polished floors were too slippery for the buckled shoes; but at any rate after a few steps Wolfgang lost his balance, slipped, and fell. In an instant the little princess ran forward and helped him to his feet again, and the two children walked the rest of the way together.



"You are good," said Wolfgang. "I will marry you."

The Empress smiled when she heard this. "Why do you wish to marry her?" she asked.

"Out of gratitude," replied Wolfgang, with his courtly bow. "She was kind to me."

Poor little kind princess! If only it had been a real fairy tale, and the fairy music-maker of six years could have

carried her off to fairyland out of the reach of all human cruelty and treachery!

But although Wolfgang did not carry off the princess as he suggested, there was something else he carried home which meant far more to him than all the princesses in the world, and that was his first violin.

Scarcely had the family arrived home in Salzburg when a famous violin player came to visit Herr Mozart to ask his opinion about some music he had been composing. It was arranged to try it over at once, the composer himself playing first violin and the court trumpeter second violin. Wolfgang, greatly interested and hugging his little violin under his arm, begged that he might be allowed to play second violin.

"That is a most foolish request," said his father sharply. "Thou knowest nothing about the violin and hast never been taught to play upon it."

"There is no need to learn to play *second* violin," persisted Wolfgang.

"Run away at once," said his father, "and do not trouble us further with your silly requests." Wolfgang turned to go, hugging his little fiddle tightly, the tears running down his cheeks.

"Let him play with me," said the trumpeter, who could not bear to see the child cry.

"Oh, well, then, play away," said his father, "but play so softly that no one can hear thee, or else thou must go away."

Wolfgang, all smiles once more, dried his tears, made

ready his violin, and then crept close to his friend. He meant to be as quiet as a mouse, and at first he played very softly as he had been bidden ; but presently he forgot everything but the music, and then it was that the trumpeter began to play more and more softly until he stopped altogether and left Wolfgang playing alone. Not a note was missed, the little violin sang its way in perfect time and tune, and the small musician ended by being quite sure he could play first violin if they would let him try.

But although all this came so easily to the child, his father always insisted that he should learn everything from the beginning and learn it thoroughly. His other lessons, too, were not neglected, for his father was very strict and was anxious that Wolfgang should not be spoiled by the admiration he received. The simple home life, the regular lessons, and the habit of prompt obedience were better, he knew, for his little son than being a court butterfly, petted and admired by royalty and allowed to do just what he pleased.

Wolfgang loved his father with all his heart and was such a sunny-tempered, happy child that even difficult lessons and hard rules were no hardship to him. His father came "next to our gracious God," as he used to say, and so he never dreamed of disobeying him.

Every night the father and son sang a little duet of nonsense rhymes before Wolfgang went to bed, and then the boy kissed the tip of his father's nose for good night and made a little speech. "When I am older," he once said, "I will put thee under a glass case to keep thee from the cold and to keep thee always at home."

Every year the little Mozart grew more and more wonderful. He learned to play the organ so that the organist at Heidelberg, having heard him there, wrote the boy's name on the organ and the date of his visit, as a remembrance of this "wonder of God." He reigned like a little king in Paris, and in England King George IV and Queen Charlotte gave him a most royal welcome.

He had his first commission to write an opera when he was ten years old, and it proved an easy thing for him to do. It seemed, indeed, as if there was nothing he could not do with music. Every note he heard he could distinguish separately by ear. He could compose music without a piano, play everything at sight, and accompany any song by ear alone.

His was a happy, sunny childhood, and if the clouds came later, they cast no backward shadow over these happy days when the little maker of music used his fairy gift to fill the world with the beauty of the melody which was always singing in his heart.

AMY STEEDMAN

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which happening in the early life of Mozart seems most striking to you and why? 2. How did Mozart's father help toward his success? 3. How did the trumpeter help? 4. Look in your music reader for the names of some songs by Mozart. 5. Find out, if you can, the name of one of his longer compositions. How will you try to find out? 6. Have you ever heard any of Mozart's music on the phonograph? Which selections?

7. Other composers had eventful lives too. These are interestingly described in *Stories of Great Musicians* by SCOBEE and HORNE.

KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES

King Alfred was a real person and the incident in this play is said really to have taken place. As you read, try to see all the happenings on the stage before you. Think how each character should express his feelings by gesture, facial expression, or tone of voice.

CHARACTERS

ALFRED, King of England

A MINSTREL

EARL ETHELRED

THE NEATHERD'S GOODWIFE

(Scene. The inside of the NEATHERD'S hut. Door, left corner. The rough walls are hung round with mugs, platters, pots, pans. The floor is strewn with straw. To the right a rough wooden table littered with kitchen things: to the left, a charcoal fire built roughly round with stones; a wooden stool near the fire.)

When the curtain rises, KING ALFRED is discovered sitting on the stool by the fire. He is dressed in an old tattered brown doublet edged with fur; he has sandals on his feet, and instead of stockings he wears leather straps bound round from ankle to knee. His hair is long; his beard, rough and uncombed.

The GOODWIFE stands at the table busily mixing some dough in a wooden bowl. She wears a coarse apron over very coarse clothes; her head is covered with a shawl.)

Goodwife (turning the dough on to the table and kneading it). Now, if you would eat well tonight, stranger, you had best leave off dreaming there by the fire and attend to me. These are rye cakes for the supper. Do you hear? And they must be watched while they are baking — (repeating slowly and solemnly) watched while they are baking — (sharply) do you hear me?

King Alfred (dreamily). Yes, my good dame — washed while they are baking —

Goodwife (turning round, hands on hips, and looking at him). Washed! Watched, I said. I declare, the fellow's half asleep! Wake up, my man, and listen to me! (*kneading dough again*). They must be watched well, for they are quick to burn (*dividing the dough into four parts and making it into round cakes*); and, what's more, you shall be the one to watch them for me.

King Alfred (still dreamily). I —?

Goodwife. Yes, you! You might as well do that as sit dreaming over the fire all day. I have enough to do as it is. There are the pigs and the hens to feed, the beasts to see to, and many more things besides. I cannot spare the time, although I am loath to leave my fine cakes with such a lazy fellow.

King Alfred. I will watch them carefully for you, good dame.

Goodwife (going to fire and putting the cakes carefully on the stones). So be it. Now, look you, they must be brown and yet not too brown; and when one side is nicely done, you must turn them, but carefully. So — (*showing him*).

King Alfred. Yes — yes — it shall be done, never fear.

Goodwife. But mind this, my man, they will burn if you do not take care, for the charcoal is hot. You must never take your eyes off them a moment — never a moment, do you hear? Or you will go hungry this night to bed, and to-morrow and the next day. We cannot afford to waste good food in this lonely place.

King Alfred (half to himself). Ay, it is a lonely place, and savage enough and safe enough even for me.

Goodwife (going to door, left corner). Look to your work now, or it will be the worse for us all. (*Exit.*)

King Alfred (resting his head on his hand and speaking slowly as if thinking aloud). Ay, my good dame, there you spoke true. I have more work to do than you think; and if it be not well done, it will indeed be worse for us all. O England! O my country! O my poor people, downtrodden by the bitter, treacherous Danes! What can I, thy king, do to save thee? Here in hiding — alone — with my brave soldiers scattered — defeated — slain, what can I do for thee, O my country? (*Rising.*) While there is life in me, and a brain to think and a heart to beat for thee, I will never give in. The tide *must* turn. There is a Power above that will never desert the righteous. Courage! Courage! We shall conquer these foes that come only to steal our gold and our lands, our lives and our peace. England shall be freed from these robbers. (*Sits down.*) Oh, if ever I win back my crown and kingdom, I solemnly vow that the third part of my time shall be given up to deeds of charity, the third part of my gold shall be given to the poor, the —

Goodwife (entering angrily and rushing to the fire). They are burnt! They are black! I smelled them burning half way down the path. Shame! Shame on you, stranger! Oh, the fool that I was to leave them with you! Oh, fool, fool that you were to let them burn! Look at them! Look at them! (*Shaking one in his face.*) Good-for-nothing, you would rather starve than work. You would see good food burn and never trouble to lift a finger to save it. A pretty fellow, indeed! (*A knock is heard at the door.*)



King Alfred. What was that?

Goodwife (angrier than ever). A pretty fellow! You have eaten my food and slept under my roof for six weeks, and what do you give me in return? You burn my good rye cakes, till they are fit for nothing but to throw to the pigs! Oh! (*Slaps him on the cheek.* *Enter* EARL ETHELRED followed by MINSTREL.) Out of this house you go! I will have no more to do with you and your lazy, wasteful ways.

King Alfred (interrupting). Ah! At last! My friend, what news?

Ethelred. Good news, my lord!

Goodwife (open-mouthed). My lord! What next, I wonder!

The Minstrel (kneeling and kissing the King's hand). Ah, your Majesty! How good it is to find you safe and well!

Goodwife. Your Majesty! The man's mad!

King Alfred. The news! I pray you, speak!

Ethelred. Hubba, the Dane, is dead!

King Alfred. God be praised!

The Minstrel. Their Raven Standard is taken. We have it.

Ethelred. Hubba grew too bold. He invaded Wales, leaving every town in flames; then came he to Devon, and there he met his fate at Kenworth Castle.

The Minstrel. The Devon men were few but desperate. They determined to conquer or to die.

King Alfred (impatiently). Yes, yes!

Ethelred. By night they rushed on the enemy and took them unawares. Hubba was slain, the Standard taken, and their whole army fled in breathless fear.

The Minstrel (triumphantly). 'Tis said their Raven Standard brings them fortune. Now they have lost it, now the tide is turned. I will make a song of it, O King!

Goodwife (very much frightened). King!

The Minstrel. And I will sing it to thee, King, on the day when thou shalt come again to thy throne.

King Alfred. Ay, the tide is turned — I feel it. We shall conquer now. Do you, each of you, spread the news far and wide. Bid all who love England and King Alfred come swiftly and well armed to Selwood Forest.

Goodwife. King Alfred! Burned my cakes black as cinders! Oh, mercy, mercy! And I boxed his ears for it! Woe's me, woe's me!

King Alfred (smiling). This good soul hath sheltered me right nobly all these weary weeks.

Goodwife (falling on her knees). Mercy, mercy, Sir King!

King Alfred. 'Tis I who cry to you for mercy, my good dame. I burned your cakes; but have no fear, ye shall have a gold piece for every one, and my hearty thanks for all your kindness. (*Raising her to her feet.*) I fear my dreamy ways were not much to your liking. But come, my friends, let us go, and speedily. There is no time to be lost; (*going to door*) we have each our work to do.

Ethelred and Minstrel (following). Forward! Forward!

King Alfred. To victory!

(*Exit all save GOODWIFE.*)

Goodwife (at the door, watching them out of sight). To think of it — to think of it — (*going to table*). And I never knew — I never guessed — (*Taking up a cake.*) Ay, black as a cinder — to think of it — and I slapped him with these very fingers! (*In a whisper.*) Him! — the King — our good King Alfred! (*Loudly.*) God save him! God give him victory over his enemies!

CURTAIN

LENA DALKEITH

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Which part would you rather play, and why? Which part do you think is hardest to play, and why? 2. Alfred was often called "Good King Alfred." Read the parts that show why the people loved him so much. Find out how long ago he lived. 3. Be ready to read aloud any part that may be assigned to you and to act it out in class. 4. Try writing this play in story form. See how well you can do it.

5. Many other tales from early English history are well worth reading. Try *The Story of the English* by H. A. GUERBER or *Little Stories of England* by M. B. DUTTON.

A PIONEER PAINTER

What French artist did you learn about in the Fourth Reader? What help did she have in her early life that enabled her to become famous? Here is a story of an American boy of long ago who became a famous painter in spite of the fact that he had little help and very crude materials to work with.

Benjamin West was born in 1738 of a strict Quaker family living in a village near Philadelphia.

One day when he was only six years old, he was left alone with his sister's baby. As Benjamin watched the sleeping child he saw a smile come over its face. The baby's face seemed to Benjamin so beautiful that he went to his father's table and got ink and a quill pen and drew its picture.

Soon afterward he heard some one coming toward the house. He knew that his strict parents believed it wrong to have pictures in their house, but he had no time to conceal or destroy his sketch. His mother and his older sister entered the house and came straight to him and the baby.

"What is thee doing, Benjamin?" asked his mother. Both women looked very stern in their severe Quaker garb. Benjamin could think of no good answer to his mother's question.

"Answer me! What is thee doing?" she repeated.

"N-nothing," stammered the boy.

"Show me what is in thy hand." Although the boy expected punishment for the awful thing that he had done, he could only obey his mother.

"Look, daughter," said his mother. "I declare, he has drawn a picture of little Sally!"

"It is little Sally, sure enough!" exclaimed Benjamin's sister. "See the mouth and eyes and even the dimple." Then turning to the boy, she asked, "Who taught thee how to draw pictures, Benjamin?"

"No one," answered the boy. "I just looked at the baby and then made those lines." He did not yet know what his mother would think of him, but he was sure that he had not meant any harm.

"I do not know what the Friends would say about such a thing," was all his mother said. The picture pleased her very much, however, and she really felt proud of her little boy.

Soon after this Benjamin started to school. There were many friendly Indians near his home, and he often tried to talk with them by signs and by drawings on his slate. One day he showed the Indians one of his drawings of birds and flowers. The Indians were pleased and gathered around him with grunts of amusement. One of them liked the drawings so well that he gave Benjamin some pieces of red and yellow paint such as Indians used to adorn their bodies.

As soon as Benjamin was shown how to use his gift, he ran home and exclaimed to his mother, "Oh, see the new colors which the Indians gave me!" As his mother had decided by this time that he should draw if he wished to do so, she added some indigo to his stock of colors.

The next step was to make a brush. First, feathers were tried, and then soft wood, but they were not satisfactory; he needed hair. Just as Benjamin was wondering how he could supply himself with hair for the brush, his cat came strolling along waving its tail. Nothing seemed simpler

than to cut enough hair from the cat to make a brush. The cat continued to give up its good coat until at last Benjamin's father noticed that something was wrong with poor puss. When the story of how the cat had aided art was told to his father, even that stern man's sense of humor was aroused. He laughed loud and long about the cat and the young painter.

Not long afterward, the story was told to Mr. Pennington, a merchant from Philadelphia who was visiting the Wests. Mr. Pennington saw some of Benjamin's work. Before the merchant went away, he promised to send the boy some paints from the city. In a few days the paints came and with them were six pictures.

As Benjamin had never seen any pictures except his own, his joy was boundless. He could think of nothing but his art work. When his mother could not find him, she could be certain that he was in the attic hard at work with his new paints. He soon discovered that he could copy parts of the different pictures, put them together, and make new pictures out of them. One of his first pictures of this kind was displayed sixty-seven years later along with one of his most famous paintings.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How old was Benjamin West when he drew his first picture?
2. Tell how Benjamin got his first paint; his first brush.
3. One of West's best known paintings is "The Death of Wolfe." Try to find a copy of it; you might look in some histories — in the parts which tell about the French and Indian War.
4. If you wish to learn about the lives of other artists, read *Knights of Art* by AMY STEEDMAN and *Gabriel and the Hour Book* by E. STEIN.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

Some of the very best stories we have are to be found in the Bible. The story of Joseph is a favorite with many people. You will enjoy it and at the same time you will be growing familiar with the way in which stories are told in the Bible.

I

Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren. . . . Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children because he was the son of his old age ; and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren, and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed. For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose and also stood upright ; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about and made obeisance to my sheaf."

And his brethren said to him, "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? Or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?"

And they hated him yet the more for his dreams and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream and told it his brethren and said, "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more ; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me."

And he told it to his father and to his brethren ; and his father rebuked him and said unto him, "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy



brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph, "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee unto them."

And he said to him, "Here am I."

And he said to him, "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren and well with the flocks, and bring me word again."

So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem.

And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wan-

dering in the field. And the man asked him, saying, "What seekest thou?"

And he said, "I seek my brethren. Tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks."

And the man said, "They are departed hence; for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

And Joseph went after his brethren and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him. And they said one to another, "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now, therefore, and let us slay him and cast him into some pit; and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him,' and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands and said, "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit that is in the wilderness and lay no hand upon him"; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass when Joseph was come unto his brethren that they stripped Joseph of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him. And they took him and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread; and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt.

And Judah said unto his brethren, "What profit is it if

we slay our brother and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh."

And his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit, and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren and said, "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?"

And they took Joseph's coat and killed a kid of the goats and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors and they brought it to their father and said, "This have we found. Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."

And he knew it and said, "It is my son's coat. An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces."

And Jacob rent his clothes and put sackcloth upon his loins and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted, and he said, "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him.

And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard. . . .

And the Lord was with Joseph and he was a prosperous

man, and he was in the house of his master, the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him. And he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand.

And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. . . .

2

[While Joseph was enjoying this prosperity, he was falsely accused of wrongdoing. Since he was unable to prove his innocence, he was cast into prison.]

And Joseph's master took him and put him into the prison, a place where the king's prisoners were bound; and he was there in the prison. . . .

And it came to pass at the end of two full years that Pharaoh dreamed. And, behold, he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well-favored kine and fat-fleshed; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill-favored and lean-fleshed, and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine did eat up the seven well-favored and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

And he slept and dreamed the second time. And, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream.

And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt and all the wise men thereof. And Pharaoh told them his dreams, but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, "I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servants and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. And we dreamed a dream in one night, I and he. We dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. And there was there with us a young man, a Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams. To each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged."

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon. And he shaved himself and changed his raiment and came in unto Pharaoh.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it. And I have heard say of thee that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it."

And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying, "It is not in me; God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace."

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness. And the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine. And when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored as at the beginning. So I awoke.

"And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good. And, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them. And the thin ears devoured the seven good ears. And I told this unto the magicians, but there was none that could declare it to me."

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, "The dream of Pharaoh is one. God hath showed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years, and the seven good ears are seven years; the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine.

"This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: What God is about to do he showeth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt. And there shall arise after them seven years



of famine. And all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following, for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass.

“Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let them keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through the famine.”

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants, “Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the spirit of God is?”

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, “Forasmuch as God hath showed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art. Thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled. Only in the throne will I be greater than thou.”

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, “See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt.” And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph’s hand and arrayed him in

vestures of fine linen and put a gold chain about his neck. And he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had, and they cried before him, "Bow the knee!" And he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt." . . .

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh, King of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years which were in the land of Egypt and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the field which was round about every city laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea, very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number. . . .

And the seven years of plenteousness that was in the land of Egypt were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come according as Joseph had said. And the dearth was in all lands, but in all the land of Egypt there was bread. And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread. And Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians, "Go unto Joseph. What he saith to you, do."

And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn, because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

3

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, "Why do ye look one upon another?" And he said, "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt. Get you down thither and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die."

And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him."

And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that came, for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land. And Joseph's brethren came and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth.

And Joseph saw his brethren and he knew them; but made himself strange unto them and spake roughly unto them. And he said unto them, "Whence come ye?"

And they said, "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them and said unto them, "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said unto him, "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. . . . We are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan. And, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them, "That is it that I spake unto

you saying, 'Ye are spies.' Hereby ye shall be proved: By the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you and let him fetch your brother; and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you; or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." And he put them all together into ward three days.

And Joseph said unto them the third day, "This do and live, for I fear God: If ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison. Go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses, but bring your youngest brother unto me. So shall your words be verified and ye shall not die." And they did so.

And they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child'; and ye would not hear? Therefore, behold, also his blood is required."

And they knew not that Joseph understood them, for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them and wept, and returned to them again and communed with them and took from them Simeon and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn and to restore every man's money into his sack and to give them provision for the way; and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn and departed thence.

And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money ; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, "My money is restored ; and, lo, it is even in my sack." And their heart failed them and they were afraid, saying one to another, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob, their father, unto the land of Canaan and told him all that befell unto them. And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack. And when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid.

And Jacob, their father, said unto them, "Me have ye bereaved of my children. Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away. All these things are against me."

And Reuben spake unto his father, saying, "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee. Deliver him into my hand and I will bring him to thee again."

And he said, "My son shall not go down with you ; for his brother is dead and he is left alone. If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them, "Go again, buy us a little food."

And Judah spake unto him, saying, "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face except

your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food ; but if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down. For the man said unto us, 'Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you.'"

And Israel said, "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?"

And they said, "The man asked us straitly of our state and of our kindred, saying, 'Is your father yet alive? Have ye another brother?' And we told him according to the tenor of these words. Could we certainly know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down?'"

And Judah said unto Israel, his father, "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go ; that we may live and not die, both we and thou and also our little ones. I will be surety for him. Of my hand shalt thou require him. If I bring him not unto thee and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever. For except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time."

And their father, Israel, said unto them, "If it must be so now, do this. Take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. And take double money in your hand ; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand. Peradventure it was an oversight. Take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man. And God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin ; and rose up and went down to Egypt and stood before Joseph.

And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house, "Bring these men home and slay and make ready, for these men shall dine with me at noon."

And the man did as Joseph bade, and the man brought the men into Joseph's house. And the men were afraid because they were brought into Joseph's house ; and they said, "Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in ; that he may seek occasion against us and fall upon us and take us for bondmen, and our asses."

And they came near to the steward of Joseph's house, and they communed with him at the door of the house and said, "O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food. And it came to pass, when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man's money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight ; and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food. We cannot tell who put our money in our sacks."

And he said, "Peace be to you, fear not. Your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks. I had your money."

And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house and gave them water, and they washed their feet ; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present, against Joseph

came at noon, for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house and bowed themselves to him to the earth. And he asked them of their welfare and said, "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

And they answered, "Thy servant, our father, is in good health, he is yet alive." And they bowed down their heads and made obeisance.

And he lifted up his eyes and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said, "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son."

And Joseph made haste . . . and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there. And he washed his face and went out and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread."

And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with him, by themselves; because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews, for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians.

And they sat before him, the firstborn according to his birthright and the youngest according to his youth, and the men marveled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him; but Benjamin's mess was five times so much as any of theirs. And they drank and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying, "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken.

As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city and not yet far off, Joseph said unto his steward, "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? Ye have done evil in so doing.'"

And he overtook them and he spake unto them these same words.

And they said unto him, "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money, which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan. How, then, should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen."

And he said, "Now also let it be according unto your words. He with whom it is found shall be my servant, and ye shall be blameless."

Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest and left at the youngest; and the

man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant. And as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him and said, "O my lord! let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant; for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants, saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left of his mother, and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father; for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my face no more.'

"And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant, my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down. If our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down. For we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant, my father, said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons; and the one went out from me, and I said, "Surely he is torn in pieces;" and I saw him not since. And if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

"Now, therefore, when I come to thy servant, my father, and the lad be not with us, seeing that his life is bound up

in the lad's life, it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die ; and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father forever.' Now, therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord, and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me, lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father?"

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him ; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no man with him while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud, and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph. Doth my father yet live?"

And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph, your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with yourselves that ye sold me hither ; for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land ; and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth and to save your lives

by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God. And he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye and go up to my father and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, "God hath made me lord of all Egypt. Come down unto me, tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast. And there will I nourish thee, for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou and thy household and all that thou hast come to poverty."''

"And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he kissed all his brethren and wept upon them. . . .

And they went up out of Egypt and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob, their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive and he is governor over all the land of Egypt."

And Jacob's heart fainted, for he believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph which he had said unto them. And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived.

And Israel said, "It is enough. Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

And Joseph placed his father and his brethren and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded. And Joseph nourished his father and his brethren and all his father's household with bread, according to their families.

The Bible

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. How did it happen that the Israelites went to live in Egypt? Look up their journeys in your geography. 2. How many parts are there in this story? Give a name to each part. 3. Was Joseph in any way to blame for the bad treatment he received from his brothers? Why? 4. Why did he dream about sheaves of wheat instead of about haycocks? 5. How would the brothers feed the flocks? Why did they go so far from home?

6. Which brother tried to save Joseph? Why, do you suppose? 7. Who were the Ishmaelites? 8. How did they carry goods? Do people in Palestine use the same means of conveyance nowadays? Do they sell the same things? 9. Make a list of all the other customs that are referred to; for example, how people mourned.

10. Why did Joseph get on so well in Egypt? 11. *Kine* is an old word for *cattle*, and *corn* here probably means *barley* or *wheat*. Why would an Egyptian dream of cattle and barley? 12. What do you think of the way in which Joseph explained the meaning of Pharaoh's dream? Why did Pharaoh make Joseph prime minister? 13. What is a famine? What causes a famine? Why would they have famines in Palestine?

14. How did Joseph find out how things were at home? 15. What sort of man was Joseph? Put together all you have learned about him in order to answer that question. 16. Choose the part of the story which you would like best to retell. Make a careful outline of the main incidents and, when you tell the story, add as many details as possible. 17. Make a list of the scenes in the story which would make good tableaux. Decide what stage properties you need and plan the tableaux for an entertainment.

MEANINGS

Your teacher will give you a meaning and a group number; then you are to find the phrase in that group which fits the meaning given. Use in a sentence or explain the meaning of any phrase you may choose in each group.

1

great reptiles
their clumsy craft
a profane wretch
an abomination
a very quaint little figure
homely wit
conquer the ocean

3

canoes, kyaks, and coracles
the gift of music
issuing his commands like royalty
stunted creatures
crimsoned with shame
found grace in his sight
changed his raiment
universal peace

5

perish not through famine
provender in the inn
bereaved of my children
transported by the eagle
cunning outwits itself
serpents of prodigious length

2

years of plenteousness
to their dismay
vender of idols
seven well-favored kine
the steward of his house
made obeisance
cruelty and treachery

4

with full force
enraged at their boldness
more wit than industry
a musical genius
conspired against him
willingly and graciously
his heart's desire
a universal blow

6

he rent his clothes
gradually ceased
the famine waxed sore
did solemnly protest
wove her magic spell
'twas a lost endeavor

MAKING PICTURES

Draw, paint, or cut any one of the pictures suggested below which you choose. Think of an appropriate title to give your picture. After the pictures are finished, they might be put up on the wall with thumb tacks. It would be fun to express by vote your opinions as to which is the best illustration. You will know how to take a vote.

1. Policeman Daily grabbing the tramp by the collar of his coat to keep him inside the fence. Mrs. Moran watching from the porch.

2. San Kee and Wing Sing standing before their school-master.

3. Any picture you choose to make from the second stanza of "Evening at the Farm."

4. A lighthouse, rocks, ships in the distance.

5. A blue-eyed shepherd playing the flute in a den of wild boars, the boars dancing.

6. The Quangle Wangle in the top of the Crumpetty Tree.

7. The Pied Piper playing his flute and the rats following him.

8. The three ships of Columbus on the sea, no land in sight.

9. Columbus landing, Indians near by.

10. Tul and Ni-Va turning the big turtle over with their spears.

11. Echo before angry Juno.

12. The little boy Mozart at the piano. Marie Antoinette standing near.

13. Joseph's father giving him his coat of many colors.

14. Benjamin West drawing the baby's picture.



A SPARK NEGLECTED BURNS THE HOUSE

In Russia the peasants live close together in little villages. Their houses are thatched with straw, so that a fire is easily started and hard to stop. But there are other fires than those that burn houses down. Find out what these other fires are.

There once lived in Russia a peasant named Ivan. He was the best worker in the village and had three sons all able to work. His wife was a thrifty woman and they had a quiet and hard-working daughter-in-law. They had only one idle person to feed — Ivan's old father, who had been lying ill on the top of the great brick oven for seven years. Ivan had all he needed, three horses and a colt, a cow with a calf, and fifteen sheep. So he and his children might have lived quite comfortably, had it not been for a quarrel with his next-door neighbor, Limping Gabriel, the son of Gordey.

As long as old Gordey was alive, the peasants lived as neighbors should. If the women wanted a sieve or a tub, or the men a sack, they sent to the other house. Such things as locking up barns and outhouses, or hiding things from one another, were never thought of.

When the sons came to be at the head of the families,



everything changed. It all began about a trifle. Ivan's daughter-in-law, Sonia, had a hen that every day laid an egg in the cart. But one day the hen flew across into Gabriel's yard and laid her egg there.

When Sonia went over, Gabriel's mother asked, "What do you want, young woman?"

"Why, you see, my hen flew across this morning. Did she not lay an egg here?"

"We never saw anything of it. We collect our own eggs.

And we don't go looking for eggs in other people's yards, lass!"

The young woman was offended and answered sharply. The women began abusing each other. Ivan's wife joined in. Gabriel's wife rushed out. Then a general uproar commenced. Gabriel, returning from the fields, stopped to take his wife's part. Ivan and his son rushed out; and finally Ivan pulled a handful out of Gabriel's beard. Thus the quarrel began, and from this a feud grew.

Ivan's old father tried to persuade them to make peace, saying, "It's a stupid thing, children, picking quarrels about an egg. The children may have taken it — well, what matter? God sends enough for all. And suppose your neighbor did say an unkind word; show her how to say a better one! If there *has* been a fight — well, we're all sinners, so make it up. If you nurse your anger, it will be worse for you yourselves."

But the younger folk would not listen. Not a day passed without a quarrel or even a fight. After a time the neighbors began to steal from each other and kept getting each other fined. Finally, in the seventh year of the quarrel, Sonia accused Gabriel of horse-stealing, and Gabriel hit her such a blow that she was ill for a week. Ivan had Gabriel condemned to be flogged. This was a terrible disgrace to Gabriel and he was overheard to mutter, "Very well! He will have my back flogged! That will make it burn; but something of his may burn worse than that!"

After this Ivan's old father spoke up again. "Ah, lad, malice blinds you. Others' sins are before your eyes but

your own are behind your back. He's acted badly? If he were bad but you were good, there would be no strife. If you get a hard word from any one, keep silent, and his own conscience will accuse him. Forgive him; then life will be easy and your heart will always be light. In the morning go, make it up with Gabriel, and invite him here for tomorrow's holiday. Don't put it off; put out the fire before it spreads."

Ivan began to think his father was right, but at this moment the women came into the house telling of more quarreling. Then Ivan's heart grew cold again and he gave up the thought of making peace. Late that evening he went the rounds of his farm to see whether anything was in danger. As he reached the far corner of the shed, he saw something flare up for a moment near the plow; and he clearly saw a man, crouching down, lighting a bunch of straw he held in his hand. The thatch flared up at the eaves, and standing beneath them, Gabriel's whole figure was clearly visible.

"Now I'll have him," thought Ivan, and, paying no attention to the fire, which was then blazing furiously, he rushed at Gabriel. The latter fled. Ivan followed and was about to seize him, when Gabriel, snatching up an oak beam, struck Ivan down and stunned him.

When Ivan came to his senses, Gabriel was no longer there. Ivan saw that his back shed was all ablaze; flames and smoke and bits of burning straw mixed with the smoke were being driven towards his hut. "What is this!" cried Ivan, still half dazed. "Why, all I had to do was just to

snatch it out from under the eaves and trample on it ! Then the fire would never have got started."

Before he could get to the fire, the hut was aflame. Nothing could be done. After Ivan's house, Gabriel's also caught fire. Then, the wind rising, the flames spread to the other side of the street, and half the village was burned down.

Ivan barely managed to save his old father ; the family escaped in what they had on ; and everything else was lost, even the grain in the granaries. Ivan kept repeating, "One need only have pulled it out and trampled on it."

In the morning his old father sent for him. "Who has burned down the village?" began the old man.

"It was Gabriel, Father. I saw him."

"Ivan, I am dying. You in your turn will have to face death. Now, before God, say whose is the sin?"

Only then Ivan came to his senses and understood it all. He answered simply, "Mine, Father." Then he fell on his knees before his father, saying, "Forgive me ; I am guilty before you and before God."

The old man cried, "Praise the Lord ! Praise the Lord ! What must you do now?"

Ivan was weeping. "I don't know how we are to live now, Father !" he said.

The old man smiled faintly. "If you obey God's will, you'll manage ! Mind, Ivan, don't tell who started the fire ! Hide another man's sin, and God will forgive two of yours," and, closing his eyes, the old man sighed, stretched out, and died.

Ivan did not say anything against Gabriel, and no one knew what had caused the fire. At first Gabriel felt afraid, but after a while he ceased to worry. The men left off quarreling and then their families left off also. While rebuilding their huts, both families lived in one; and when the village was rebuilt, Ivan and Gabriel built next to each other and lived as good neighbors should. Ivan remembered his old father's command to quench a fire at the first spark. If any one does him an injury he now tries, not to revenge himself, but rather to set matters right.

And Ivan has got on his feet again, and now lives better even than he did before.

LEO TOLSTOY

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

Make a list of eight or ten questions on this selection. Perhaps most of your questions will be answered by the text, but try to ask several suggested by the kind of story this is.

AN OPEN SECRET

It is said that an ancient Chinese sage who lived in the second century was offered a bribe. His silence being accepted as hesitation, he was assured that he was perfectly safe, as no one knew it. He replied :

“Heaven knows it. Earth knows it. You know it. I know it. How can you say that no one knows it?”

STORIES ABOUT WORDS

Few of us think, when we use words so glibly, what interesting histories many of them have. Some of our words are hundreds of years old. Others, such as *airplane*, *radio*, and *broadcast*, are mere infants in our language. You will enjoy reading the histories of the three much used words, *bookworm*, *handkerchief*, and *sandwich*.

1. There is a tiny worm that lives in old books and eats the paste in the binding and sometimes the paper. It is called a *bookworm*. So it comes to pass that a person who spends most of his time reading books is also called a *bookworm*.

2. The word *handkerchief* has been growing for a very long time. Many years ago women used to wear a piece of cloth or lace over their heads. In those days head was called *chief* and a covering was called a *ker*. So the covering for the head they called a *kerchief*. After a time it became the fashion to carry the *kerchief* in the hand, as women now often carry scarfs over their arms. Then the *kerchief* soon came to be called a *handkerchief*.

When women had pockets and carried their handkerchiefs in them, the *handkerchief* became a *pocket handkerchief*.

3. Have you ever eaten a sandwich — two slices of bread with a bit of meat between them? Two hundred years ago there was a man called the Earl of Sandwich, who liked to play cards so well that he would not leave his game to eat his meals. So he invented the *sandwich*, which he could eat while he played. It was not long before his friends found that two slices of bread with a slice of meat, or some other filling, between them made a good luncheon; and, not having a better name, they called it a *sandwich*.

THE BASKET WOMAN

This story was written many years ago by an Englishwoman who was one of the first to publish stories for children. As you read, try to live through the joys and sorrows of Paul and Anne.

At the foot of a steep, slippery white hill, called Chalk Hill, near Dunstable in Bedfordshire, there is a hut, or rather a hovel, which travelers would scarcely suppose could be inhabited if they did not see the smoke rising from its peaked roof. An old woman lives there and with her a little boy and girl, the children of a beggar, who died and left these orphans perishing with hunger. They were very happy when the good old woman took them into her hut and bade them warm themselves at her small fire and gave them a crust of bread to eat.

She was very kind to these poor children and worked hard at her spinning wheel and at her knitting to support herself and them. She also earned money in another way. When carriages went up Chalk Hill, she followed them; and when the horses stopped to take breath, she put stones behind the carriage wheels to prevent them from rolling backwards.

The little boy and girl loved to stand beside the good-natured old woman's spinning wheel and to talk to her. At these times she taught them something which, she said, she hoped they would remember all their lives — to tell the truth and to be honest. She also taught them to dislike idleness and to wish to be useful.

One evening, as they were standing beside her, the little boy said to her, "Grandmother" (for that was the name by

which she liked them to call her), "Grandmother, it is very hard work for you to go up and down that hill. If we might go up the hill and put the stones behind the carriage wheels, you could sit still at your work. Would not the people give us the halfpence and the pennies, and could not we bring them all to you? Do, pray, dear Grandmother, try us for one day."

"Yes," said the old woman, "I will see what you can do; but I must go up the hill along with you for the first two or three times, for fear you should get yourselves hurt."

The next day the little boy and girl went with their grandmother up the steep hill. She showed the boy how to prevent the wheels from rolling back by putting stones behind them; and she gave the boy's hat to the little girl to hold up to the carriage-windows, ready for the halfpence.

When she thought that the children knew how to manage by themselves, she left them and returned to her spinning wheel. A great many carriages happened to go by this day, and the little girl received many halfpence. She carried them all in her brother's hat to her grandmother in the evening, and the old woman smiled and thanked the children. She said that they had been useful to her, and that her spinning had gone on finely because she had been able to sit still at her wheel all day. "But Paul, my boy," said she, "what is the matter with your hand?"

"Only a pinch — only one pinch that I got, as I was putting a stone behind the wheel of a chaise. It does not hurt me much, Grandmother; and I've thought of a good thing for tomorrow. I shall never be hurt again if you will only

give me the old handle of the broken crutch, Grandmother, and the block of wood that lies in the chimney corner, and that is of no use. I'll make it of some use if I may have it."

"Take it then, dear," said the old woman, "and you'll find the handle of the broken crutch under my bed."

Paul went to work immediately and fastened one end of the pole into the block of wood, so as to make something like a long-handled brush.

"Look, Grandmother, look at my 'scotcher.' I shall call this thing my 'scotcher'," said Paul, "because I shall always scotch the wheels with it. I shall never pinch my fingers again. My hands, you see, will be safe at the end of this long stick. And, Sister Anne, you need not be at the trouble of carrying any more stones after me; we shall never want stones any more. I wish it were morning that I might run up the hill and try my scotcher."

When morning came, Paul and his sister rose at five o'clock, that they might be sure to be ready for early travelers. Paul kept his scotcher poised upon his shoulder and watched eagerly at his station at the bottom of the hill. He did not wait long before a carriage came. He followed it up the hill; and the instant the postilion called to him and bade him stop the wheels, he put his scotcher behind them and found that it answered the purpose perfectly well.

Many carriages went by this day, and Paul and Anne received a great many halfpence from the travelers. When it grew dusk, Anne said to her brother, "I don't think any more carriages will come by today. Let us count the halfpence and carry them home now to Grandmother."

"No, not yet," answered Paul. "I dare say more carriages will come by before it is quite dark, and then we shall have more halfpence. If you will stay and watch here, I will go and gather some blackberries for you in the hedge in yonder field. Stand you hereabouts, halfway up the hill; and the moment you see any carriage coming along the road, run as fast as you can and call me."

Anne, who was very obliging, went to the place where the scotcher lay. Scarcely had she reached the spot when she heard the noise of a carriage. She ran to call her brother; and, to their great joy, they now saw four chaises coming towards them.

Paul, as soon as they started up the hill, followed with his scotcher; first he scotched the wheels of one carriage, then of another. Anne was so much delighted with observing how well the scotcher stopped the wheels, and how much better it was than stones, that she forgot to go and hold her brother's hat to the travelers for halfpence. She was roused at last by the voice of a little rosy girl who was looking out of the window of one of the chaises. "Come close to the chaise door," said the little girl. "Here are some halfpence for you."

Anne held the hat and she afterwards went on to the other carriages. Money was thrown to her from each of them; and when the carriages had all safely reached the top of the hill, she and her brother sat down upon a large stone by the roadside to count their treasure.

"Oh, Brother, look at this!" exclaimed Anne. "This is not the same as the other halfpence."

"No, indeed, it is not," cried Paul. "It is no halfpenny ; it is a guinea, a bright golden guinea !"

"Is it?" said Anne, who had never seen a guinea in her life before, and who did not know its value. "And will it do as well as a halfpenny to buy gingerbread? I'll run to the fruitstall and ask the woman, shall I?"

"No, no," said Paul, "you need not ask any woman, or anybody but me. I can tell you all about it as well as anybody in the whole world."

"The whole world ! Oh, Paul, you forget ! Not so well as Grandmother."

"Why, not so well as Grandmother, perhaps ; but, Anne, you must listen to me quietly or else you won't understand what I am going to tell you." Prepared by this speech to hear something very difficult to understand, Anne looked very grave. Her brother explained to her that, with a guinea, she might buy two hundred and fifty-two times as many plums as she could get for a penny.

"Why, Paul, you know the fruit woman said she would give us a dozen plums for a penny. Now for this little guinea would she give us two hundred and fifty-two dozen?"

"If she has so many, and if we like to have so many, to be sure she will," said Paul ; "but I think we should not like to have two hundred and fifty-two dozen plums ; we could not eat such a number. But now I'll tell you what I am thinking of, Anne. We might buy something for Grandmother that would be very useful to her indeed with this guinea, something that would last a great while."

"What, Brother? What sort of thing?"

"Something that she said she wanted very much last winter when she was so ill with rheumatism."

"I know! I know what you mean," said Anne, "a blanket. Oh, yes, Paul, that will be much better than plums. Do let us buy a blanket for her. How glad she will be to see it! I will make her bed with the new blanket, and then bring her to look at it. But, Paul, how shall we buy a blanket? Where are blankets to be found?"

"Leave that to me; I'll manage that. I saw one hanging out of a shop the day I went last to Dunstable. I'll buy the blanket tomorrow. I'm going to Dunstable with her spinning."

"And you'll bring the blanket to me, and I shall make the bed very neatly!" said Anne, clapping her hands.

"But, stay! Don't clap your hands so, Anne. It will not be all right, I'm afraid, for there is one thing we have neither of us thought of. We cannot buy the blanket, I'm afraid, because I don't think this guinea is honestly ours."

"Nay, Brother, but I'm sure it is honestly ours. It was given to us, and Grandmother said all that was given to us today was to be our own."

"But perhaps one of the people in the chaises gave it to you by mistake."

"Well," said Anne, "there was a gentleman reading in one of the chaises, and a lady who looked good-naturedly at me. The gentleman put down his book and put his head out of the window and looked at your scotcher, brother, and he asked me if that was your own making. When I said 'Yes,' and that I was your sister, he smiled at me and



put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and threw a handful of halfpence into the hat. I dare say he gave us the guinea along with them because he liked your scotcher so much."

"Why," said Paul, "that might be, to be sure; but I wish I were quite certain of it."

"Then, as we are not quite certain, had we not best go and ask Grandmother what she thinks about it?"

Paul thought this was excellent advice. He went with his sister directly to his grandmother, showed her the guinea, and told her how they came by it.

"My dear honest children," said she, "I am very glad you told me all this. I'm sure the guinea is not honestly ours. Those who threw it to you gave it by mistake, I warrant.

What I would have you do is to go to Dunstable and try at the inns to find out the person who gave it to you. You can inquire for the gentleman who was reading in the chaise."

"Oh!" interrupted Paul, "I know a good way of finding him out. I remember it was a dark green chaise with red wheels, and I read the inn-keeper's name upon the chaise — 'John Nelson'. So Anne and I will go to both the inns in Dunstable and try to find out this chaise — John Nelson's. Come, Anne, let us set out before it gets quite dark."

Anne and her brother passed with great courage the tempting stall that was covered with gingerbread and ripe plums and pursued their way steadily through the street of Dunstable. "Here," said Paul, "we must go through this gateway into the inn yard; we are come to the 'Dun Cow.'"

"Cow!" said Anne, "I see no cow."

"Look up, and you'll see the cow over your head," said Paul — "the sign — the picture. Come, never mind looking at it now. I want to find out the green chaise that has John Nelson's name upon it."

Paul pushed forward through a crowded passage till he got into the inn yard. There was a great noise and bustle. The hostlers were carrying in luggage. The postilions were rubbing down their horses or rolling the chaises into the coach house.

"What now? What business have you here, pray?" said a waiter, who almost ran over Paul as he was crossing the yard in a hurry. "You've no business here, crowding up the yard. Walk off, young gentleman, if you please."

"Pray, give me leave, sir," said Paul, "to stay a few

minutes, to look amongst these chaises for one dark green chaise with red wheels that has Mr. John Nelson's name written upon it."

"What's that he says about a dark green chaise?" said one of the postilions.

The waiter was at this instant luckily obliged to leave to answer the bell, and Paul told his business to the hostler. As soon as the hostler saw the guinea and heard the story, he shook Paul by the hand and said, "Stand steady, my honest lad. I'll find the chaise for you if it is to be found here; but John Nelson's chaises almost always drive to the 'Black Bull.'"

After some difficulty the green chaise with John Nelson's name upon it, and the postilion who drove that chaise were found. The postilion told Paul that he was just going into the parlor to get his pay from the gentleman whom he had driven, and that he would carry the guinea with him.

"No," said Paul, "we should like to give it back ourselves."

"Yes," said the hostler, "that they have a right to do."

The postilion made no reply but looked vexed and went on towards the house, desiring the children to wait in the passage till his return. In the passage there was standing a decent, clean, good-natured looking woman, with two huge straw baskets on each side of her. One of the baskets stood a little in the way of the entrance. A man was pushing his way in, carrying in his hand a long string of larks hung to a pole. Impatient at being stopped, he kicked down the straw basket, and all its contents were thrown out. Bright straw

hats and boxes and slippers were all thrown in disorder upon the dirty ground.

"Oh, they will be trampled upon! They will all be spoiled!" exclaimed the woman to whom they belonged.

"We'll help you to pick them up if you will let us," cried Paul and Anne, and they immediately ran to her assistance.

When the things were all safe in the basket again, the children expressed a great desire to know how such beautiful things could be made of straw. The woman had not time to answer them before the postilion came out of the parlor. With him was a gentleman's servant, who came to Paul and, clapping him on the back, said, "So, my little chap, I gave you a guinea for a halfpenny, I hear; and I understand you've brought it back again. That's right. Give me hold of it."

"No, Brother," said Anne, "this is not the gentleman that was reading."

"Pooh, child, I came in Mr. Nelson's green chaise. Here's the postilion can tell you so. My master and I came in that chaise. It was my master who was reading, as you say; and it was he who threw the money out to you. He desires that you give me the guinea."

Paul was too honest himself to suspect that this man was telling him a falsehood, and he now readily produced his bright guinea and delivered it into the servant's hands.

"Here's sixpence apiece for you, children," said the servant, "and good night to you." He pushed them towards the door; but the basket woman whispered to them as they went out, "Wait in the street till I come to you."

"Pray, Mrs. Landlady," cried this gentleman's servant to the landlady, who just then came out of a room where some company were at supper, "Pray, Mrs. Landlady, please to let me have roasted larks for my supper. You are famous for larks at Dunstable; and I make it a rule to taste the best of everything wherever I go."

"Larks for his supper!" said the basket woman to herself, as she looked at him from head to foot. The postilion was still waiting, as if to speak to him; and she observed them afterwards whispering and laughing together. Now it occurred to the basket woman that this man had cheated the children out of the guinea to pay for the larks; and she thought that perhaps she could discover the truth. She waited quietly in the passage.

"Waiter! Joe! Joe!" cried the landlady. "Why don't you carry in the sweetmeat puffs and the tarts here to the company in the best parlor?"

"Coming, ma'am," answered the waiter. The landlady threw open the door of the best parlor to let him in with his dish of tarts and puffs; and the basket woman had now a full view of a large, cheerful company, amongst them several children, sitting round a supper table.

"Ay," whispered the landlady as the door closed after the waiter and the tarts, "there are customers enough for you in that room, if you had but the luck to be called in."

A few minutes later the landlady declared she would step in and see if the company in the best parlor had done supper. "I'll speak a good word for you," added she, "and get you called in before the children are sent to bed."

The landlady made her usual speech of, "I hope the supper and everything is to your liking, ladies and gentlemen." Then she began with, "If any of the young gentlemen or ladies would like to see any of our famous Dunstable straw-work, there's a decent body without would, I dare say, be proud to show them her pincushion boxes, and her baskets and slippers, and her other curiosities."

The eyes of the children all turned towards their mother. Their mother smiled, and immediately their father called in the basket woman and desired her to produce her "curiosities." The children gathered round her large pannier as it opened.

"Oh, Papa!" cried a little rosy girl, "here are a pair of straw slippers that would just fit you, I think. Will you buy them, Papa?"

"No, I cannot indulge myself," said her father, "in buying them now. I must make amends," said he, laughing, "for my carelessness. As I threw away a guinea today, I must endeavor to save sixpence at least."

"Ah, the guinea that you threw by mistake into the little girl's hat, as we were coming up Chalk Hill. Mama, I wonder that the little girl did not take notice of its being a guinea, and that she did not run after the chaise to give it back again. I should think, if she had been an honest girl, she would have returned it."

"Miss! — ma'am! — sir!" said the basket woman, "if it would not be impertinent, may I speak a word? A little boy and girl have just been here inquiring for a gentleman who gave them a guinea instead of a halfpenny by mistake.

Not five minutes ago I saw the boy give the guinea to a gentleman's servant, who is there without, and who said his master desired it should be returned to him."

"There must be some mistake or some trick in this," said the gentleman. "Are the children gone? I must see them — send after them."

"I'll go for them myself," said the good-natured basket woman. "I bade them wait in the street yonder; for my mind misgave me that the man who took the guinea was a cheat."

Paul and Anne were speedily summoned and brought back by their friend, the basket woman. Anne, the moment she saw the gentleman, knew that he was the very person who smiled upon her, who admired her brother's scotch, and who threw a handful of halfpence into the hat.

"I can be certain whether the guinea you returned be mine or no," said the gentleman. "I marked the guinea; it was a light one, the only light guinea I had, which I put into my waistcoat pocket this morning." He rang the bell and desired the waiter to let the gentleman who was in the room opposite to him know that he wished to see him.

"The gentleman in the white parlor, sir, do you mean?"

"I mean the master of the servant who received a guinea from this child."

"He is a Mr. Pembroke, sir," said the waiter.

Mr. Pembroke came. As soon as he heard what had happened, he desired the waiter to show him to the room where his servant was at supper. The dishonest servant knew nothing of what was going on; but he started up from the

table in great surprise and terror when his master came in and demanded, "The guinea — the guinea, sir, that you got from this child! That guinea which you said I ordered you to ask from this child!"

The servant could only stammer out that he had more guineas than one about him, and that he really did not know which it was. He pulled his money out and spread it upon the table with trembling hands. The marked guinea appeared. His master instantly turned him out of his service for his dishonesty.

"And now, my honest little girl," said the gentleman who owned the guinea, turning to Anne, "tell me who you are, and what you and your brother wish for most in the world."

Anne and Paul both exclaimed, "The thing we wish for most in the world is a blanket for our grandmother."

"She is not really our grandmother, sir," said Paul; "but she is just as good to us as if she were. She taught me to read and taught Anne to knit, and taught us both that we should be honest. And I wish she had a new blanket before next winter to keep her from the cold and the rheumatism. There is a blanket in this street that would be just the thing for her."

"She shall have it, then; and," continued the gentleman, "I will do something more for you. Would you like to be employed?"

"We would like to have something to do always, if we could, sir," said Paul; "but we are forced to be idle sometimes, because Grandmother has not always things for us to do that we can do well."

"Should you like to learn how to make such baskets as these?" said the gentleman, pointing to one of the Dunstable straw-baskets.

"Oh, very much!" said Paul.

"Very much!" said Anne.

"Then I should like to teach you how to make them," said the basket woman; "for I'm sure of one thing, that you'd behave honestly."

The gentleman put a coin into the good-natured basket woman's hand, and told her that he knew she could not afford to teach them her trade for nothing. "I shall come through Dunstable again in a few months," added he; "and I hope to see that you and your scholars are getting on well. If I find that they are, I will do something more for you."

"But," said Anne, "we must tell all this to Grandmother, and ask her about it; and I'm afraid — though I'm very happy — that it is getting very late, and that we should not stay here any longer."

"It is a fine moonlight night," said the basket woman; "and it is not far. I'll walk with you and see you safe home myself."

The gentleman detained them a few minutes longer, till a messenger whom he had dispatched to purchase the much-wished-for blanket returned.

"Your grandmother will sleep well under this good blanket, I hope," said the gentleman, as he gave it into Paul's opened arms. "It has been obtained for her by the honesty of her adopted children."

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Why do you think this story was called "The Basket Woman"? Which character in the story really straightened things out and showed up the children's honesty? 2. Can you think of a better title? 3. What difference would it have made if the children had waited till the next day to return the guinea? 4. Carry out any one of the following directions:

- a. Divide the story into parts and make a title for each part.
- b. Make a list of unusual words, such as *scotch*, and be ready to explain the meaning of each word.
- c. Make a list of customs different from those of today, such as traveling in chaises.
- d. Make a picture, either by cutting or drawing, of your favorite scene.

More quaint stories by Miss Edgeworth and other authors of her time may be found in *Forgotten Tales of Long Ago*, edited by E. V. LUCAS. Another collection of old-fashioned stories and poems is *Good Old Stories for Boys and Girls*, edited by ELVA SMITH.

SUMMER EVENING

Recall a pleasant evening in summer. What did you see about you? What sounds did you hear? Try to realize the scene Mr. De la Mare pictures.

The sandy cat by the farmer's chair
Mews at his knee for dainty fare;
Old Rover in his moss-greened house
Mumbles a bone and barks at a mouse;
In the dewy fields the cattle lie
Chewing the cud 'neath the fading sky;
Dobbin at manger pulls his hay:
Gone is another summer's day.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE THREE QUESTIONS

If a wise man told you that he would answer three questions for you, what would you ask him? When you have finished reading, see whether you think the questions which the king asked the hermit are more important than yours.

It once occurred to a king that if he knew the right moment to begin on any work, and the right kind of people to have dealings with, and the thing to do that was more important than any other thing, he would always be successful.

And he proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to any one who could tell him what was the right moment for any action, and who were the most essential of all people, and what was the most important thing to do.

Many learned men came to the king and answered his questions in different ways.

In answer to the first question some said that to know the right time for any action one must draw up a time-table for all the days, months, and years and observe it strictly; then one could do everything at the proper time. Others said that it was impossible to decide beforehand the proper time for any action; the only thing one could do was to waste no time in vain amusements, but to pay attention to what was going on around one, and to do the thing that came to hand. A third said that however attentive the king might be to what went on around him, one man alone could not decide the proper time for every action, and that he needed a council of wise men to advise him. Still

a fourth maintained that, as certain actions had to be decided at once and could not wait for a council, the proper thing to do was to find out beforehand what was going to happen so as always to be prepared. But as only magicians knew what was going to happen, then it followed that, in order to find out the proper time for any action, one must consult the magicians.

The second question, too, was answered in various ways. Some said that the most essential people to the king were his helpers and ministers; others said priests; still others, doctors; a fourth party said that the most essential people to the king were soldiers. To the third question about the most important occupation, some declared it was science; others, the art of war; and others, divine worship.

The answers being different, the king agreed with none of them and gave no man the promised reward. But still wishing to find out the answers to his questions, he resolved to consult a hermit who was famous throughout the land for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood, which he never left, and he received none but common folk. For this reason the king put on plain garments. Dismissing his bodyguard before he reached the hermit's cell, he dismounted from his horse and went the rest of the way alone and on foot.

He found the hermit digging in the garden in front of his hut. When the hermit saw the king, he greeted him and went on with his digging. He was frail and thin, and each time he dug his spade into the ground and turned over a little soil he gasped for breath.

The king approached him and said, "I have come, O wise hermit, to ask you to give me the answers to these three questions: What hour must one remember and not allow to slip by, so as not to regret it afterwards? What people are the most essential and with whom should one, or should one not, have dealings? What things are the most essential to do, and which of those things must one do first of all?"

The hermit heard what the king had to say but made no reply. He spat on his hand and went on with his digging.

"You are tired," the king said. "Give me the spade and I will do the digging for you."

The king took the spade and began to dig, but after a while he stopped and repeated his question. The hermit made no reply but stretched out his hand for the spade.

"You rest now," he said, "and I will work."

But the king would not give up the spade and went on with the digging. One hour passed and another; the sun had begun to set behind the trees, when the king stuck his spade into the ground and said, "I came to you, wise man, to find the answers to my three questions. If you cannot answer them, then tell me and I will go my way home."

"Some one is running hither," the hermit said. "Let us see who it is."

The king turned and saw a bearded man running towards them. The man's hands were clasped over his stomach and the blood flowed from beneath them. He fell at the king's feet and lay motionless, rolling his eyes and moaning faintly.

The king and the hermit unfastened the man's clothes.

He had a large wound in his stomach. The king bathed it as well as he could with his handkerchief and bandaged it with the hermit's towel. The blood did not cease to flow, and several times the king removed the bandages soaked with warm blood and rebathed and rebandaged the wound.

When the blood ceased to flow, the wounded man came to himself and asked for some water. The king brought some fresh water and raised it to the wounded man's lips.

The sun had set meanwhile and it began to get cold. The king, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the cell and put him on the bed. The wounded man shut his eyes and went to sleep. The king was so tired with the walk and the work that he curled up by the door and fell into a sound sleep. He slept through the whole summer night, and when he awoke in the morning, he could not make out where he was and who was the strange bearded man staring at him with glistening eyes.

"Forgive me," the bearded man said in a faint voice, when he saw the king was awake and observing him.

"I don't know you and have nothing to forgive you for," the king said.

"You don't know me, but I know you. I am your enemy, who vowed to be revenged on you for having executed my brother and taken away my property. I knew that you went alone to the hermit and resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not come. I lost patience and came out to find you, when I stumbled upon your bodyguard. They recognized me and wounded me. I escaped from them but would have died from loss

of blood, had you not bound my wound. I wanted to kill you and you saved my life. If I continue to live, I will serve you as your most faithful slave should you desire it, and I will order my sons to do likewise. Forgive me."

The king was very glad that he had been able to make peace with his enemy so easily, and not only forgave him but promised to return his property and to send him his own servants and physician.

Taking leave of the wounded man, the king came out of the cell and looked about for the hermit. Before going away he wanted to ask him for the last time to answer his three questions. The hermit was on his knees by the beds they had dug yesterday, sowing vegetable seeds.

The king approached him and said, "For the last time, wise man, I ask you to answer my questions."

"But they are answered already," the hermit said, squatting on his thin legs and looking up at the king, who stood before him.

"How?" the king asked.

"Don't you see?" the hermit began. "Had you not pitied my weakness yesterday and dug these beds for me, and had you instead gone back alone, the man would have attacked you and you would have regretted that you had not stayed with me. The important hour at the time was when you dug these beds, and I was the most essential person to you, and the most essential act was to do me a kindness.

"And later, when the man ran up, the most important hour was when you looked after him, for, had you not bandaged his wound, he would have died without making



his peace with you. He was the most essential man to you at that time, and what you did for him was the most essential thing to be done. Always bear in mind that the most important time is *now*, for it is the only time when we have any power over ourselves; the most essential man is the one with whom you happen to be at the moment, because you can never be sure whether you will ever be with any one else; and the most essential thing to do is a kindness to that man, for it was for this purpose we were sent into the world."

LEO TOLSTOY

CHOOSING THE RIGHT MEANING

1. *Snug* means (high, sweet, cozy, cold).
2. A *katydid* is (an animal, a cereal, an insect, a fruit).
3. *Goggles* are (toys, tools, dishes, spectacles).
4. The *dawn* is (noon, daybreak, night, twilight).
5. A *whinnying mare* is a (house, fairy, horse, bird).
6. A *porker* is a (fish, fowl, cereal, pig).
7. *Quizzed* means (hated, quarreled, questioned, answered).
8. A *bouquet* is made of (sticks, flowers, stones, iron).
9. A *monarch* is (a fortune, an author, a ruler, an artist).
10. *Scythes* are (hills, mountains, animals, tools).
11. A *dungeon* is a (story, prison, station, ocean).
12. *Savory* means pleasing to the sense of (sight, smell, hearing, feeling).
13. A *mayor* is an officer of the (school, state, army, city).
14. A *heifer* is a young (parrot, whale, horse, cow).
15. *Grief* is (joy, conceit, sorrow, amusement).
16. To speak *gruffly* means to speak (sweetly, softly, roughly, loudly).
17. *Parings* are (seeds, peelings, roots, leaves).
18. *Rage* means great (delight, comfort, anger, grief).
19. *Chores* are small (ditches, towns, jobs, houses).
20. A *balcony* is a kind of (gate, platform, tower, window).
21. A *chaise* is a kind of (train, boat, airplane, carriage).
22. *Postilions* guide (horses, camels, boats, machines).
23. *Agriculture* is the knowledge and practice of (building, farming, bookmaking, mining).

A GYPSY ENCAMPMENT

Before reading these paragraphs, write the numbers 1 to 12 in a column at the left of a slip of paper. Read the paragraphs carefully; then write your answer by each number. Sign your name to the paper.

It proved to be a gypsy encampment, consisting of three or four little cabins, or tents, made of blankets and sailcloths, spread over hoops that were stuck in the ground. It was on one side of a green lane, close under a hawthorn hedge, with a broad beech tree spreading above it.

A teakettle was hanging on a crooked piece of iron over a fire made from dry sticks and leaves, and two old gypsies in red cloaks sat crouched on the grass, gossiping over their evening cup of tea. There were two or three children sleeping on the straw with which the tents were littered; a couple of donkeys were grazing in the lane, and a thievish-looking dog was lying before the fire. Some of the younger gypsies were dancing to the music of a fiddle, played by a tall, slender stripling in an old frock coat, with a peacock's feather stuck in his hat band.

WASHINGTON IRVING

1. What kind of people were in the encampment?
2. How many tents were in the encampment?
3. What were the tents made of?
4. What sort of hedge was near the tents?
5. What kind of tree shaded the tents?
6. Who sat by the fire? 7. What were they doing?
8. What was the fire made of? 9. What were the children doing?
10. What time of day was it?
11. What animals were mentioned?
12. What makes you think the gypsies were having a good time?



THE MEADOW LARK

People who know how to observe get a great deal of pleasure from watching the ways of wild animals. The writer of this sketch is a lover of birds. You will learn by reading it something not only about larks but also about how to observe.

As I was playing in the meadow one day, when I was about ten years old, I discovered one of the nicest little tunnels I have ever seen. It was an oval archway perhaps five inches in diameter, leading under a large tuft of grass. I explored it and found it ran back at least two or three feet. Of course I was all interest at once, because, aside from the tunnels of the bobtailed meadow mice and the ants, I had never seen anything of the kind, and I knew this tunnel was far too large for such small creatures as these.

The tunnel made a turn, and I was not able to see where it led without disturbing it. Knowing that there must be some interesting story at the other end, possibly something that would need watching for days, I did not want to injure it; for I knew that if I did the little creature that made it might forsake it. By very carefully pushing the grass apart on the other side, I was finally able to see that, after running for eighteen or twenty inches in a straight line, the tunnel

turned abruptly to the right and, after running fully as much further, there was a nest and in that nest were five spotted eggs. Surely this nest belonged to a wise bird, for nothing flying overhead could see the little mother when she was sitting, and the babies were likely to be safe until they were well able to take care of themselves.

The mother did not happen to be at home, so I stationed myself some fifty or seventy-five yards away, began plaiting chains of white clover blossoms, and awaited her return. After half an hour or so I noticed a meadow lark flying by, but it did not occur to me that this nest belonged to her. True, I had never seen a meadow lark's nest, but I had known larks all my life; and she acted so naturally that it did not occur to me that this bird was trying to learn whether I had found the nest and whether it was safe to return. She alighted in the grass near by and seemed to busy herself looking for worms. In five or ten minutes she flew by again and alighted on the other side. Again in a few minutes she came by, each time getting nearer the nest.

Presently she gained a little more courage, alighted within ten or fifteen feet of the nest, and began pecking about here and there in the most unconcerned way possible. When she felt sure no one would notice it, she ducked her head as low as she could and made directly for the tunnel and slipped into the nest. Then the secret was out. It was a meadow lark's nest, the first I had seen and for that matter the most cleverly hidden of any nest I had known, excepting perhaps that of the humming bird. Meadow larks always build their nests in the grass, but they do not always take the trouble

to conceal them as this one had done. In fact, it is seldom that I have found a meadow lark's nest hidden away in a tunnel where curious eyes could not find it.

Lady Lark was a careful, painstaking housekeeper, never allowing the least bit of trash or dirt anywhere about her nest. If any *débris* was left about my lark's nest, the old bird managed to carry it away. She even carried away pieces of paper I left to mark the nest, probably fearing that they would attract attention to the place.

Many birds that build their nests on the ground lead the young away from the nest almost as soon as they hatch, but this is not true of the lark. Its young remain in the nest until fully grown. The mother bird feeds them on insects.

The meadow lark is found throughout a considerable portion of the United States and is usually seen on the ground in meadows and pastures. These birds are plump and active, about the size of the common bob-white quail but rather more slender. They have bright yellow throats and a black V-shaped blotch on the breast, which serves to identify them. If we see a brown bird about the size of a quail, with rather slender neck and a yellow throat, running about in the meadows and pastures, we can be pretty sure that it is a lark. There are two varieties of meadow larks, and they are best distinguished from each other by the variation in the yellow around the throat and the color of the upper parts, wings, and tail. Each kind has a song of its own, although even the song has some similarity in the two varieties.

Meadow larks are among the first birds to be heard in the early spring, and I have always considered them among our most delightful songsters. We do not hear them sing so often in the late summer or early fall; but on any bright day in the winter and from then on through the spring and summer they may be heard every morning. As the fall approaches, most of the meadow larks move to the South, but many remain North all winter. I have seen them by the hundreds on the bare prairies of the Missouri River valley between Omaha and Sioux City, when the thermometer was twenty below zero. At these times their food consists largely of such seeds as they can pick up. The day is never so cold but that, if the sun comes out and shines for an hour or two, you can hear them singing their thankfulness for its warmth.

Where I now live, near Nashville, Tennessee, larks come in by thousands every fall and are to be seen in great numbers almost every day. In fact, I can sit in my classroom and look out over the pasture and see a dozen or more disputing the hunting grounds with the killdeers. Most of the larks go farther south than our locality, and in the latter part of January or the first of February, as they begin to work their way back northward, the fields and meadows are all atune with them. They move north leisurely, having a good time as they go; so it is no uncommon thing for them to spend several weeks with us before going farther.

Our meadow larks are not much like the English lark. In fact, ours are not really larks. The English birds have a prolonged song, while ours merely whistle a delightfully

musical note and repeat it every few moments. As I write this, December tenth, I can hear the meadow larks singing in the distance. They have come from the North and, unlike the bluebirds, are singing their thankfulness for a delightful winter home.

I have introduced you to the meadow larks, but I have not said one word about their company name. When a lark is introduced into learned company he is not presented as "Mr. Lark," but as "Mr. American Oriole" (a later name than starling), for that is his name in the big books. But when, as a boy, I read about the American orioles I had not the least idea that they were my everyday friends, the larks. Call them larks if you choose, but you should know that they are really American orioles just the same — not a relative of the black, pilfering starling of Europe. Our meadow lark feeds entirely in the meadows and eats mostly insects, seeds, and a little grass.

FLOYD BRALLIAR

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Can you discover by reading the account carefully whether you have seen the meadow lark or not? How will you decide? 2. Sum up carefully what the writer says is true of larks generally. 3. What was true of the one he observed in particular? 4. Practice reading this selection silently by paragraphs. In reading each paragraph see how soon you can tell what it is about. 5. Put down a few words to express the point of each paragraph and thus build up an outline of the whole selection. 6. Prepare five questions on the meadow lark which can be answered by any one who has read the text carefully, and see whether your classmates can answer them.

MIDGET WORKERS

When you read this title what did you think the selection was about? You will soon know whether you were right. Try again to get the facts as quickly as possible. Are you improving in your silent reading?

Underground farming is very common in all parts of the world. The underground farmers themselves are ants. In Southern Europe there is a kind of ant that gathers clover seeds and keeps them in moist places in the earth just long enough to cause the seeds to swell and burst. Then the ants carry the meat of the seeds underground, where they chew it and make it into little muffins. These little clover-seed muffins are then stored for the winter.

Another kind of ant-farming is that of the leaf-cutters of South America. These ants make nests which contain great halls and storerooms. They cut leaves from trees, then chew them to a pulp, and carry the pulp to their nests. This pulp is "planted" and soon afterward a whitish mold forms on it. This mold is the ants' food. Later they store the mold in little caves about the size of a football. Other kinds of ants chew wood to a pulp, on which mold forms.

In warm countries there is a kind of ant called the "tailor ant." These ants make shelters for themselves out of leaves. They drag or carry these leaves to a place where they wish to make a house. Often a leaf is found which is too large for one ant to carry, and then several work together. When enough leaves have been collected, the ants fasten them together. But they have needles only and no thread, and

so they use a kind of gum from their larvæ with which to stick the leaves together.

Perhaps you have seen ants on young rosebushes. These ants are "cattle raisers." On the rosebushes are little green insects called aphids. The aphids have a sweetish kind of "milk," which they give up when the ants tickle their backs. Late in the fall the aphids lay eggs, which the ants carry to a safe, warm place in their own nests. When warm weather comes, the eggs hatch and the young aphids are taken out and placed on plants. Some ants even make little "cattle pens" of earth around their little green "cows."

With so much work to do, ants often need all the help they can get. Large ants, such as the Amazons, capture little brown ants and make them work for them. The brown ants act as faithful slaves and serve food to their masters. Other ants are more kindly and have guests. Crickets sometimes enter the ants' nests, where they beg food or even take it away from the young ants. Beetles are more polite guests. They do not beg or steal food, but pet and stroke the ants until the ants give up the food which they are carrying.

Every tribe of ants is worth watching, for all ants have interesting ways of living and getting food.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Do you think the last sentence is true?
2. How many kinds of ant farmers are described? Name them from memory.
3. Now see whether you can tell what each kind does.
4. What are *larvæ*?
5. What have you learned about ants by observing them?

MARCH

William Wordsworth, the English poet, was one of the greatest observers of nature that ever lived. He put much of what he saw into poetry. Try to see how things look on a bright day in March, just as Wordsworth did.

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun ;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest ;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising ;
There are forty feeding like one.

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill ;
The plowboy is whooping — anon — anon !
There's joy on the mountains ;
There's life in the fountains ;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing ;
The rain is over and gone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Pause after reading each line until the picture it paints is clear and vivid. Note that some lines express sounds, some the appearance of scenes, and one the feel of the air. Can you find this last? 2. Notice how the four long lines divide the poem into four parts. Decide what each part is about and give a name to it. 3. Where is the poet standing as he looks? Why do you think so? 4. Imagine you are standing there too and, as you say the lines to yourself, try to see everything just as Wordsworth saw it. Remember that the poet wrote from memory after he had gone home.

5. What beautiful scene do you recall that you have actually looked upon? How did it differ from this one? Make a little poem about it, if you can, or describe it briefly.

THREE BRIGHT-COLORED COUSINS WHO BELONG TO THE FINCH FAMILY

Note how the writer has made it easy for you to follow and remember his descriptions. When you have finished, be ready to give a title for each paragraph.

The finch family includes a most unusual variety of birds, from the several dozen species of small sparrows to the more colorful members — the goldfinch, the cardinal, the buntings of brilliant blue, and the gaily painted grosbeaks.

The cardinal looks like a lively masquerader. But the black disguise he wears on his face would never deceive any one, for the brilliant color of his costume makes him easily recognized. As though a beautiful coat of red were not enough to make him highly prized, he has also a lusty voice, which accounts for his being much sought after as a cage-

bird. He is not a migrating bird but spends his winters in our southern states, where he is the best known whistler, next to the mocking bird.

The cardinal always succeeds in building his nest in so dense a thicket of brush or willow that, in spite of his color, he cannot be seen. But when he sings, he makes no attempt to hide his fiery plumes, selecting a conspicuous perch on the top of a tree. The mate, who wears Quaker gray garments, also sings but not with so much volume. Her eggs, laid in April, are three or four in number and are white speckled with brown.

The indigo bunting is a small bird five and one half inches long, with deep blue plumage. His hard, brilliant voice reminds one of the canary. He is a tireless songster, pouring forth his notes from hedge or meadow and sometimes even singing on the wing. The female is a dull, sparrow-like bird, and even the male's feathers take on a brownish tinge mingled with blue in autumn, when the time comes to depart to Central America for the winter.

A gliding flight, with an unusually cheerful call as he dips and rises again, is the chief characteristic of the goldfinch. Though in summer his costume is pure golden, it changes in winter to a yellowish-olive, which is the color of the female both summer and winter. Goldfinches are late house-builders, not nesting until the last of June, when the three to six pale, bluish-white eggs are laid in a nest lined with down from plants. In winter the goldfinch lives in very nearly the same locality which it inhabits in summer.

THE BUILDING OF THE NEST

They'll come again to the apple tree —
Robin and all the rest —
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom dressed ;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well, so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care —
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair —
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb,
Their castle in the air.

Ah ! mother bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And shadows may darken the dancing rays
When the wee ones leave the nest ;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow ;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro ;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE FURRY MUSKRAT

Have you ever seen a muskrat? Many country boys have discovered a muskrat's hole and waited quietly to catch a glimpse of these shy little animals. Mr. Bailey tells us in this story something about their habits.

Splash! The water flew all over me as I grabbed at a slippery tail beside the canoe and instead got only a handful of wild rice stems that a muskrat had been carrying to his house that bright moonlight night. John, my Indian, had paddled so silently that the rapidly approaching swimmer had failed to notice that we were not just an old log on the surface of the river. He evidently had intended to dive under the log and he did, but was surprised to find anybody inside of it. I had thought to add him to my collection of camp pets, as I had another tame muskrat that was lonesome for company of his own kind.

Jerry, our tame muskrat, lived in a box on the edge of the lake, where he was very comfortable but not entirely contented. One night he gnawed a hole in his box and went out into the lake to try to find his own people, but he did not succeed. Missing his soft nest and good "eats" of cattail roots and rolled oats, he came back the next night, quietly slipped in through the hole, and went to bed in his old nest. That was home anyway and home, humble though it may be, means a great deal to a muskrat.

Because muskrats are great builders and live in the water, they have been called "little cousins of the beaver." While well acquainted with the beavers, and on friendly terms with

them, the muskrats belong, however, to the meadow mouse family. They differ from their smaller brothers not only in size but also in having sword-shaped instead of match-shaped tails.

Their houses are somewhat similar to those of the beaver but simpler and less firmly built because they are of finer and softer materials. They are mainly for winter use. Often the muskrats allow them to cave in during the summer and then build them up again in the fall. A good-sized, freshly built muskrat house often stands five feet high and is about the same in breadth at the base, or at the water level. Sometimes they rise out of water four or five feet deep, but more often they rest on the bank of a stream or a bit of floating marsh.

These muskrat houses are generally built of grass, reeds, sedges, cat-tail stems, sods, roots, and mud, interlaced and plastered together to form firm walls. They are conical in shape and well planned for strength and comfort. When the walls are frozen solid in winter, they are not only a protection from the cold but from most of the natural enemies that roam about at that season. There are no visible windows or doors in these houses; usually the only openings are one or two water holes, leading downward from the edges of the nest chamber and out through long tunnels under the water of the lake or stream. There is always a little ventilation through the top of the house, as shown by frost on cold mornings caused by the breath of the occupants.

The one room inside of the house is large enough to accom-

moderate one or two, or a whole family of six or eight muskrats when cuddled closely on the soft, moist floor of grass and roots brought in for bed or food. The bed is always clean and generally slightly musky. The air is kept comfortably warm by the bodies of the occupants, even when there is heavy ice over the water and piercing cold outside.

The winter is a season of comfort and safety, except for traps. Long journeys are made under the ice in search of food and in visiting back and forth among the houses and bank burrows. But when spring comes and the sun has melted holes in the ice, the muskrats always welcome the warm days by coming out of the cold water and sitting on the edge of the ice to eat their meals.

They do not store up food for winter but seem always to find an abundance under the ice, digging for toothsome bulbs and tubers and roots and eating the green stems of tules and other water-plants. Their diet is varied with freshwater mussels and occasionally a small turtle. There is no evidence of their catching fish, but a dead fish might be eaten if they craved animal food for a change. In spring and summer they work back into the marshes for tender stems of grasses, sedges, cat-tails, and many juicy plants; but they also depend in part on the roots of cat-tails, water-lilies, and the growing stems of wild rice from the deeper water.

In May or June the young are born in warm nests, either in the houses or in burrows, usually five or six in a litter but sometimes more. There is one record of thirteen young in a family, but this is an unusual number. No one knows

what the average number of young is nor how many litters of young are raised in a season by one old mother muskrat. Judging by the small-sized young ones seen swimming about at all times in summer, even up to early fall, it would seem that several families of young must be raised in a season.

The young at first are the size of small mice, pink and hairless, with eyes and ears securely closed and with only one well-developed instinct, to cuddle up to their furry mother's breast and feast on the warm, rich milk with which she supplies them. For several weeks and probably a month they do not leave the house where they were born; but when they are about as big as chipmunks, well-furred and with bright eyes, they venture out of the water-door and begin to gather a part of their food from the tender water-plants. Then they are easily tamed and make interesting pets if one has time to feed and care for them. Like most other wild animals, they must be pleasantly and closely associated with man in order to lose their deep-seated fear of human beings.

Little Jerry we kept all summer until he was a well-grown muskrat. He was not afraid of me but he did not like to be handled and, when caught in my hands, would wiggle and squirm to get away. He lived in the house with Paddy and Johnny, our two baby beavers. He slept and ate with them but was much quicker and more independent than they. He always picked out the food he liked best even from under their very noses. Rolled oats was his favorite food but he also ate many water-plants, roots and bulbs,

besides grass and clover. He would not touch meat nor fish nor crawfish when offered to him.

He lived a comfortable and contented life with us until one night the desire to see the big world overcame his love of home. He climbed over the top of his pen and went down to the lake where the other muskrats lived and where he could have friends of his own kind. We were sorry to have him leave us, but he had taught us much about his muskrat ways and had learned some of ours that may have been useful to him later in life. At any rate he would have some good, true stories to tell to his muskrat friends around the water hole in the warm muskrat house next winter. He went with our best wishes for a long and happy life.

VERNON BAILEY

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. List briefly the facts about muskrats which you have learned from this story. 2. Draw a diagram of a muskrat's house such as is described here. 3. Do you think a muskrat would make a good pet? In what ways are these animals quite like people? 4. How is the fur of muskrats used? 5. Prepare a short oral or written composition on one of the following subjects:

- a. How Muskrats Live in Winter
- b. The Food of Muskrats
- c. How Muskrats Build Their Houses
- d. Jerry, the Tame Muskrat

A BLUE BIRD AND A BLACK BIRD ARE COUSINS

Glance over this selection and see how many paragraphs there are. Then try to get the main points in the whole piece in two minutes or less.

The blue jay is a handsome bird with a bad temper. If we can forgive little things like nest-robbing, disagreeable manners, and a scolding voice, we may admire this fellow, for he has intelligence and is most beautifully dressed. But his good looks make him proud and overbearing. As soon as his nest is built in the crotch of a tree early in May, the bird war is on; for the jay seems to be continually quarreling with his neighbors, although, as a matter of fact, he probably makes more fuss than he does damage.

With his squawking "Jay-ay-ay!" he makes as much noise as any two or three other birds, as he flashes past to pick a quarrel in the next tree. His feathers are a smoky blue, blending into a cadet blue and blue-lavender on his wings and back. His wings are bars of black and white with blue at the ends. His tail is barred with black, with blue and white patches between the stripes. There is a ruffle of black around his white collar and his top-knot is a bright blue.

One would not suspect that the blue jay is a relative of the crow, the shiny black bird who caws hoarsely in our backyard when the snow is still on the ground. But when you consider the crow's unmusical call and his untrustworthy habits, you begin to see a likeness between the two. And

a close look at the crow's back shows you that there are purple and blue feathers mixed in with the inky ones. The eggs of both the crow and the blue jay are olive-green, thickly speckled with brown.

The crow and the robin are our most common birds, but the crow is as unpopular as the robin is welcome. The crow's activity in uprooting corn and eating potato sprouts led the farmer to the invention of the well-known scarecrow.

In scolding the crow for his bad habits, however, we often forget that he destroys June bugs, cutworms, and grasshoppers in great numbers. It is true, however, that he attacks the nests of song birds and steals the eggs and even the young birds. In short, the crow eats whatever he can find and is altogether a black character as well as a black bird.

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Have you ever seen any of the birds described in this selection? Which? Tell when and where you saw it? 2. Find the sentence which gives you the best picture. 3. Think of some other bird you know well and prepare to describe it.

4. Here is a list of good books about birds, insects, and animals. Try one or more of them.

True Bird Stories by OLIVE THORNE MILLER

True Tales of Birds and Beasts by DAVID STARR JORDAN

Our Birds and Their Nestlings by M. C. WALKER

Dame Bug and Her Babies by E. M. PATCH

Hexapod Stories by E. M. PATCH

Tiny Toilers and Their Works by G. G. CLARK

Beyond the Pasture Bars by DALLAS LORE SHARP

Wilderness Babies by J. A. SCHWARTZ

A very different kind of book about animals — more fanciful than these others — is *The Wind in the Willows* by KENNETH GRAHAME.

READ AND DRAMATIZE

In dramatic work facial expression, gestures, and tone of voice all help to convey meanings to your audience. Your teacher will ask you to tell her how many characters will be needed for each number. She may also request a boy or girl to be announcer for each number.

If you are chosen to take a part, think what will be the best position to take, what gestures and facial expressions will be appropriate, and what tone of voice you will use. Carry out as far as possible the meaning of the selection.

1. Find pages 192 and 193. Read carefully the part of the story which gives the conversation between the laborers. Then dramatize that part of the story.

2. Turn to page 48. Read the paragraph beginning "So the laborer's wife." Dramatize what the woman did after her purchases were made in the village.

3. On page 47 find the last paragraph. Read it and prepare to dramatize it so well that your classmates will want to applaud.

4. Read the paragraph beginning "At daybreak" on page 80. Review the page and dramatize the landing of Columbus and the meeting between the Spaniards and the Indians.

5. Review pages 152, 153, and 154. Use your books when you dramatize. Read only the words spoken by the mayor, the people, the corporation, the piper.

6. Dramatize the fable found on page 136. Remember to help the words along by expression and gesture.

7. The description of Mozart's meeting with Marie Antoinette begins on page 199. Reread it thoughtfully; then dramatize it.

8. Select any part of any story you have read. Review the part to refresh your memory; then dramatize it for the class.

READ, THINK, WRITE

Write your name and grade on a sheet of ruled paper. At the left of your paper write 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 in a column with two lines between the numbers.

1. Roger earned two dollars every week. He put 75 cents in the savings bank every Saturday.

How much did Roger save each week? Write your answer after 1 on your paper.

2. John William kept a small notebook in his pocket. Whenever he misspelled words in his school exercises, he wrote these words neatly and correctly in his notebook.

What two words tell how John William wrote? Write your answer after 2.

3. Grayson received a state prize for writing an article on "Safety First." The prize was a five-dollar gold piece.

What did Grayson write about? Write your answer after 3.

4. Frances and Elizabeth started to walk to their aunt's house. The aunt lived on an adjoining farm. When crossing a stream at the foot of a hill Frances fell into the water and had to go home. Elizabeth went on to her aunt's house.

Who fell into the water? Write your answer after 4.

5. Billy lived on a farm. In summer he sold watermelons to automobile tourists who passed by on the state road.

What season of year is mentioned? Write your answer after 5.

6. Esther is a tiny girl. One day she wore a pink frock. Her aunt said, "What a lovely little pink dress, Esther." Esther cried out, "My dress is not pink, it's *blue*."

What color was Esther's dress? Write your answer after 6.



JASON AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

The Greeks had many legends giving accounts of heroes and wonderful deeds of all sorts. Even when they no longer believed in these stories as actual fact, they liked to tell them for entertainment. As you read you will be interested in the question of why this old, old story of Jason and the golden fleece has lived so long and is still told.

[The fleece was that of a huge golden ram which had carried away on its back a young Grecian prince named Phrixus, to Colchis, a country east of the Black Sea. The youth had died there and the Greeks believed that his spirit would never find rest until the golden fleece should be brought to Greece.

Jason, a cousin of Phrixus, was a young man of great wisdom and strength, who had been brought up by Cheiron, a centaur, half man and half horse. Jason's uncle, the king, fearing that Jason might one day take his kingdom away from him, sent him on this quest for the golden fleece. Jason, undaunted by the perils that lay before him, gathered a band of heroes, fitted up the good ship *Argo*, and ventured forth to find the golden fleece.]

I

The heroes waited for the southwest wind and chose themselves a captain from their crew. All called for Hercules because he was the strongest and most huge; but Hercules refused and called for Jason because he was the wisest of them all. So Jason was chosen captain.

And Orpheus, the sweet musician, who with his lyre could charm beasts and make trees and rocks move, heaped a

pile of wood and slew a bull and offered it to the gods. He called all the heroes to stand round, each man's head crowned with olive, and to strike their swords into the bull. Then he filled a golden goblet with the bull's blood, and with wheaten flour and honey and wine and the bitter salt-sea water, and bade the heroes taste. So each tasted the goblet and passed it round and vowed an awful vow. And they vowed before the sun and the night and the blue-haired sea who shakes the land, to stand by Jason faithfully in the adventure of the golden fleece; and whosoever shrank back or disobeyed or turned traitor to his vow should be followed by the evil spirits who track guilty men.

Then Jason lighted the pile and burnt the carcass of the bull, and they went to their ship and sailed eastward, like men who have a work to do. Three thousand years and more ago they sailed away into the unknown Eastern seas. Great nations have come and gone since then, and many a storm has swept the earth; and many a mighty fleet — English and French, Turkish and Russian — to which *Argo* would be but one small boat, has sailed those waters since. Yet the fame of that small *Argo* lives forever.

And the Argonauts, as the adventurers on the *Argo* were called, went eastward and sailed out into the open sea which we now call the Black Sea. No Greeks had ever crossed it, and all feared that dreadful sea and its rocks and shoals and fogs and bitter freezing storms. They told strange stories of it, how it stretched northward to the ends of the earth and the everlasting night and the regions of the dead.



And the heroes trembled, for all their courage, as they came into that wild Black Sea and saw it stretching out before them, without a shore, as far as eye could see.

And one day-dawn they looked eastward, and midway between the sea and the sky they saw white snow-peaks hanging, glittering sharp and bright above the clouds. And they knew that they were come to Caucasus at the end of all the earth — Caucasus, the highest of all mountains, the father of the rivers of the East.

And they rowed three days to the eastward while Caucasus rose higher hour by hour, till they saw a dark stream rushing headlong to the sea and, shining above the tree tops, the golden roofs of King Æetes, the child of the Sun.

Then out spoke the helmsman: "We are come to our goal at last; for there are the roofs of Æetes and the woods

where all poisons grow. But who can tell us where among them is hid the golden fleece? Many a toil must we bear ere we find it and bring it home to Greece."

But Jason cheered the heroes, for his heart was high and bold; and he said, "I will go alone up to Æetes, though he be the child of the Sun, and win him with soft words. Better so than to go all together and to come to blows at once." But his companions would not stay behind, so they rowed boldly up the stream.

And a dream came to Æetes and filled his heart with fear. He thought he saw a shining star, which fell into his daughter's lap; and that Medea, his daughter, took it gladly and carried it to the riverside and cast it in, and there the whirling river bore it down and out into the Black Sea.

Then he leapt up in fear and bade his servants bring his chariot, that he might go down to the riverside and appease the nymphs and the heroes whose spirits haunt the bank. So he went down in his golden chariot and his daughters by his side — Medea, the fair witch-maiden, and Chalciope, who had been Phrixus's wife — and behind him a crowd of servants and soldiers, for he was a rich and mighty prince.

And as he drove down by the reedy river, he saw *Argo* sliding up beneath the bank and many a hero in her, like Immortals for beauty and for strength, as their weapons glittered round them in the level morning sunlight through the white mist of the stream. But Jason was the noblest of all; for Hera, the queen of the gods, who loved him, gave him beauty and tallness and terrible manhood.

And when they came near together and looked into each other's eyes, the heroes were awed before Æetes as he shone in his chariot like his father, the glorious Sun. For his robes were of rich gold tissue, and the rays of his diadem flashed fire ; and in his hand he bore a jeweled scepter, which glittered like the stars. Sternly he looked at them under his brows, and sternly he spoke and loud :

“Who are you and what want you here? Do you take no account of my rule nor of my people, the Colchians, who serve me, who never tired yet in the battle and know well how to face an invader?”

And the heroes sat silent awhile before the face of that ancient king. But Hera, the awful goddess, put courage into Jason's heart, and he rose and shouted loudly in answer : “We are no pirates nor lawless men. We come not to plunder and to ravage, or to carry away slaves from your land ; but my uncle, the Grecian king, has sent me on a quest to bring home the golden fleece. And these, too, my bold comrades, they are no nameless men ; for some are the sons of Immortals, and some of heroes far renowned. And we, too, never tire in battle and know well how to give blows and to take. Yet we wish to be guests at your table ; it will be better so for both.”

Then Æetes' rage rushed up like a whirlwind, and his eyes flashed fire as he heard ; but he crushed his anger down in his breast and spoke mildly a cunning speech :

“If you will fight for the fleece with my Colchians, then many a man must die. But do you indeed expect to win from me the fleece in fight? So few you are that if you be

worsted, I can load your ship with your corpses. But if you will be ruled by me, you will find it better far to choose the best man among you and let him fulfill the labors which I demand. Then I will give him the golden fleece for a prize and a glory to you all."

So saying, he turned his horses and drove back in silence to the town. And the Greeks sat silent with sorrow and longed for Hercules and his strength; for there was no facing the thousands of the Colchians and the fearful chance of war.

2

But Chalciope, Phrixus's widow, went weeping to the town; for she remembered her Grecian husband and the fair faces of his kinsmen and their long locks of golden hair. And she whispered to Medea, her sister, "Why should all these brave men die? Why does not my father give them up the fleece, that my husband's spirit may have rest?"

And Medea's heart pitied the heroes and Jason most of all; and she answered, "Our father is stern and terrible, and who can win the golden fleece?"

But Chalciope said, "These men are not like our men; there is nothing which they cannot dare and do."

And Medea thought of Jason and his brave countenance and said, "If there were one among them who knew no fear, I could show him how to win the fleece."

So in the dusk of evening they went down to the river-side, Chalciope and Medea, the witch-maiden, and Argus, Phrixus's son. And Argus, the boy, crept forward among

the beds of reeds, till he came where the heroes were sleeping on the thwarts of the ship beneath the bank, while Jason kept watch on the shore and leaned upon his lance, full of thought. And the boy came to Jason and said, "I am the son of Phrixus, your cousin; and Chalciope, my mother, waits for you, to talk about the golden fleece."

Then Jason went boldly with the boy and found the two princesses standing. And when Chalciope saw him, she wept and took his hands and cried, "O cousin of my beloved, go home before you die!"

"It would be base to go home now, fair princess, and to have sailed all these seas in vain." Then both the princesses besought him; but Jason said, "It is too late."

"But you know not," said Medea, "what he must do who would win the fleece. He must tame the two brazen-footed bulls who breathe devouring flame; and with them he must plow ere nightfall four acres in the field of the war god; and he must sow them with serpents' teeth, of which each tooth springs up into an armed man. Then he must fight with all those warriors. And little will it profit him to conquer them; for the fleece is guarded by a serpent, more huge than any mountain pine, and over his body you must step if you would reach the golden fleece."

Then Jason laughed bitterly. "Unjustly is that fleece kept here and by an unjust and lawless king. And unjustly shall I die in my youth, for I will attempt it ere another sun be set."

Then Medea trembled and said, "No mortal man can reach that fleece unless I guide him through. For round

it, beyond the river, is a wall full nine ells high, with lofty towers and mighty gates of threefold brass; and over the gates the wall is arched, with golden battlements above. And over the gateway sits Brimo, the wild witch-huntress of the woods, brandishing a pine torch in her hands while her mad hounds howl around. No man dare meet her or look on her but only I, her priestess; and she watches far and wide lest any stranger should come near."

"No wall so high but it may be climbed at last, and no wood so thick but it may be crawled through. No serpent so wary but he may be charmed, or witch-queen so fierce but spells may soothe her. And I may yet win the golden fleece if a wise maiden help bold men."

And he looked at Medea cunningly and held her with his glittering eye, till she blushed and trembled and said, "Who can face the fire of the bulls' breath and fight ten thousand armed men?"

"He whom you help," said Jason, flattering her, "for your fame is spread over all the earth. Are you not the queen of all enchantresses, wiser even than your sister, Circe, in her fairy island in the West?"

"Would that I were with my sister, Circe, in her fairy island in the West, far away from sore temptation and thoughts which tear the heart! But if it must be so — for why should you die? — I have an ointment here. I made it from the magic ice-flower, above the clouds on Caucasus, in the dreary fields of snow. Anoint yourself with that, and you shall have in you seven men's strength; and anoint your shield with it, and neither fire nor sword

can harm you. But what you begin you must end before sunset, for its virtue lasts only one day. And anoint your helmet with it before you sow the serpents' teeth; and when the sons of earth spring up, cast your helmet among their ranks, and the deadly crop of the war god's field will mow itself and perish."

Then Jason fell on his knees before her and thanked her and kissed her hands; and she gave him the vase of ointment and fled trembling through the reeds. And Jason told his comrades what had happened and showed them the box of ointment, and all rejoiced.

And at sunrise Jason went and bathed, and anointed himself from head to foot and his shield and his helmet and his weapons, and bade his comrades try the spell. So they tried to bend his lance, but it stood like an iron bar; and they hewed at it with their swords, but the blades flew to splinters. Then the heroes hurled their lances at his shield, but the spear-points turned like lead. And one tried to throw him, but he never stirred a foot; and another struck him with his fist a blow which would have killed an ox, but Jason only smiled, and the heroes danced about him with delight.

Then he sent up two messengers to tell Æetes that he was ready for the fight; and they went up among the marble walls and beneath the roofs of gold and stood in Æetes' hall, while he grew pale with rage.

"Fulfill your promise to us, child of the blazing Sun. Give us the serpents' teeth and let loose the fiery bulls, for we have found a champion who can win the golden fleece."

And Æetes bit his lips, for he fancied that they had fled away by night; but he could not go back from his promise, so he gave them the serpents' teeth. Then he called for his chariot and his horses and sent heralds through all the town, and all the people went out with him to the dreadful war god's field. And there Æetes sat upon his throne with his warriors on each hand, thousands and tens of thousands, clothed from head to foot in steel chain-mail. And the people and the women crowded to every window and bank and wall, while the Greeks stood together, a mere handful in the midst of that great host. And Chalciope was there and Argus, trembling, and Medea, wrapped closely in her veil; but Æetes did not know that she was muttering cunning spells between her lips.

Then Jason cried, "Fulfill your promise and let your fiery bulls come forth."

Then Æetes bade open the gates, and the magic bulls leapt out. Their brazen hoofs rang upon the ground, and their nostrils sent out sheets of flame as they rushed with lowered heads upon Jason; but he never flinched a step. The flame of their breath swept round him but it singed not a hair of his head, and the bulls stopped short and trembled when Medea began her spell.

Then Jason sprang upon the nearest and seized him by the horn. And up and down they wrestled till the bull fell groveling on his knees; for the heart of the brute died within him, and his mighty limbs were loosed beneath the steadfast eye of that dark witch-maiden and the magic whisper of her lips.



So both the bulls were tamed and yoked, and Jason bound them to the plow and goaded them onward with his lance till he had plowed the sacred field.

3

And all the Greeks shouted, but Æetes bit his lips with rage; for the half of Jason's work was over and the sun was yet high in heaven. Then Jason took the serpents' teeth and sowed them and waited what would befall.

And every furrow heaved and bubbled, and out of every

clod arose a man. Out of the earth they rose by thousands, each clad from head to foot in steel, and drew their swords and rushed on Jason where he stood in the midst alone.

Then the Greeks grew pale with fear for him, but Æetes laughed a bitter laugh. "See! If I had not warriors enough already round me, I could call them out of the bosom of the earth."

But Jason snatched off his helmet and hurled it into the thickest of the throng. And blind madness came upon them, suspicion, hate, and fear; and one cried to his fellow, "Thou didst strike me!" and another, "Thou art Jason; thou shalt die!" So fury seized those earth-born phantoms, and each turned his hand against the rest; and they fought and were never weary till they all lay dead upon the ground. Then the magic furrows opened, and the kind earth took them home into her breast; and the grass grew up all green above them, and Jason's work was done.

Then the Greeks rose and shouted, and Jason cried, "Lead me to the fleece before the sun goes down."

But Æetes thought: "He has conquered the bulls and sown and reaped the deadly crop. Who is this who is proof against all magic? He may kill the serpent yet." So he delayed and sat taking counsel with his princes till the sun went down and all was dark. Then he bade a herald cry: "Every man to his home for tonight. Tomorrow we will meet these heroes and speak about the golden fleece."

Then he turned and looked at Medea. "This is your doing, false witch-maid! You have helped these yellow-haired strangers and brought shame upon your father and yourself!"

Medea shrank and trembled, and her face grew pale with fear; and Æetes knew that she was guilty and whispered, "If they win the fleece, you die!"

But the Greeks marched toward their ship, growling like lions cheated of their prey; for they saw that Æetes meant to mock them and to cheat them out of all their toil. And one said, "Let us go to the grove together and take the fleece by force." But Jason held them back though he praised them, for he hoped for Medea's help.

And after a while Medea came trembling and wept a long while before she spoke. And at last: "My end is come and I must die, for my father has found out that I have helped you. You he would kill if he dared, but he will not harm you because you have been his guests. Go, then, go! And remember poor Medea when you are far away across the sea."

But all the heroes cried, "If you die, we die with you; for without you we cannot win the fleece, and home we will not go without it, but fall here fighting to the last man."

"You need not die," said Jason. "Show us but how to win the fleece and come with us, and you shall be my queen and rule over the Greeks in my country by the sea."

And all the heroes pressed round and vowed to her that she should be their queen.

Medea wept and hid her face in her hands, for her heart yearned after her sisters and her playfellows and the home where she was brought up as a child. But at last she looked up at Jason and spoke between her sobs: "Must I leave my home and my people to wander with strangers across

the sea? The lot is cast and I must endure it. I will show you how to win the golden fleece. Bring up your ship to the wood-side and moor her there against the bank, and let Jason come up at midnight and one brave comrade with him, and meet me beneath the wall."

Then all the heroes cried together, "I will go!" "And I!" "And I!"

But Medea calmed them and said, "Orpheus shall go with Jason and bring his magic harp, for I hear of him that he is the king of all minstrels and can charm all things on earth." And Orpheus laughed for joy and clapped his hands because the choice had fallen on him.

So at midnight they went up the bank and found Medea; and beside came her young brother, leading a yearling lamb. Then Medea brought them to a thicket beside the war god's gate, and there she bade Jason dig a ditch and kill the lamb and leave it there and strew on it magic herbs and honey from the honeycomb.

Then sprang up through the earth, with the red fire flashing before her, Brimo, the wild witch-huntress, while her mad hounds howled around. She had one head like a horse's and another like a hound's and another like a hissing snake's, and a sword in either hand. And she leapt into the ditch with her hounds, and they ate and drank their fill, while Jason and Orpheus trembled and Medea hid her eyes.

And at last the witch-queen vanished and fled with her hounds into the woods; and the bars of the gates fell down, and the brazen doors flew wide. And Medea and the heroes ran forward and hurried through the poison wood among

the dark stems of the mighty beeches, guided by the gleam of the golden fleece, until they saw it hanging on one vast tree in the midst. And Jason would have sprung to seize it, but Medea held him back and pointed shuddering to the tree-foot, where the mighty serpent lay coiled in and out among the roots, with a body like a mountain pine. His coils stretched many a fathom, spangled with bronze and gold; and half of him they could see, but no more, for the rest lay in the darkness far beyond.

And when the serpent saw them coming, he lifted up his head and watched them with his small bright eyes and flashed his forked tongue and roared like the fire among the woodlands, till the forest tossed and groaned. But Medea called him gently to her, and he stretched out his long spotted neck and licked her hand and looked up in her face. Then she made a sign to Orpheus, and he began his magic song.

And as he sung the forest grew calm again, and the leaves on every tree hung still. The serpent's head sank down, and his brazen coils grew limp, and his glittering eyes closed lazily, till he breathed as gently as a child.

Then Jason leapt forward warily and stepped across that mighty snake and tore the fleece from off the tree trunk; and the four rushed down the garden to the bank where *Argo* lay.

There was silence for a moment, while Jason held the golden fleece on high. Then he cried, "Go now, good *Argo*, swift and steady, if ever you would see Greece again!"

And she went as the heroes drove her, grim and silent all, with muffled oars, till the pine-wood bent like willow



in their hands, and stout *Argo* groaned beneath their strokes. On and on, beneath the dewy darkness they fled swiftly down the swirling stream, underneath black walls and temples and the castles of the princes of the East. On they went till they heard the merry music of the surge upon the bar as it tumbled in the moonlight all alone.

Into the surge they rushed, and *Argo* leapt the breakers like a horse, till the heroes stopped all panting, each man upon his oar, as she slid into the still, broad sea.

Then Orpheus took his harp and sang a pæan, till the heroes' hearts rose high again; and they rowed on stoutly and steadfastly, away into the darkness of the West.

CHARLES KINGSLEY—Adapted

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Now that you have found out what happened, you will be able in a second reading to notice many things you did not observe the first time. *Argo* was really a large rowboat fitted out with many long oars. Look at the picture. Find in the dictionary or elsewhere other pictures of Greek galleys or pictures of old Greek costumes.

2. Many curious customs are shown in the story. The first is that of offering a sacrifice and making vows when a captain is chosen. Examine these customs one by one and make a list of them. 3. What other story in this book does the account of the *Argo* make you think of? 4. Why did Jason deserve to be captain? Note the wise and brave things he did. 5. Take a class vote as to the best scene to dramatize and prepare to dramatize the scene chosen. 6. Make a list of the perils which Jason had to overcome, and be sure you know how he overcame each one.

7. Read about the deeds of other Greek heroes in *Old Greek Stories* by JAMES BALDWIN, *Four Old Greeks* by JENNIE HALL, *A Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, *The Heroes* by CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Gods and Heroes* by R. E. FRANCILLON, or *The Golden Porch* by W. M. L. HUTCHINSON.

HOW ROBIN HOOD MET LITTLE JOHN

The English have their stories, too, as all peoples do. The most popular hero with the common folk some hundreds of years ago was Robin Hood. No one knows whether he was a real character or not, but the story is that he was unjustly forced to become an outlaw and to live in the greenwood, where he gathered many agreeable companions about him. The wealthy nobles of England at this time often oppressed the poor unmercifully, and Robin and his band sometimes took pleasure in robbing the rich to help the poor. This account tells how Robin first met a man who became one of his bravest followers.

When Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
He happened to meet Little John,
A jolly, brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man.

"We have had no sport these fourteen long days," said Robin Hood to his men one morning. "Tarry here, for I will go alone in search of adventure. But, look you! Listen for my call, for I will blow my horn if I become hard pressed."

He shook hands with those nearest him, as was his custom, and strode forward through the greenwood, whistling merrily and swinging his bow as he went. On he walked, rejoicing in the beauty of the May morning, and at last on the outskirts of the forest he came to a little brook spanned by a very low and narrow bridge. As Robin neared the bridge, he saw that a stranger was crossing it towards him. An immense fellow he was. Robin was nearly six feet tall at this time, but the other man was more than a foot greater in height. His limbs were large and muscular, and he carried a huge quarterstaff.

Nothing daunted, however, Robin strode forward, and the two men met in the center of the bridge. They stood a moment in silence, eying each other, and then Robin spoke.

"Let me pass, stranger!" he said. "If thou dost not, I'll show thee some good Nottingham play!" and he fingered his bow suggestively and drew an arrow from his quiver, a broad one with a goose wing.

The stranger gave a roar of laughter. "Ha, young one!" he said. "I'll grease thy hide if thou offerest but to touch the string!"

Robin was accustomed to much deference, and he was conscious of his own skill. He grew crimson with rage. "Thou dost prate like an ass!" he said calmly. "If I were but to bend my bow, I could send an arrow through thy proud heart before thou couldst strike one blow!"

"Coward!" the stranger cried scornfully. "There thou standest, well armed with a long bow to shoot at my heart, while I have naught but this staff in my hand."

Robin looked at him thoughtfully. "I scorn the name of coward," he answered presently. "Perchance thou art right. Wherefore I will e'en lay by my long bow and take a staff to try the worth of thy manhood."

So saying, he stepped to a thicket near by and chose a ground-oak staff. Then he came back upon the bridge and again faced the stranger. "See my staff!" he said. "It is tough and lusty. Now play we here on the bridge. Whoever shall fall in, the other shall win the battle."

"With all my heart!" replied the stranger. "I scorn to give out even in the very least."

So they fell to without more words and began to flourish their staves about. First Robin gave the stranger such a bang that it made his very bones ring.

"Thou must be repaid!" cried the stranger then. "I'll give you as good as you bring! So long as I am able to handle my staff I scorn to die in your debt!"

Then heartily each went to it, and so fast and furious followed their blows, it seemed as if they were threshing corn. At last the stranger gave Robin so hard a crack on the crown that blood came. The sight of his own blood enraged Robin, and his blows became even more fierce. So thick and fast did he lay on, indeed, that the stranger began to steam with his exertions as if he were on fire. He gave Robin a mighty blow at last which tumbled him into the brook. Then the stranger stood back, his hands on his hips, and roared with laughter.

"I prithee, good fellow, and where art thou now?" he cried merrily.

Robin could not forbear laughing also, though somewhat ruefully, for he was a good sportsman and knew how to take defeat.

"Good faith!" he answered, sputtering a little, for the water of the brook had gotten into his mouth and eyes. "I'm e'en in the flood and floating along with the tide!"

Then he shook the water out of his hair and rubbed it out of his eyes, and presently made his way to the bank and pulled himself up by a thornbush. The stranger still stood on the bridge, gazing down at him.

"I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul!" said



Robin, looking back at him admiringly. "I'll no longer contend with thee! I needs must acknowledge, too, that thou hast won the day, and so our battle is ended." With that he blew a loud triple blast on his bugle.

Presently through the trees came running great numbers of men, all clad in Lincoln green but no longer so shabby as they had been when Robin had first become their leader. They came up swiftly and surrounded him.

"Oh, what is the matter?" quoth Will Stutely. "You are wet to the skin, good master!"

"No matter!" said Robin, laughing. He pointed to the tall stranger on the bridge. "Yon man, in fighting, tumbled me into the brook," he said with a chuckle at his own plight.

"Then indeed he shall not escape scot free!" cried Will, and two or three of the men made for the stranger with the evident intention of serving him as he had served their master. Robin, however, stayed them with a look.

"Nay," he said, "forbear! He's a stout fellow." Then he spoke courteously to the stranger. "Be not afraid, good friend! No one shall harm thee! These bowmen wait upon me, and there are five times as many as are here. Wilt thou be one of us? If so, thou shalt straightway have my livery and all else that befits a brave man. Speak up, thou jolly blade, and never fear! I'll teach you the use of the bow and to shoot at the fallow deer."

The stranger gave a great roar of good-natured laughter and strode across the bridge to where Robin stood.

"Here's my hand!" he cried, offering Robin a huge paw. "I'll serve you with all my heart! My name is John Little."

"John Little!" repeated Will Stutely thoughtfully, gazing at the man's huge bulk. "*John Little!*" And at that, Robin and all his men roared with laughter.

John Little looked slightly offended.

"Nay, now," said Will Stutely in a tone of apology, laying his hand on the giant's arm, "I will be thy godfather and give thee a new name. Thy name suits thee ill and must needs be altered. Come, we will have a christening feast."

Then gaily the outlaws turned back into the forest, and in one of their accustomed gathering places a feast was prepared. A brace of fat does were roasted by the fire, and flagons of foaming ale were produced. They called it, as Will Stutely had proposed, a christening feast; and John Little was put in the place of honor at Robin's right hand.

After they had eaten and drunk their fill, Will cried, "This infant here was called John Little, but that name shall be changed anon. The words we'll transpose, and wherever he shall go hereafter he shall be called Little John!"

Then they all made the forest ring with a great shouting of "Little John! Little John!" and Robin presented his new follower with what he called his christening robes, a suit of Lincoln green. He gave Little John also a long bow and a quiver full of arrows.

"Thou shalt be as good an archer as the best," Robin said to him; "and thou shalt range the greenwood with the rest of us. We live here like squires and lords although we have ne'er a foot of free land. We feast on good cheer, however, and have everything we desire."

So the christening feast ended, and the men went back to their caves, for it was sunset. Ever after, despite the fact that he was seven feet tall and perhaps an ell around the waist, the newcomer was called Little John.

SARA HAWKS STERLING

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. What kind of man does this story show Robin Hood to have been? Why would he be popular? 2. What disagreeable things would Robin and his men have to endure in their life in the woods? 3. Can you suggest a way in which Robin and Little John could have avoided the fight? What shows both of these men to have been "good sports"? 4. Why did John become a member of Robin's band? 5. What words do you find in this story that are not used nowadays, such as *prithee*? 6. Let two boys stand before the class and read aloud, one taking the part of Little John, the other that of Robin Hood. Read only the conversation, omitting the paragraphs that contain description or action. 7. Be prepared to read aloud the most exciting part of the story; the most amusing part.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And turn his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live i' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

HOW ROBIN HOOD BECAME A BUTCHER

Robin Hood was clever as well as brave. He liked nothing better than to disguise himself and fool people, especially the sheriff of Nottingham, who was very unjust and oppressive.

Upon a time, it chanced so,
Bold Robin in forest did spy
A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hie.

Robin and his men came to be a constant thorn in the flesh of the sheriff of Nottingham. That worthy man considered himself the representative of the majesty of the law and of the Crown, as indeed he was at Nottingham; but it is doubtful whether the King's Majesty took himself quite so seriously as did the sheriff. Time passed, and Robin's band grew in numbers and in strength. It seemed as if nothing could stay their progress.

As for Robin and his merry men, they knew right well the feelings of the sheriff towards them, and of course they took delight in teasing him. It came to be no uncommon thing for one or more of them to venture disguised into Nottingham and play some merry trick upon the sheriff and his followers. What made it harder for the sheriff to enforce the law was that nearly all the people of the town and of the country round loved and protected Robin and his men.

At last the sheriff set a reward on Robin's head. If the chief offender were caught, he reasoned, it ought to be an easy matter to capture the rest. When the outlaws heard of this reward, they raised a great shout of laughter, Robin's voice loudest of all.

"So," he said with twinkling eyes, "the sheriff will have my head! Well, who knows? Ere a twelvemonth be passed, I may have his instead!"

It was a lovely summer morning. Robin stood under the spreading branches of his favorite oak tree. Some of his men sat or lay on the ground near by. Little John sprawled at his full mighty length at Robin's feet.

"Say but the word, master," said Little John in a lazy voice, "say but the word, and we two will go and bring back the sheriff's head, so ending this foolish matter."

"Hark! What was that?" said Robin suddenly, instead of replying.

The sound he had heard was the loud, fierce barking of a dog. All the men scrambled to their feet; but scarcely had the words left Robin's lips, than a cut-tailed dog came tearing through the trees and made straight for Robin's face.

"Ha! An ungracious cur!" said Robin calmly, seizing the dog by the throat and throwing him gasping into the bushes near by. "Is this thy master following?" He gave a quick signal to his men to withdraw. When a glossy mare came trotting along the forest pathway, no one was in sight save Robin himself leaning against the great oak tree.

The mare's rider was evidently a butcher. Numerous joints of meat were fastened neatly to the saddle, and others filled the baskets that were slung along the horse's back. The rider was a fat, jolly man with a red face and a shining skin.

"Good morrow, friend!" quoth Robin, stepping suddenly

into the man's way and seizing the mare's bridle. "What food hast thou, tell me? Tell me also thy trade and where thou livest, for verily I like thy company well."

The butcher had grown red with rage at this sudden halt in his progress. "No matter where I dwell!" he said curtly. "I am a butcher, and I am going into Nottingham to sell my meats."

At that moment a forlorn yelp arose from the bushes. An instant later the cur who had tried to attack Robin came limping from the bushes.

"Vice, my poor Vice!" cried the butcher caressingly. "Who hath gotten thee into this state?" and he glared suspiciously at Robin.

"Thy dog is well named," observed Robin coolly.

"In truth, I believe it was thou that didst bring him to this pass!" said the butcher angrily. "He did no ill to thee."

"If he did not, it was no fault of his," said Robin.

"Now by all the saints in heaven," cried the butcher, lumbering down from his mare and seizing his quarterstaff, "thou shalt have buffets three for what thou hast done!"

He looked so comical as he stood there, red and fuming, that Robin had much ado to restrain his laughter.

"Thy dog flew straight for my throat, good butcher," he said in a peaceable tone. "I could not but defend myself. Prithee tell me what is the price of this good flesh that thou hast here to sell, and what is the price of thy mare? Methinks I would fain be a butcher—for a while!" A sudden idea had occurred to him which made his eyes twinkle with merriment.

The butcher's angry brow smoothed itself out, and he let his staff fall to the ground.

"The price of my flesh," he answered, "with my bonny mare — well thou must give me four marks for them, and they are not dear at all. As for the dog —"

"Nay, I want not the dog," said Robin hastily. "Me-thinks he does not crave me as a master either. For thy meats and for thy mare and for that fresh smock that thou wearest, I will give thee five marks. Is it agreed?"

The butcher agreed very readily. A moment later he departed on foot, jingling his money in his pocket and with his dog under his arm; and very shortly afterwards a comely young butcher, wearing a smock several sizes too large for him, was trotting gaily on his mare toward Nottingham.

It was market day in the town, and tradesmen of many kinds were entering Nottingham from all directions. There were other butchers, of course, besides Robin; and in order not to seem ignorant of his business, he mingled among them, watching closely and asking occasional questions. Finally he took up his place with a group of others just before the sheriff's house. Like those about him, Robin spread forth his meats and began to call out their excellence. So far he had played his part well, and no one had suspected that he was other than he seemed; but now he did something that centered both interest and suspicion upon him.

"Buy my good fresh meat!" cried Robin gaily. "Here, gentle dames and pretty lasses! Who wants three penny-worth of meat for one?"

At first every one thought he was joking; but when the maids and matrons who were marketing discovered that he spoke the sober truth, and that he was indeed selling his meats for a third of their value, naturally every one flocked to this new and handsome young butcher.

"Surely," the other butchers whispered among themselves, "surely this is some prodigal who hath sold his father's lands."

Word passed from one to another of the great bargains that the new butcher was offering; and presently, anxious to share in these, forth from the sheriff's house came Mrs. Sheriff herself.

"Ah, Mistress Sheriff!" said Robin with a winning smile. "Hast come to share in the good luck that I have brought to Nottingham this day? Nay, here is a fine, tender bit of beef that I have saved especially for thee. I am a young butcher, Mistress Sheriff," he continued, with a bashful air that was very becoming to his handsome face. "I am come in among these fine dames thou seest. I beseech thee, good Mistress Sheriff, look thou that none wrong me!" and he gazed at her very appealingly.

"Thou art very welcome to Nottingham!" the sheriff's wife said graciously, well pleased with the fine piece of beef Robin said he had saved for her.

When she offered to pay for it, moreover, he refused to take a penny, and she retired in better humor than ever; for, although the sheriff loved good eating, he liked not so well to pay for it.

In a few minutes more Robin's meats were all sold, and

he turned gaily to his fellows. "It has been a good market day, friends!" he said.

Some of them shook their heads doubtfully at this mad butcher, more than ever convinced he was a prodigal.

"Come hither," said one of them, however, beckoning to him. "We be all of one trade. Wilt go and dine with us?"

"I will indeed go with you, my brethren true, as fast as I can," cried Robin cheerfully.

So presently they all sat down together at dinner in the sheriff's house. There under the sheriff's very nose sat Robin and chuckled to think what a fine tale he would have to tell his merry men when he got back to Sherwood.

"Let our new brother say grace!" said one of the butchers.

Robin very devoutly crossed himself and said, "Pray God bless us all and our meat within this place. A good cup of sack will nourish our blood. So ends my grace. Amen!" Then he cried, "Come, let us be merry while we are here! No matter how dear is our reckoning, I swear I will pay it!"

Then were the butchers more than ever convinced that he was a prodigal; but they were quite willing to accept his offer. So they ate and drank and made merry.

"This is a mad fellow, indeed!" thought the cautious butchers all the while they were enjoying Robin's generosity. After a time the sheriff noticed the newcomer, and the butcher sitting nearest him told him of what he called Robin's mad antics.

The sheriff's shrewd eyes narrowed. "He is some prodigal, no doubt," he said. "Mayhap he hath sold his lands and is now trying to spend all the gold and silver he received

for them." He leaned forward and addressed the strange young butcher seated midway down the table. "Hast perchance any horned beasts to sell me, good fellow?" he asked in a would-be gracious manner.

"Ay, that I have, good Master Sheriff," replied Robin with great apparent eagerness. "I have two or three hundred of them."

"Ah!" said the sheriff slowly. He looked at Robin searchingly. He did not for one moment recognize the outlaw, for he had never before met him. He was turning over in his grasping mind how he might best fleece this prodigal.

"A hundred acres of good free land I have also, if it please you to come to see it, Master Sheriff," continued Robin.

"Hm!" said the sheriff thoughtfully. "Well, good fellow, I will see these beasts and that land."

"So please your worship, it will like me well to lead you thither," answered Robin, all the while thinking what a tale this would be for him and his merry men to laugh over.

"Dwell here overnight as my guest," said the sheriff graciously, his words adding still more to Robin's inward glee. "Tomorrow morn I will then go with thee to see thy beasts and thy land."

"I will do so, and I thank your worship heartily," replied Robin.

So it chanced that Robin Hood, on whose head a price had been set, passed that night in the best room in the sheriff's house. He slept, however, very little. He would awaken every once in a while to chuckle with delight at the thought of the joke he was playing on the sheriff.



Early the next morning Robin and the sheriff started off together. When the sheriff noted that they were riding in the direction of Sherwood, he turned pale and halted his palfrey.

"God save us this day," he exclaimed piously, "from a man they call Robin Hood!"

"Amen!" said Robin devoutly as they entered the forest.

They rode a little farther, and presently no less than a hundred head of good red deer went scampering past them.

"How like you my horned beasts, good Master Sheriff?" asked Robin demurely. "They be fat and fair to see, as I promised you."

The sheriff looked at him with dawning suspicion. "I tell thee, good fellow," he said uneasily, "I would I were gone. Somehow I like not thy company."

Then of a sudden Robin set his horn to his lips and blew three blasts. In an instant, as it seemed, the trees, the bushes, the very undergrowth, were all alive with archers.

"What is your will, good master?" cried Little John, who was nearest; and at the word he and all the others bent the knee to Robin.

"Faith!" said Robin merrily, glancing at the sheriff, who sat shivering and pale on his horse. "I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham to dine with us!"

Then all the merry men raised a great shout of laughter and doffed their caps mockingly to the sheriff.

"He is welcome!" said Little John solemnly. "I hope, however, master, he will honestly pay for his dinner. I know he has gold enough."

"Doubtless thou art right, Little John," answered Robin. "Wilt see, my trusty friend? Take his mantle and count into it what he hath in his purse."

Thereat the sheriff's mantle was most courteously removed

and spread on the ground, and Robin's bidding was done. Alas for the sheriff! His purse was well lined that day, for he had gone forth expecting to drive a sharp bargain with the foolish prodigal whom he had taken Robin to be. After the three hundred pounds in the sheriff's purse had been seized, Robin bade his men make dinner ready; for since he had dined with the sheriff, the courtesy must be returned. So the sheriff was well feasted in the forest, but he had little appetite for the good cheer, thinking of the jest that had been played upon him.

When dinner was over, Robin himself led the sheriff through the forest and set him on his palfrey of dapple gray.

"Commend me to your good wife, Master Sheriff!" cried Robin, laughing as he waved his cap at the sheriff's retreating back. "Tell her I will save another goodly piece of meat for her when again I go as butcher to Nottingham."

SARA HAWKS STERLING

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Could everything have actually occurred, just as it is said to have done? Which happening is least likely? Which most likely?
2. Why do you think Robin Hood most wanted to fool the sheriff — to punish him or for the fun of it? 3. Be prepared to tell the whole story in a few sentences.

4. If possible, get from the library *Some Merry Adventures of Robin Hood* by HOWARD PYLE, or some other good collection of Robin Hood stories, and read all you can about him. These stories will also tell you about Friar Tuck, Will Scarlet, Maid Marian, and others who lived in Sherwood Forest. *Old Ballads in Prose* by EVA MARCH TAPPAN and *Page, Esquire, and Knight* by M. F. LANSING are two more good books.

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

This song about Robin Hood was written by a poet of our own time who evidently must love the stories about this hero. Ask your teacher to read it aloud to you, and as she reads try to imagine yourself in the leafy forest hearing and seeing everything described.

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake;
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon;
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood: dawn is in the skies;
And Marian is waiting with glory in her eyes.

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Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep :
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and gray goose-feather ;
The dead are coming back again ; the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows ;
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men ;
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day ;

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash ;
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly ;
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves :
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

ALFRED NOYES

STUDY AND ENJOYMENT

1. Illustrate the poem by cutting or drawing any lines which suggest a vivid picture to your mind. 2. Find out about Oberon. 3. Can you explain these lines : *shivering through the leaves; kissed the lips of June?* 4. Read aloud your favorite stanza or stanzas. Those who really love the poem will want to commit it to memory.

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear !
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling.
Merrily, merrily mingle they,
“Waken, lords and ladies gay.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SAMPO LAPPELILL

Last of all you will read a story of Lapland. This will give you a chance to see how well you can read. Note how long it requires for you to read the story once. Then study it in the ways that you have found best. You may wish to tell the story briefly, to question each other or your teacher, to make a play for dramatization, to write a description of the country, or to reproduce certain sections.

There was once a certain Lapp man and Lapp woman.

Now the Lapps are a strange people living in the northernmost parts of Sweden, Norway, and Finland. Their country is known as Lapland and is in many respects a very remarkable country. There you will find no cultivated fields, no trees to speak of, and no real houses; but instead you will see everywhere around you immense wastes and high mountains and little huts which you can enter only by crawling through a small hole in the side.

In midsummer the sun never sets and there is continual daylight; while in midwinter the sun is below the horizon all the time and the stars may be seen throughout the whole day. Ten months of the year there is winter with excellent sleighing. Then you can see the Lapp men and Lapp women glide over the snow in little boats which they call pulkas. Instead of horses they use reindeer. Have you ever seen a reindeer? They are about the size of a small horse and have large branching horns or antlers. They have pretty little heads with large bright eyes. They run over hills and mountains with the speed of the wind. The Lapps thoroughly enjoy these rides in their pulkas and wish that there were such sleighing all the year round.

As has already been said, there was once a Lapp man and Lapp woman. They lived far away in Lapland in a place called Aimio, which lies along the river Tana. This district is nothing but a wild waste, but the Lapp man and Lapp woman felt certain that you could nowhere on earth find such white snow, such beautiful clear stars, and such brilliant northern lights as at Aimio.

Here they built themselves a hut such as you may find everywhere in Lapland. Trees do not grow there, except small slender birches which look more like bushes than trees. Where, then, did they get timber for a house? They took these little birch rods or poles and stuck them in a circle in the snow; then they tied the tops together and covered the whole with reindeer skins till it looked like a gray sugar loaf. But at the top of this sugar loaf they left an opening to let out the smoke when they built a fire in the hut. They also left another hole on the south side through which they could crawl in and out. Such was the Laplander's hut, and he thought it a warm and most excellent home, though there was no other bed and no other floor than the white snow.

The Lapp and Lapp woman had a little boy, whom they called Sampo, which means in their language "wealth" or "good luck." But Sampo was rich enough to have two names; one was not enough. Once some strange gentlemen in large fur coats halted and rested in the hut. They had with them small, hard bits of snow such as the Lapp woman had never seen before, which they called sugar. Of this sweet snow they gave Sampo a few pieces and patted his little fat cheeks and said, "Lappelill, Lappelill." They

couldn't say any more, for they could not speak the Lapp language. Then they proceeded on their way northward to the ocean and to Europe's most northern point, called North Cape. But the Lapp woman liked the fine gentlemen and their sweet snow and began to call her little boy Lappelill.

"But I like Sampo much better as a name," the Lapp would say. "Sampo means wealth, and I tell thee, Mother, don't spoil the boy's name. Our Sampo will yet be king of the Lapps and rule over a thousand reindeer and fifty Lapp huts. Thou shalt see, thou shalt see."

"Yes, but Lappelill sounds much better," replied the woman; and she continued to call the boy Lappelill, although the father called him Sampo.

But the boy had not yet been baptized, for there was no minister within one hundred forty miles. "Next year we will drive to the minister's and have the boy christened," the father would say; but there was always something to prevent them from making the journey, and so the boy remained unchristened.

Sampo Lappelill was now a little chubby boy of seven or eight years with black hair, brown eyes, pug nose, and wide mouth just like his papa, which in Lapland is regarded as a mark of beauty. Sampo was a brave and strong boy for his years. He had his own little reindeer, which he hitched to his own pulka, and whiz! you should see how the snow flew about him when he drove through the drifts. All you could see of him was a little tuft of his black hair.

"I can never rest easy until the boy is baptized," said

the mother. "The wolves may catch him some day on the mountains, or he may run across Hiisi's reindeer with the golden horns, and then God help the poor little fellow if he is not baptized."

Sampo overheard these words and began to wonder what sort of reindeer it could be that had golden horns. "It must be a fine reindeer," he said. "I ought to get it some day and ride to Rastekais." Now Rastekais is a very high and bleak mountain which may be seen for thirty-five or forty miles, even from Aimio.

"Do not talk such nonsense, you rash youngster," scolded the mother. "Rastekais is the home of the trolls and of Hiisi."

"Hiisi? Who is Hiisi?" asked Sampo.

The mother hardly knew what to say. "Children have ears," she thought to herself. "And why should I talk about such things in his hearing? But it may be just as well that he be warned against Rastekais." So she said, "Dear Lappelill, you must never ride to Rastekais; for there lives Hiisi, the great mountain-king, who eats a reindeer in a bite and devours little boys like gnats."

Sampo looked very thoughtful but said nothing. Within himself he thought, "It would be a rare sight, indeed, to see such a monster, but of course at a safe distance."

It was now about three or four weeks after Christmas, and it was still altogether dark in Lapland. There was neither morning, noon, nor evening, but one long night; and the moon shone and the northern lights streamed and the stars sparkled throughout all the twenty-four hours of the

day. Sampo got tired of it. It was so long since he had seen the sun that he had almost forgotten what it looked like. And when any one spoke of summer, it only reminded Sampo of the time when the mosquitoes were so bad and wanted to eat him up. The summer, he thought, could just as well stay away if only there were light enough so that he could see to slide on his skis.

At noon on one of these dark days the Lapp called, "Come here, Sampo, and I will show you something."

Sampo crawled out of the hut and looked straight toward the south, the direction in which his father pointed. There was a little red streak along the horizon. "Do you know what that is?" asked the father.

"That must be the southern lights," answered Sampo, who knew his directions perfectly and also knew that you do not see the northern lights in the south.

"No," said the father, "that is the forerunner of the sun. Tomorrow or the next day we may perhaps see the sun itself. Only see how wonderfully the red glare lights up the top of Rastekais."

Sampo turned toward the west and saw how the snow on the cold, bleak top of Rastekais was colored red as if it were on fire. The mountain had not been visible for many months. It suggested to him what a treat it would be to see the terrible mountain-king who could swallow little children like gnats. "But only at a safe distance," he said to himself.

Sampo thought about the matter for the rest of the day and half of the night. He was supposed to sleep, but he

couldn't. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could only once get a glimpse of the mountain-king?" he thought.

At this thought he quietly crept from under the reindeer covering and crawled out through the door of the hut. It was extremely cold. The stars twinkled with a peculiar brightness and the snow squeaked under his feet. But Sampo Lappelill was hardy and cared not a mite for the cold. He was, besides, warmly dressed in a skin jacket, skin breeches, skin shoes, skin cap, and skin mittens. Thus provided against the cold, he looked quietly up at the stars, and wondered what he should do.

Just then he heard his little reindeer scratch in the snow, and the thought occurred to him, "What if I should take a little drive?" Sampo hitched his reindeer to his pulka, as he had often done, and then drove out across the immense waste of snow.

"I will drive a little way toward Rastekais," he thought, "only a little way." And away he went across the frozen river and up the other side of the Tana. He was now in the kingdom of Norway, for the Tana is the boundary river. But this Sampo did not know.

Sampo Lappelill sat in his pulka and sang,

"Fleeting is the day,
But the way is long;
Speed thee at my song,
Let us haste away;
For no rest is here,
Only wolves appear."

As Sampo sang, he could see in the darkness around him the wolves running like gray dogs and snatching at the rein-



deer. But Sampo did not care. He knew very well that no wolf was equal in swiftness to his good little reindeer. Whew! how it went over hills and rocks, so that the wind fairly roared in his ears! The moon in the sky seemed to run in the opposite direction. But Sampo only cheered the little reindeer on.

But it happened in a short turn down hill that the pulka upset, and Sampo was left lying in the snowdrift. The reindeer, supposing that Sampo was still in the pulka, pursued its course. Sampo's mouth was filled with snow and he could not call "Whoa! Whoa!" (though that is used for horses and not for reindeer). There he lay like a helpless mountain-mouse in the midst of the darkness and the boundless waste.

Sampo was at first taken by surprise, and who can wonder? He finally got up out of the snow. He was not hurt in the least. As far as he could see in the dim moonlight there was nothing but snowdrifts and mountains. One mountain rose higher than all the others, and Sampo knew that he was at the foot of Rastekais. At once he remembered that here dwelt the terrible mountain-king who ate a reindeer at a bite and swallowed little boys like gnats. Sampo Lappelill was frightened. How gladly would he now have been home again with his father and mother in the warm little hut! But how was he to get there? And before he could get there, might not the mountain-king find him in the drift and swallow him, breeches and mittens and all, like any poor, helpless little gnat?

Sampo Lappelill sat there alone in the snow and darkness on Lapland's lonely mountain. It was strange and weird to sit there and watch the dark shadow of the mountain where dwelt the terrible mountain-king. It did not help him to cry, for all his tears froze in an instant and rolled down like peas upon his deerskin jacket. So Sampo got up from the snowdrift.

"If I stay here I'll freeze to death," he said to himself. "No, I'd rather go to the mountain-king and if he eats me up, he eats me up. But I'll tell him he had better eat the wolves; they would make fatter steaks, and he would have less trouble with their coats."

So saying, Sampo began to climb the mountain. He had not gone far before he heard something shuffling in the snow, and looking around he found a large shaggy wolf at

his side. His heart gave a jump, but he decided to appear perfectly cool and not at all afraid.

"Don't run in my way," he cried to the wolf, "and take care of your precious skin if you do me any harm. I am on an errand to the mountain-king."

"I am in no haste now," replied the wolf, for on Rastekais all animals can talk. "Who are you, little mite, crawling through the deep snow?"

"I am Sampo Lappelill," answered he. "Who are you?"

"I am the mountain-king's master-wolf," replied the wolf, "and I have run all around the mountain to call together all his people to the great sun-feast. Since you go the same way I do, you may climb upon my back and ride to the top."

Sampo did not hesitate but climbed upon the shaggy back of the wolf, and away it went in a flying gallop over cliffs and precipices.

"What do you mean by a sun-feast?" asked Sampo as they sped along.

"Don't you know?" replied the wolf. "When it has been dark here in Lapland all winter and the sun for the first time shows itself in the sky, we celebrate the feast of the sun. All animals and all trolls in the North gather at Rastekais, and on that day no one is allowed to harm any one else. This was fortunate for you, Sampo Lappelill, or I would long ago have eaten you up."

"Does the same rule apply to the mountain-king too?" asked Sampo.

"Of course," replied the wolf. "For one hour before the sun shows itself and for one hour afterward, the king will

not dare to touch a hair on your head. But look out for yourself when the second hour is up, for if you are still on the mountain, a hundred thousand wolves and a thousand bears will be after you, and the king himself will seize the first thing in his way. Then it will soon be over with Sampo Lappelill."

Sampo began to wonder whether he had not better jump down and try to make his escape, but it was too late. They had already reached the top of the mountain. And here a wonderful sight met his eyes. Upon a throne of lofty cliffs sat the king looking out over the mountain and valley through the dark night. On his head he wore a cap of snow-clouds. His eyes were like the full moon when it rises over the mountains. His nose was like a mountain top, his mouth like a great cave, and his beard like a mighty cluster of icicles. His arms were as thick as the largest pine. His legs and feet were like a coasting hill in winter, and his coat like a mountain of snow. But do you ask how Sampo could see it in the dark? Then let me tell you that the whole mountain was lit up by the most majestic northern lights you ever saw.

All around this mountain-king sat millions of trolls and brownies, so small that when they moved about in the snow they made footprints no larger than a squirrel. They had gathered from all parts of the world — from Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, Greenland, Iceland, and even from the North Pole. And beyond stood in long, close ranks all Lapland's animals, large and small — thousands and again thousands — bears, wolves, wolverines, even to the kind and useful rein-



deer. The mosquito was absent with good excuse; it had frozen to death.

All this Sampo saw with much wonder and surprise. He jumped down from the back of the wolf and hid behind a boulder to see what would happen.

The king raised his head so that the snow flew in clouds about the top of the mountain, and then the northern lights streamed out like a halo around his forehead. They went out in white and pink streamers over the heavens and they crackled and sputtered like a forest fire. The streamers of

light flew like arrows over the snowy mountain top. This delighted the king. He clapped his mighty hands till the mountain echoes rolled like thunder all around. The trolls piped with joy, and all the animals were filled with terror. This delighted the king all the more, and he cried with a loud voice over the immense waste, "Thus it should be! Thus it should be! Eternal winter! Eternal night!"

"Yes, so shall it be! So shall it be!" cried all the trolls, for they all love darkness and winter better than light and summer. But among the animals there was a great murmur. The beasts of prey felt like the trolls, but the reindeer and others had no objection to summer, except for the mosquitoes. Only the little reindeer-flea wanted summer all the time and piped in a small voice, "O lord and king, have we not come here to watch for the sun?"

"Hold your peace, you miserable vermin!" roared the polar bear. "It is only an old custom that has brought us here. This year the sun has gone forever. The sun has gone out! The sun is dead!"

"The sun has gone out! The sun is dead!" cried the animals, and a shiver passed through all nature at the thought. But the trolls laughed till their caps rolled off their heads, and the mountain-king raised his mighty voice once more and shouted over the wild waste, "So should it be! So should it be! The sun is dead! All the world will fall down and worship me — the king of winter and night!"

This angered Sampo Lappelill. He arose from his hiding place and cried boldly, "You lie, O king, you lie with all your might! Only yesterday I saw the forerunner of the

sun in the sky. The sun is not dead, and your beard shall yet melt in the sun when midsummer comes!"

At these words a cloud spread over the face of the great king, he forgot the law, and raised his tremendous arm to crush Sampo Lappelill. But just then the northern lights paled, and a streak of red appeared in the southern horizon and shone full in the king's frosty face, for a moment blinding him. His arm fell to his side. Then was seen the golden disk of the sun slowly and majestically raising itself over the horizon, lighting up the mountain, the waste plains, the cliffs, the trolls, the beasts, and the brave Sampo Lappelill.

All at once there was a glimmer as if a million roses had rained down upon the mountain top, and the sun shone into all eyes and into all hearts. Even some who had rejoiced in the thought that the sun was dead were glad to see it again. It was really comical to see the trolls staring at the sun with their little gray eyes from beneath their little red nightcaps. They were charmed even against their will, and in their excitement they stood on their heads in the snow. The beard of the terrible mountain-king began to melt and roll down in large drops upon his immense jacket.

When all had looked for a while with different feelings on the sun, the first hour was about up, and Sampo Lappelill heard one of the reindeer say to its little one, "Come, we must now away, or we shall be eaten up by the wolves."

Then Sampo, too, remembered what awaited him if he tarried longer; and, as he saw close beside him a fine reindeer with golden horns, he at once mounted the deer and away they went with lightning speed down the mountain side.



“What is this roaring sound that I hear behind us?” asked Sampo, when he had taken breath after the terrible ride down the mountain.

“It is the thousand bears pursuing us to swallow us up,” replied the reindeer. “But be not afraid. I am the king’s own enchanted reindeer, and no bear has ever yet touched my heels.”

So they rode on ; and by and by Sampo asked, “But what is this strange panting behind us?”

The reindeer replied, “It is the hundred thousand wolves

after us to devour us. But be not afraid. No wolf can race with me in the wild wastes of Rastekais."

Again after a while Sampo Lappelill said, "Is it thundering on the mountain behind us?"

"No," said the reindeer and began to tremble in every limb. "It is the mountain-king himself who is coming down the mountain with giant steps to catch us. Now it is all over with us, for no one can escape him."

"Is there, then, no help?" asked Sampo.

"No," said the reindeer, "there is no way of escape except to reach the parsonage. If we reach it we are safe, for the mountain-king has no power over the parson."

"Run, then," said Sampo, "run, my faithful reindeer, over hill and plain, and I will give thee golden oats to eat out of a silver manger."

The reindeer ran for dear life and reached the parsonage just in time. He and Sampo had no sooner entered the house than the mountain-king stepped into the yard and began to pound at the door till it seemed as if the house would tumble down.

"Who is there?" asked the parson.

"It is I," answered the king with a voice of thunder. "Open the door to the mountain-king. There is an unchristened child within, and all such belong to me."

"But wait a moment till I get my gown and collar on, that I may receive so honored a guest in a worthy manner," answered the parson inside.

"All right," roared the king, "but be quick or I will kick your house down."

"In a moment, your honor," replied the parson. Then he took a cup of water and baptized Sampo Lappelill, and the mountain-king no longer had any power over him.

"Are you not ready yet?" roared the king, and raised his immense foot to kick the house over.

Just then the parson opened the door and said, "Depart, thou king of winter and darkness, for you have nothing further to do with this child. The sun of God's grace now shines upon Sampo Lappelill, and he no longer belongs to you, but to the kingdom of God."

The mountain-king flew into such a fearful rage that he burst asunder into a most terrific snowstorm. It snowed and snowed and snowed until it reached the top of the parsonage, and everybody expected to be buried alive in the snowdrifts. But the parson was calm and repeated his prayers out of the sacred book and waited for the morning. When the morning came, the sun shone on the snow and the snow melted. The parsonage and all within were saved, but the mountain-king was gone. Nobody knows what became of him. Some think that he still lives and reigns at Rastekais.

Sampo thanked the good parson and borrowed a pulka from him. He then hitched the reindeer with the golden horns to the pulka and rode home to his parents in Aimio. There was great rejoicing at his home when Sampo Lappelill returned.

How Sampo afterwards became a great man and fed his reindeer on golden oats in a silver manger is another story too long to tell now.

WORD LIST

In this list you will find some of the most difficult words in the reader, together with the meaning of each as it is used in this book. These definitions have been based on Ayres' *School Dictionary of the English Language*. Most of these words have several other meanings, which you can find in the dictionary.

- a bom i na'tion**, anything hateful or vile
- a dept'**, one who is well skilled in some art or sport
- Ad i ron'dacks**, mountains in New York State
- Æ e'tes** (*ē ē'tēz*), the King of Colchis in the story of Jason
- Ai'mi o** (*ā'mi o*), a village in Lapland
- al'ien** (*āl'yen*), belonging to another country
- al'oes** (*āl'ōz*), the wood of an East Indian tree often burned as a perfume
- Am'a zons**, a fabled nation of strong women, very powerful in war; hence, a name given to a species of large ants
- am'e thyst**, a violet-colored precious stone
- a non'**, soon
- a'phid** (*ā'fid*), a plant louse
- ap pease'**, to make at peace
- ap pren'tice**, one who is learning a trade
- as cribe'**, to refer to as a cause
- a sun'der**, in parts, apart
- A zores'**, a group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, west of Portugal
- Bag'dad**, a city of western Asia
- Bal so'ra** or **Bas'ra**, a city in western Asia
- Bar ce lo'na** (*bār sē lō'na*), a Spanish city on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea
- bar'on y**, the lands belonging to a baron or lord
- base**, mean, cowardly
- bat'tle ments**, fortified walls with openings to shoot through
- be reaved'** or **be reft'**, robbed, stripped
- be sieged'** (*be sējd'*), surrounded with armed men
- birth'right**, any right or privilege to which the first-born child in a family is entitled
- blade**, a dashing, reckless fellow
- blanched**, made white; pale with fear
- blaze**, to mark (a tree) by chipping off a piece of the bark
- blith'er**, happier, gayer
- Bom bay'**, a city on the coast of India
- bond'men**, slaves
- boo'ty**, that which is seized by robbery
- brace**, a pair
- brake**, a thicket of bushes
- brook**, to put up with
- burgh'er** (*ber'ger*), an inhabitant of a city or borough
- Cæ'sar**, **Ju'li us** (*sē'zar*), a famous Roman general
- Cal'iph** (*kāl'if* or *kā'lif*), the chief ruler in some far Eastern countries

- Ca'naan** (*kā'nan*), the country of the Jews or Israelites
- cane'-brake**, a dense thicket
- ca reened'**, leaned to one side
- Cau'ca sus**, a range of mountains north and east of the Black Sea
- cause'way**, a raised road across wet ground
- cen'taur** (*sĕn'tor*), an imaginary creature, half man and half horse
- cha grined'** (*sha grīnd'*), vexed, disappointed
- chaise** (*shāz*), a closed carriage on four wheels, used for traveling before the days of railroads
- Chal ci'o pe** (*kāl sī'ō pe*), daughter of King Æetes, in the story of Jason
- Cham**, the Khan, or ruler, of Tartary
- cham'ber lain** (*chām'ber līn*), a high officer at the court of a king or nobleman
- Chei'ron** (*kĕi'ron*), a centaur famous for his wisdom and skill in medicine
- Chris'ten dom** (*krĭs'n dom*), that part of the world which has become Christian
- Cir'ce** (*ser'sĕ*), a beautiful enchantress in one of the Greek myths
- Col'chis** (*kōl'kīs*), in ancient geography, a country east of the Black Sea
- com'men ta ry**, a story of events
- com muned'**, talked together
- com'pound**, an enclosure
- Con'al**, an Irish name
- con cer'to** (*kōn cher'to*), a musical composition in which a solo instrument is accompanied by an orchestra
- con spired'**, planned together to commit a crime
- con ster na'tion**, great and sudden terror
- cope**, to strive with or to be a match for
- co'ping**, the row of stones or the masonry covering the top of a wall
- cor'a cle**, a light, rounded boat of wicker-work covered with skins
- cou'ri er** (*koo'ri er*), a messenger sent in haste to carry letters, usually on public business
- crib'bage**, a game played with cards
- cri'sis**, time of danger or difficulty
- cu'bit**, the length from the elbow to the tip of the middle finger; eighteen inches
- cu'ri o** (*cū'ri ō*), a rare or odd object
- curt'ly**, in a few words, abruptly
- dank**, damp, moist
- daunt'ed**, filled with fear
- dearth** (*derth*), scarcity, want of food
- de cree'**, to make a law
- def'er ence**, great respect
- deign** (*dān*), be kind enough to
- de lib'er ate**, to think over carefully
- de scry'**, to see at a distance
- des ti na'tion**, place to which one is going
- de vout'ly**, solemnly, piously
- Di e'go** (*dĕ ā'go*), the son of Columbus
- dis creet'**, careful, wise, not rash or heedless
- dit'ty**, a short poem; a song
- di vine'**, to foretell, as if by help from God
- dōes**, female deer
- doffed**, took off
- dolt**, a stupid fellow
- do mains'** or **do min'ions**, lands over which one rules
- do min'ion**, power or authority
- Don'al**, an Irish name
- Do'than** (*Dō'thān*), a place in Palestine
- doub'let** (*đub'let*), a close-fitting garment for men
- draw'bridge**, a bridge, a part of which may be drawn or turned aside to allow ships to pass
- dry salt'er y**, a collection of dried or salted meats and fish, pickles, etc.
- duc'at**, a European coin
- e la'ted**, happy, excited
- el'der**, a church officer

- ell, a measure of length (about 45 inches)
 en rap'tured, filled with delight
 en trea'ties, earnest prayers
 en trée (*än trā'*), right or permission to enter
 es pied', saw at a distance
 Eth'el red, an early English name
 ex pert', *adj.*, skillful from much practice
 ex'pert, *n.*, one who knows or has skill
 fal'low deer, a deer of a yellowish brown color
 fa'thom (*fä'thum*), a measure of six feet
 flag'on, a narrow-necked vessel for liquids
 fleece, to rob
 ford, a place in a river where one can wade across
 frank'in cense (*frang'kin sens*), a sweet-smelling gum obtained from a tree in Arabia
 fu'ming, raging, angry
 gal'lant, brave
 Gates of Her'cu les (*her'kü lez*), an old name for the points of land on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar
 Gen'o a (*jěn'o a*), a seaport of Italy
 Gen o ese' (*jěn o ēs'*), relating to Genoa
 Gil'e ad, a region just east of the Jordan River in Palestine
 goad'ed (*gōd'ed*), drove with a goad or sharp-pointed stick
 Go'shen (*gō'shen*), the name given in the Bible to the part of Egypt where the Israelites lived
 Gra na'da (*grä nä'dä*), a city in Spain once owned by the Moors
 grave, having a sad or serious look
 green'wood, a forest in full leaf
 gripe, grasp, clutch
 groom, one who has charge of a horse
 grooms'man, a man who attends a bridegroom; a best man
 grov'el ing, lying or creeping on the ground
 guil'der (*gŭl'der*), a Dutch silver coin worth about 40 cents
 guin'ea (*gŭn'ē*), a gold coin worth about five dollars
 gull'i ble, easily fooled
 ha'lo, the bright ring painted around the heads of saints
 Ham'e lin, a town in Germany
 Ha roun'-al-Raschid (*hä roon'-äl-rash'id* or *-rä shēd'*), Caliph of Bagdad from 786 to 809
 Hay'ti' (*hā'tŭ*), an island of the West Indies
 He'bron, a town in Palestine
 Hei'del berg (*hŭ'dēl berg*), a city in Germany
 heif'er (*hĕf'er*), a young cow
 helms'man, the man who steers a ship
 He'ra, queen of the Greek gods
 her'ald, a person who carries messages or makes public announcements
 Her'cu les (*her'kü lēz*), a Greek hero, noted for great strength
 hewn, cut with an ax
 Hii si (*hē'sē*), an imaginary mountain-king in Lapland
 hom'age (*hŏm'aj*), respect
 hos'tel ry, an inn
 hos'tler, one in charge of horses at an inn
 hurt'ling, rushing suddenly
 im pas'sive, not moved by pain or suffering
 in iq'ui ty (*in ik'wŭ tŭ*), wickedness
 in trep'id, fearless
 Ish'ma el ites, the Biblical name for wandering tribes of Arabs
 I van (*ē vān'* or *i'van*), the Russian name for John
 Je ho'vah (*je hō'vah*), the English form of the Hebrew name for God
 Joa quin' (*wä kĕn'*), a Spanish Christian name

Juan (*hwän*), the Spanish name for John
jus'tling, jostling

kill'deer, a North American bird
kith, familiar friends or neighbors
knell'ing, sounding like the tolling of a funeral bell

Kop'pel berg, a hill near Hamelin in Germany

ky'ack, a canoe of skins stretched on a frame used in the Arctic regions

lam'en ta'tions, words or cries expressing sorrow

La nier' (*la nēr'*), a name used in a scout "yell"

Lap'pe lill, **Sam'po**, the name of a Lapp boy

lar'væ (*lär'væ*), insects in the caterpillar state

lav'er ock, a lark

lee, the side sheltered from the wind

lee-long, livelong

lever (*lē'ver* or *lëv'er*), a bar for lifting weights, which rests and turns on a prop

Lis'bon (*līz'bun*), the capital of Portugal

liv'er y, uniform worn by a servant

loath (*lōth*), unwilling

luff, to turn a ship towards the wind

lu'mi nous, shining, clear

lyre (*līr*), a kind of harp

mal'ice (*mäl'is*), badness of heart

mam'moth, a kind of elephant no longer in existence

Mari'a The re'sa (*mä rē'a te rē'sa*), Empress of Austria

Marie'An toi nette' (*mä rē' än toi nēt'*), Queen of France, executed during the French Revolution

mas quer a'der (*mäs ker ā'der*), one who disguises himself by wearing a mask

Me de'a, an enchantress in the story of Jason

me thinks', it seems to me

Me thu'se lah (*mē thū'se lä*), the oldest man mentioned in the Bible

Mi am'i (*mī äm'ē*), a tribe of Indians

Mid'i an ites, wandering tribes of Arabs

mi'gra ting, going regularly from one climate or region to another at certain times of year

milch, giving milk

mind, remember

Mi'not (*mī'not*), the name of a light-house near Boston harbor

min'stel, a poet who sang while he played on an instrument

min u et (*mīn'ū et* or *mīn ū ēt'*), a slow, graceful dance

mon'as ter y, a house for monks

moor, to fasten a ship by rope or by casting an anchor

Moors, inhabitants of northern Africa, some of whom at one time occupied part of Spain

Mo'zart, **Wolf'gang** (*mō'tsärt*, *wulf'gäng*), a noted Austrian composer

Mu'nich (*mū'nīk*), a city in Germany

mu'ti ny, a refusal of soldiers or sailors to obey their officers

myrrh (*mēr*), a gum having a spicy fragrance and a bitter taste

Nan'nerl, the sister of Mozart

neat'herd, one who herds cattle

nec'tar, the drink of the gods; any sweet drink

newt, a small water-animal, like a lizard

Niña (*nēn'yä*), one of Columbus' ships

Ni zam' (*nē zām'*), chief ruler of one of the provinces of India

nod'dy, a simpleton

nou veau té' (*nōō vō tā'*), the French word for "novelty"

No'va Zem'bla, an island in the Arctic Ocean

nun'cheon, a noon lunch

nymph (*nīmḡ*), a goddess of the mountains, woods, or streams

- o **bei'sance** (*ō bā'sans*), a bow or bend of the knee expressing respect or reverence
- O'ber on**, the king of the fairies
- O lym'pi an** (*ō līm'pi an*), belonging to Mount Olympus, the home of the Greek gods
- Or'pheus** (*or'fūs* or *or'fē ūs*), a character in the Greek myths who had the power to charm with his music
- pace**, the length of one step
- pæ'an** (*pē'an*), a song of triumph
- pal'frey** (*pōl'fri*), a saddle horse
- pall**, a black covering for a coffin
- Pa'los** (*pā'lōs*), a small seaport of Spain
- pan'nier** (*pān'yer*), a basket
- pate**, the top of the head
- peak'ed**, having a sickly look
- pen'al ty**, punishment
- pen'e tra ted**, made a passage into
- per ad ven'ture**, perhaps
- Per ez'**, **Juan** (*pā rāth'*, *hwän*), a Spanish monk who befriended Columbus
- phan'tom**, an image of the fancy
- Pha'raoh** (*fā'rō* or *fā'ra ō*), a title of the rulers of ancient Egypt
- Phrix'us** (*frīk'sus*), a Grecian prince
- pi an'o for'te** (*pē ān'o for'ti*), a piano
- pied** (*pīd*), of different colors, mottled
- pil'fer ing**, stealing in small quantities
- Pin'ta** (*pēn'tā*), one of the ships of Columbus
- pith**, the soft center of the stem of a plant
- poke**, a bag or pouch
- Po'lo, Mar'co** (*pō'lō, mār'kō*), a celebrated Italian traveler
- por'tal**, a gate or entrance
- pos ter'i ty**, descendants
- pos til'ion**, one who rides, as a guide, one of the horses of a post-chaise or coach
- Pot'i phar** (*pōt'i fār*), an officer of Pharaoh
- prate**, to speak foolishly
- primed**, prepared
- prith'ee**, please (a contraction of "I pray thee")
- prod'i gal**, one who spends more than he can afford
- pro di'gious** (*prō dīj'us*), immense
- prov'en der**, dry food for animals
- psal'ter y** (*sōl'ter y*), a musical instrument with strings
- punch'eon**, a large cask
- pursed**, puckered
- quan'da ry** (*kwōn'da ri*), a state of doubt or uncertainty
- quar'ter staff**, a long staff for fighting
- quiv'er**, a case in which arrows are carried
- ra'di ance**, brightness
- Ram'e ses** (*rām'e sēs*), an Egyptian king
- Ras'te kais** (*rās'te kīs*), a mountain in Lapland
- rent**, torn
- re past'**, meal, refreshment
- re pose'** (*re pōz'*), rest
- rift**, an opening as if cracked or split
- sack**, a white wine
- sage**, a wise man
- Saint An dre'a** (*ān drā'a*), one of the city gates in Genoa
- Salz'burg** (*zālts'bōork*), a city in Austria
- Sam'son**, a Bible character, noted for his strength
- San'ta Mari'a** (*sān'ta mārē'a*), the largest ship of Columbus's fleet
- San Sal va dor'** (*sān sāl va dōr'*), the name given by Columbus to the first island discovered
- San Sou ci'** (*sān sōō sē'*), a name meaning "without care"
- sa'vo ry**, pleasing to the taste or smell
- sconce** (*skōns*), a bracket holding one or more candlesticks
- scot free**, free from payment of "scot" or tax; unharmed
- scotch**, to block with a wedge to keep from slipping

- scud, driving mist
 scythe (*sīth*), a curved blade on a long handle for cutting grass or grain
 sedge, a coarse plant growing in swamps
 se'quin, an ancient gold coin
 set'tle, a long, high-backed seat
 sharpie, a long, sharp, flat-bottomed boat, with one or two sails
 Shaw nees', a tribe of Indians
 She'chem (*shē'kem*), an ancient city of Palestine
 skip'per, the master of a ship
 smack, a small fishing vessel
 sore, severe, very great
 south west'er, a water-proof hat
 sov'er eign (*sov'er in*), a king or queen
 span, the distance crossed by an arch
 spanned, bridged over
 Spitz ber'gen, a group of islands in the Arctic Ocean
 sprat, a small fish
 spume, foam
 squire, an English landholder
 stat'ure, one's height when standing
 staved, broken into
 stew'ard, one who takes care of another's property
 sub ter ra'ne ous, under the ground
 su per sti'tious, full of ignorant fear
 sup ple, easily bent
 sure'ty, one who promises to pay if another cannot
 surge, a great rolling swell of water
 ta'bor, a small drum beaten with one stick
 Taig (*tāg*), an Irish name
 Te cum'seh, an Indian chief
 ten'or, meaning
 Te'rah, the father of Abraham
 thong, a narrow strip of leather
 thwart, a seat across an open boat
 Tran syl va'nia (*trăn sīl vā'ni a*), a region of central Europe, now a part of Roumania
 trav'er sing, crossing
 tre panned', trapped, ensnared
 trip'le, made up of three
 troll, an imaginary creature, sometimes a dwarf, sometimes a giant
 troop'er, a soldier on horseback
 truss, a beam for supporting an arch or a roof
 tu'ber, a fleshy underground stem, as the potato
 tu'les (*tū'lēz*), large rushes
 tu'ning fork, a steel instrument, which, when struck, gives a certain fixed tone
 turf, soil matted with the roots of grass, which, when cut and dried, is used for fuel
 up braid', to blame or scold
 vam'pire, a kind of bat
 vault, an underground room
 ven'der, one who vends or sells
 ven'ison (*vēn'izn*), the flesh of the deer
 ver'i fied, proved true
 ver'ily, in truth
 vest'ments, robes worn by priests
 ves'ture, a garment or covering
 vice'roy, one who rules in place of a king
 Vi en'na (*vē ēn'na*), the capital of Austria
 vi'per, a poisonous serpent
 waned, grew less
 wa'ri ly, carefully, cautiously
 waste, a bare or uncultivated tract of land
 waxed, grew greater
 We'ser (pronounced here *wē'zer*, correctly pronounced *vā'zer*), a river of Germany
 whin'ny, the call of a horse
 wroth, angry
 yawed, steered wildly
 year'ling, an animal over one year of age, but not yet two

